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A Magazine for Highlanders.

EDITED BY

JOHN MACKAY, GLASGOW.

VOL. XV.

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JOHN MACKAY,
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DEDICATED

TO

MACLEOD OF TALISKER, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA,

THE DISTINGUISHED REPRESENTATIVE OF AN ANCIENT SKYE FAMILY,

whose love for the Highlands, and particularly "Eilean a' Cheò," the historic home of his race, has been manifested in many useful ways.

JOHN MACKAY,
Editor.

MOFFAT, LAIDLAW & Co., Printers, Glasgow.

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HENRY WHYTE ("FIONN").

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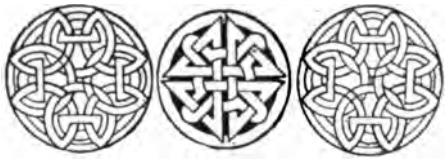

HENRY WHYTE ("FIONN").

The readers of the *Celtic* need no introduction to "Fionn," for he has contributed to its pages since its inception, but while they know him as a writer on various Celtic subjects, there are many who would like to know "what manner of man he is." The King having been pleased to confer on "Fionn" a Civil List Pension of £50 a year for his contributions to Gaelic Literature, we deem the occasion a fitting one to present our readers with a portrait of this well-known Gael. Mr. Whyte was born in Easdale, Argyllshire, and came to Glasgow when a youth, where he has been ever since in close fellowship with his countrymen in every movement having for its object the advancement of the interests of Highlanders. In the early "seventies" he contributed to the *Gael*, and since then he has done more than any of his contemporaries to maintain the interest of Highlanders in all that relates to their history, literature and music. The popularity which his various publications have enjoyed is best evidenced by the fact that they have either passed through more than one edition, or are entirely out of print. His "Celtic Lyre" is without doubt the most popular collection of Gaelic song and music ever published, and his "Martial Music of the Clans" deals exhaustively with a subject which has not hitherto been adequately treated by any previous writer. As a translator of Gaelic poetry he has few equals, and in his "Celtic Lyre" and "Celtic Garland" he has given to English literature translations from the Gaelic, not only beautiful and faithful to the original, but with the additional merit of being singable to their native Gaelic airs.

In the field of Highland music and song no present-day writer has contributed so extensively to the literature on the subject, or has done more to create the present-day popularity of Highland music, than "Fionn." Not only has he written many original and popular songs in the vernacular tongue, but he has also composed the music of one of the most popular Gaelic songs at present sung at Highland gatherings, "Suas leis a' Ghaidhlig"—"Up with the Gaelic." Last year he produced a volume of "True Tales" in Gaelic, which has found its way to every hamlet in the Highlands, and which is shortly to be followed by a second series.

At the Mòd of *An Comunn Gaidhealach*, held at Oban last month, he carried off the prize for the best melody to Neil M'Leod, the Skye bard's, song "Fàilte do 'n Eilean Sgitheanach"—A Salute to the Isle of Skye. He also secured the prize for the best essay on the "Place-names of a Highland Parish, with Traditions, Legends, &c." "Fionn" selected his native parish, Kilbrandon and Kilchattan, Lorn.

Mr. Whyte has also done solid work in Highland history, many of the sketches of the clans which have appeared in Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston's work, "The Tartans of the Clans and Septs of Scotland," being from his pen. This publication, in two volumes, is admittedly the most exhaustive and sumptuous ever published on the subject.

"Fionn's" many articles on the history, social condition, and folk-lore of the Highlands, which have appeared in numerous magazines and newspapers, would, if collected, form material for many interesting volumes.

We are sure Highlanders at home and abroad will join with us in wishing "Fionn" long life to enjoy his well-deserved honour. *A h-uile latha dha!*

Editor.

THE HIGHLAND OFFICER.

(A Tale of Inverness).

CHAPTER I.

Wander you wide the earth, 'mongst high and low,
Or watch and scan the tides of public haunt—
Sometimes you'll dwell on forms so exquisite,
And hear of hearts so thrall'd and knit in love,
That mem'ry lingers fondly o'er the tale.

Scrap Stanzas.

I WONDER what in the world it was that took me so far to the north as I went the summer that I am now thinking of. But so it happened, that travelling on in my daikering dawdling way, I never once thought about anything but forward, and forward I went until I thought I was at the very world's end, for I was actually stopped short by the gruesome look of the black hills of Sutherlandshire in the north Highlands.

However, here I did face about at last, to return back towards Balgownie Brae, if ever I should be destined to see my own far off home again: for, to be very plain with the reader, my siller was now getting miserably scant in my roomy pockets; the few spare garments in my wallet were in a sorely unthrifty condition, and my shoes had given me *open* intimation, that so far from lasting me out the campaign, they were determined not to carry me decently a league further. Besides this, I found that my stock of languages was actually quite run out here in the north; for I might as well never have paid a shilling for my learning, it being of not the least use to offer to talk Latin or Greek to a Highland wife on my road; and as for plain English, they no more understood it than I did their Gaelic.

Well, towards home I returned, at length, as I before said; and having risen early one fine summer's morning, arrived betimes at the pleasant town of Inverness, meaning to pass directly through it, keeping straight on in my line of march to the southward, and taking advantage of any offered conveyance that might carry me through the lonesome Moor of Culloden in the neighbourhood.

But I had scarcely entered the romantic Highland capital before I began to see symptoms of some strange commotion. Everybody seemed agog with some present affair: most of the people were running towards the Cross, particularly the women, who seemed perfectly out of their wits about something that was going forward; but well pleased was I to see, that whatever it was that had thus set the Highland people agait, the thing was evidently of a joyful nature. As soon as I got to the Tolbooth and the corner of the Cross I saw what all this running through the streets, this universal chattering of the women and bewitching of the servant maids was about. It was the arrival, after many years' absence, of the——regiment, let me call them the thirty-second Highlanders, which had come into the town on the evening before and were now paraded, after their night's refreshment, at the Cross and along the High Street opposite the Town Hall.

"Bless me!" said I to myself, "what a piece of work is here," for I actually could not get through for the crowd assembled near the dear Celtic soldiers; and even the windows round the Cross were filled with Highland ladies and Lowland ladies, and pretty faces of all sorts, to get a look at the fine men and the resistless officers of the newly arrived regiment. I pushed my way on amongst the crowd and on to the parapet called the plain stones, for the sight was quite exciting, even to me; and when I saw the long line of kilted infantry and the commander galloping about and giving them the word, and when the warlike sound of the drums and fifes at the extremities of the line echoed from the surrounding houses, and the band next struck up and filled the place with martial music, I could not help being infected with the enthusiasm of the crowd, and lingered amongst it like a boy to see the sight.

I had not stood more than five minutes among the stirring multitude before I got so interested that, hitching up my wallet under my arm, I determined to play truant to my previous intentions, for a single glance along the line showed me the inward feelings of the poor fellows. now returned among their friends, as completely as if I had known them all their lives. Their very commander gave them the word, I thought, in a tone of kindly authority, as if they had been his children; while they watched him with their eyes, and performed their evolutions with the proud alacrity of the attached Highlander to his chief, whom they almost held in adoration. But that was not all; for it was evident, even from the very tunes that were played by the band, as well as by the looks of the men towards the crowd and up to the windows, that "bonnie Inverness" had been the point of their longings for years before; for there was scarcely a man of them who had not relatives, wives, or sweethearts, in or near the place, and they were all on the spot this morning, each to see their own on parade.

This was the reason why the greater portion of the crowd were females; and when the band sounded forth the air of "Highland Harry," every beat of which reminded the crowd of the words so anxiously calling back the beloved Gordon,

O, for him back again,
O, for him back again,
I would gie all Knockhespie lands
For Highland Harry back again.

As if exulting in the feelings that their return had created, I observed the glances that were exchanged, and many of the girls beating time by clapping their hands to the music; but when the tune afterwards reminded them of the words,

Weel could *I* my true love ken,
Among ten thousand Highlandmen.

I saw several of the poor Highland girls actually crying with joy as each looked distinguishingly towards their own among the sun-burnt, but joyful faces, in the long rank of soldiers before them.

Shortly the officers, as usual, after the regiment had performed the ceremony of presenting arms, stepped out from the ranks to the right and left and crowded round their colonel, to the great gratification of the numerous female faces who gazed eagerly from the windows above to get a sight of them. I observed that two or three of the captains were stately weather-beaten veterans of a good age; but the majority of the whole officers were young men having all the proud bearing belonging to family and chieftainship—the confidence and high spirit of youth, with the careless consciousness of the admiration of the fair. But I thought nothing of them as yet for I was beginning at the moment to consider if it was not now time to pursue my journey, when, as they separated to return to the ranks, my eyes rested upon a young fellow as he stepped proudly past me, whose face struck me at once as being so peculiarly interesting and noble, that this Highland youth completely riveted and carried away my attention to himself for the remainder of the morning and was the cause of entirely changing my movements for some time, as I am about to relate.

I had always a foolish admiration for beauty both in man and woman, and positively could not help watching every motion of this handsome officer in the remaining movements of the regiment, until I became completely interested to learn who he was, or something of his family and character. I saw that hundreds of eyes were watching him, as well as my own, for it was impossible not to be struck with his peculiarly fine Highland countenance and his elegant youthful form, and this increased my interest in him.

"I'll be sworn," said I, within myself, "that there is some affair connected with this young man that is remarkable, for it is impossible that such a fellow can be out of a love-affair at this very moment. He cannot possibly have been able to keep himself out of some scrape among the women, for the very men are in love with him!" and before the regiment was off parade I determined that I would, by some means or other, be at the bottom of all the known gallantries attached to his history.

Accordingly, as soon as the word *dismiss* was given, and the men were joyfully dispersing themselves among their waiting friends, I mixed myself among the scatterings of the young officer's company, not doubting but I should meet with some talkative Highlandman belonging to it who could give me all the interesting particulars that could be told of him. I soon fell into the company of a sober-looking man whose countenance pleased me, and who seeming to be of the few who had no friends in the place to hurry him away, was quite ready to talk to any curious straggler like myself.

"A fine morning for your first parade in the town of Inverness, friend," said I, condescendingly addressing him.

"It's a gude wholesome *afternoon*, atweel," said the man, correcting my time of day in a rather prejinkity manner while he cast his eyes critically over my person, and then fixed them rather curiously on my leathern wallet.

I knew what the man was thinking of in a moment by the horologe of his face, and knowing well that the privates of the Highland regiments were all gentlemen, made haste to reply.

"Ye may speak to me, friend, without the least disgrace," I said, "I do assure you, for there's nought of merchandising ware in this bit wallet, as ye may see by its small size; nor have I the least occasion to degrade myself by trade or traffic, being myself an independent gentleman travelling for my own pleasure; but as I am rather partial to a change of linen now and then, I just carry the same in the bit wallet under my oxter, which is quite light an' but sma' inconvenience ye see."

"Ye're a most pleasant, discreet shentleman, I perceive," said the man putting up the back of his hand to his bonnet after his military fashion in honour of me, and no doubt quite taken with my manner.

"I have observed," I continued, "a remarkably handsome young man who I think acts as lieutenant of your company; and am, to be candid with you, curious to know something of him. Can you tell me who he is, *et cœtera*?" and I at the same time most politely offered the Highland soldier a refreshment for his nose from my silver snuff-box.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the man, "I knew what ye was going to spoke befor ever ye said it! Everybody speers after our pretty Colin Grant. He's the pride o' the regiment, and o' the whole shire o' Sutherland. Money a lady'll sigh and set by her supper, when he's marriet!"

"Is he going to be married then?" I inquired: "Why, he is but a very young man!"

"If he were ever sae young," said the soldier,

"he's gaun to make *one* lady happy next week! He canna be married to them a', puir child! although the ladies are perfect mad for him! but Marion Chisholm will get him, an' none else; an' such a doing as Lieutenant Grant's wedding has na been done in the regiment since the back bane o' the old thirty-twa was formed on the braes o' Badenoch out o' naebody but Highland shentlemans!"

"It will be a great doing, no doubt," said I, thoughtfully; "and when do you say, friend, it will take place?"

"Just the day beyont the morn, an' a week after that, as I said before," answered the Highlandman: "an' the whole town is talking o' the marriage o' Colin Grant an' bonnie Marion Chisholm, for it has been fixed these three years, and every man in the regiment, parson an a', will get fou on the head o't, Sir: I tell you the truth."

The information of the Highland soldier determined me in five minutes to a bold step.—"I'll see this wedding," said I within myself: "I'll stay in the town of Inverness until I do see it, if sister Margery at home should dance alone before the cat with rage!—I've seen enough of sad and sorrowful things in the world, and I'll stay and have the pleasure of seeing the happiness of this pretty couple; and I'll see the bride too, that I am determined."

Having formed this resolution within myself, after a little farther civility with the decent Highlander, I partook of a parting snuff from his mull, and away I went to look for a lodging.

I never yet have found any difficulty in getting a desirable lodging in any strange place wherever I have travelled; people being, although I say it myself, quite taken with my way and appearance; and so in less than an hour my wallet and I were comfortably established in a front room up two pairs of stairs in the house of a decent talkative woman who spoke excellent English, a Mrs. M'Pherson, and what was more remarkable, the house was almost opposite to the young lady's family who was about to be married to the handsome Highland officer who had from the first so much interested me.

(To be continued.)

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The opening meeting of the session was held in the Rooms, 5 St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, Dr. George Mackay, Vice-President, in the Chair. After the election of several new members, the Secretary (Mr. David N. Mackay) intimated that a lady of the Clan had presented to the Society several objects of Clan interest. Thereafter the chairman exhibited, and presented to the Society, two bannerettes borne by the gallant Reay Fencibles, who served in Ireland in the Rebellion of 1798, and distinguished themselves at the Battle of Tara Hill. The flags are supposed to have been attached to the large drone of the bagpipe. It was decided to place them in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, as a loan exhibit.

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS IN IONA.

IN 1595, the "girth" or sanctuary of Iona was thus described by the High Dean of the Isles:—"Within this ile of Colmkill there is ane sanctuary, or kirkzaird, callit in Erische Religoran,' *i.e.*, the cemetery of St. Ouran, who was one of the companions of St. Columba at the foundation of the monastery, "quhilk is a very fair kirkzaird, and weill biggit about with staine and lyme. Into this sanctuary there is three tombes of staine, formed like little chapelis, with ane braid gray marble or quhin staine in the gavill of ilk ane of the tombes. In the staine of the aine tombe there is written in Latin letters 'Tumulus Regum Scotiæ'; that is, the tombe or grave of the Kings of Scotts. Within this tombe, according to our Scotts and Erische cronikells, there layes

FORTY-EIGHT CROUNED SCOTTS KINGS,

through the whilk this ile hes been richlie dotat be the Scotts kings, as we have said. The tombe on the south syde forsaid, hes this inscription, 'Tumulus Regum Hyberniæ'; that is, the tombe of the Irland Kinges; for we have in our auld Erische cronikells, that ther wes foure Irland kinges eirdit in the said tombe. Upon the north side of our Scotts tombe, the inscription bears 'Tumulus Regum Norwegie'; that is, the tomb of the Kings of Norroway, in the quhilk tombe, as we find in our ancient Erische cronikells, ther layes eight Kings of Norroway, and also we find that Coelus, king of Norroway, commandit his noblis to take his bodey and burey it at Colmkill if it chanced him to die in the Isles, but he wes so discomfitit that ther remained not so maney of his armey as wald burey him ther; therefor he wes eirded in Kyle, after he stroke ane field against the Scotts, and wes vanquist be them. Within this sanctuary also lyes the maist part of the

LORDIS OF THE ISLES,

with their lineage. Twa Clan-Lynes (Clan-Lean) with their lynage, M'Kynnon and M'Guarrie (MacQuarrie) with their lynages, with sundrie utheris inhabitants of the hail isles; because this sanctuary was wont to be the sepulture of the best men of the Isles and also of our Kings, as we have said, because it was the maist honerabil and ancient place that was in Scotland in thair dayes, as we reid."—Description of the Western Isles, by Donald Monro, High Dean of the Isles. A.D. 1594. Bibl. Facult. Jurid. M.S. 33. 2. 3. The Norwegians, so long in possession of the Isles, respected Iona so greatly, that in the great and devastating expedition made by Magnus Barefeet in 1093, when he visited the island he

caused the door of the church to be locked, and strictly prohibited any of his followers from entering the sacred edifice.—Saga Magnùss Berfætts, Fornmanna Sögur. 8vo. Kaupman: 1832, p. 42. By the eight Norwegian kings asserted to have been buried in Icolmkill, we are not to understand the sovereigns of Norway, but the Regulii of the Vikengr, or princes of the Norwegian rovers in the Isles, called in the NORSE "SEA KINGS."

Of the number of the Scottish monarchs *really* buried in Iona we have no authentic evidence. On the ancient romances of Boethius no reliance can be placed, and Wyntoun enumerates only seven sovereigns, beginning with Kenneth M'Alpine, and ending with Indulph.—Chron. 4to. Lond. 1795. B. VI. c. viii. 30. Ib. VI. x. 84. After this time the royal cemetery was changed to the Abbey Church of Dunfermline. —Wynt. Chron. VII. xix. 105. Ford. Scoti-chron. II. c. x. The sepulchral chapels of the Kings were reduced to indefinite ruins before the time of Pennant; but their remains are still named "Seomar nan Righ"—the chamber or cell of the kings; but for which the traveller misunderstood, or received corruptly, "*Iomair* nan Righ"—the *ridge* of the kings; Seomar and Iomair being sounded very nearly alike to foreign ears.—Voyage to the Hebrides, p. 249.

SEANA OHLEACHDAIDHEAN GAIDHEALAOH.

EARRANN II.

(LE "FIONN.")

CHA d'rinn mi ach an naigheachd mhuladach so aithris a leigeil fhaicinn gu'n robh e na chleachdainn o shean aig muinntir na bainnse dol agus tighinn o'n eaglais 'nan dà bhuidheann agus gu'n robh an ceum toisich daonnan aig bean na bainnse agus a cuideachd. Is fheudar a nis tilleadh gu 's an eaglais far a bheil banais dol a ghabhail àite. 'Nuair a rainig a chàraid an altair bha cùram mor air a ghabhail nach tuiteadh do chù dol eadar'a' chàraid agus cha 'n fhaodadh barr-iall no bucall a bhi ann am bròg chlith fear na bannise air eagal gu'n tigeadh e fo bhuaidh nam buidseach, an deigh a phòsaidh. 'Nuair a bha 'n t-snaoim ceangailte gu daingeann agus teann, rachadh a chàraid òg a mach as an eaglais agus chuairticheadh iad na ballachan tri uairean deiseil. Na dhéigh so dh' fhalbhadh iad 'nan dà bhuidheann gu tigh na bainnse. Na dheigh sin thòsicheadh an dannsadh—bean na bainnse air thùs 's air thoiseach. Cha luaithe chluinneadh am piobaire an glaodh iollaich—"Bean-na-bainnse air an ùrlar" na sheideadh e suas—

"Mo thruaigh mi fhìn ma's droch bhean i,
Mo-thruaigh mi fhìn thug dhachaidh i.
Ithidh i biadh, 's cha dean i gniomh
Mo thruaigh mi fhìn thug dhachaidh i."

Bha an fheala-dhà 's an cridhealas air a chumail air aghaidh gu maduinn. 'Nuair a bha a chàraid òg a fàgail na cuideachd a dhol d'an tigh fein bha am piobaire a cluich—"Rach a laidhe 'laochain."

Tha moran shean-fhacail againn ann a Gaidhlig a' buntainn ri pòsadh, mar a tha—

"Na gabh té air bith mar mhnaoi, ach te air am bi athais agad"—'se sin te anns am bi meang bheag, no mar their iad ann an Eirinn "Na gabh bean gun locht."

"Tagh do bhean mar ás math leat do chlann."

"Tagh nighean an deagh mhàthar ged a b'e 'n donas a b' athair dhi."

"Thoir eun a nead ghlan."

"An uair a chi thu bean oileanach
Beir oirre, beir oirre,
Mar a beir thus' oirre
Beiridh fear 'eil' oirre."

"Ma's math leat do mholadh, faigh bàs; ma's math leat do chàineadh pòs."

CLEACHDAIDHEAN CO-CHEANGAILTE RI BAS.

'Nuair a gheibh duine bàs anns a' Ghaidh ealtachd tha e air a shineadh air bòrd ris an abrar an eisinn, no an eislinn, 's air a chùir-neachadh le annart geal. Air uachdar an annairt so tha soitheach fiodha làn ùire—no theagadh sgrath, air a chur, agus gràinein beag saluinn. Tha an ùir a ciallachadh a choluinn thruaillidh agus an salunn an t-anam neo-bhàsor. Ma thuit do dh' ìm a bhi 'san tigh san robh an corp na luidhe, chuireadh iad tarrung ann, ga chumail milis—"gun dol aog" mar theireadh iad, or be 'n t-Aog am bàs. Tha beachd agaibh air a' phort—

"A bhean a bh'aig an tàillear chaol
Thug an t-Aog an ceann dhi."

Bha gach teine air a smàladh far an robh corp, agus bha e air mheas cho mi-shealbhar cù no cat a ruit thairis air a corp 's gun robh iad a cur às do chu no cat a thuit leum thairis air a chorp. B' àbhaist dhaibh cuirp fhaireadh, agus b' athaist do na bàird a bhi làthair a dh' aithris cliù an fhir a bh' air an eisinn, ann am marbh rann 's ann mar so a dh'irich an t-ainim "Moladh mairbh" air moladh 's am bith a tha thar thomhas.

Cha robh e air a mheas sealbhach tòrradh air Di-h-aoine. O shean cha robh na mairbh air an cur ann ann ciste mhairbh, ach air an suaineadh 'nam breacan 's air an giùlan air bord a dh' ionnsaidh a' chladh. Air son nam bochd, bha anns gach sgireachd ciste mhairbh air a deanadh de shlat—ris an abrar "caiseil chrò." Bha màs na caiseil chrò air lùdalain agus 'nuair a ruigeadh iad grunnd na h-uaigh bha am màs

a fosgladh agus bha chaiseil chrò air a togail a nios as an uaigh agus deas air son na h-ath uair a bhiodh feum oirre. A chùirneachadh na caiseil chro bha anns gach sgireachd brata mor dubh ris an abrar brath-nam-marbh—agus air Galldachd "mort-cloth."

Bha na Gaidheil a meas gu'n robh e cur dimeas air a mharbh ma bha tùrn obair air a dheanamh latha an tòrraidh. B' àbhaist deur math a bhi dol aig tòrradh — ach tha sin seachad an nis, agus tha e cho math, ged a dh' fhaodas cuid de na seana- bhodaich a bhi gearan nach fhiach do dhuine a nis dol gu tòrradh. Bho shean, b' àbhaist do gach cladh a bhi air fhaireadh le cairdean an aoin mu dheireadh a bha air a chur 's an ùir, gus an robh h-aon eile air an cur fo'n fhòid. Ann an sgìreachdan far an robh an sluagh gann, agus fallain bha am faireadh-cladh so na uallach mor. Gheibhear gus an latha diugh anns na sean chladhan bothain chaithris, ged nach 'eil iad a nis air an cur gu feum. B' abhaist do phiobaire a bhi aig tòrraidhean o shean a chluich cumha, an fhir a dh' fhalbh.

B' abhaist dhaibh cùirn a thogail o's cionn nam marbh, agus 'san o'n chleachdainn so a dheirich an sean-fhacal, "Cuiridh mi clach ad chàrn" 'nuair tha sinn toileach deagh rùn a nochdadh do neach. Tha cuid mhath do shean-fhacail againn mu'n bhàs—mar a tha—"Cha tig am bàs gun leisgeul," "cha tig am Bàs gus an tig an t àm."

OBAIR-TAIGHE.

Feuchaidh sinn a nis ri beagan do na cleachdaidhean Gaidhealach co-cheangailt ri obair tighe 'ainmeachadh—

'Nuair bha Gaidhlig aig na h-eòin
'S a thuigeadh iad ceòl nan dàn.

Cha robh fearann anns a' Gaidhealtachd cho gann no idir cho daor 's a tha e nis, oir tha 'm bàrd ag aithris mar a bha cùisean ann an linn an àigh—

"Cha robh daoine pàigheadh màil;
Orra cha robh càin no cis,
Iasgach, sealgach, agus coill,
Gun fhoighneachd aca' is gun phris."

'S am mu 'n am so gun teagamh a bha e na chleadadh aig càraid òg gabhail a mach air toir àite anns an togadh iad tigh dhaibh fein, agus anns an deanamh iad tuinneachadh. Bha iad a fàgail ann an laimh an Fhreasdail an t-àite anns an robh an dachaidh ri bhi. Bha dà chliabh air an ceangal ri cheile le dà ghad agus bha na cliabhan so air an lionadh le clachan agus air an cur air druim eich. Bha an sin fear a tionndadh ceann an eich deiseil agus a toirt cead dha a cheithear rathaide fichead a ghabhail. Cha robh rathaide-mora anns a' Ghaidhealtachd 'san am ud agus mar so bha an t-each a falbh air a shocair thar fonn is mointich gus am bristeadh an gad a bha ceangal nan cliabh le cudthrom nan clach, agus air uchdan teann air an àite so chuireadh a chàraid a suas tigh dhaibh fein. Gun teagamh 's e so bun agus bhrìgh an t-sean-fhacail "An tir do 'n tigear 's i ghabhar." Roimh ghabhail a mach air turus de 'n t-seòrsa so b' àbhast dhaibh an dà ghad a chuir am bogadh ann an uisge 'g am fàgail ruighinn, agus gus an latha duigh their daoine 'n uair a tha iad ag uidheamachadh air son dol air turus—"Is mithich a bhi bogadh nan gad." Co-cheangailte ri cur a suas taighe tha seana chleachdainn anns a' Ghaidhealtachd ris an abrar faoidh, na dol air faoidh. Rachadh bean na bainnse air chuairt a measg a càirdean 's gheibheadh i plangaid bho h-aon agus bòrd bho charaid eile, rusg cloimh an sud, 's cliabh an so, agus mar so bha iad a faodainn cuideachadh an tigh fhùirneasachadh. Bha a' chleachdainn so cumanta a measg bhantrach a b' àbhaist dol air "faoidh cloimh." Bha a chloimh so air a deanamh na h-aodach agus na stocainean dhaibh fein agus do dhaoin' eile. B' àbhaist do dhaoine dol air "Faoidh Nollaig." Tha sean-fhacal againn—"Bidh rud uime nach robh mu'n chul-chaise" agus tha e air innseadh gu 'm b'e a b' aobhar do 'n t-sean-fhacal so; gun deachaidh tri buidheanan de Chlann Donuill Ghlinne Comhann air faoidh Nollaig 's a' bhliadhna 1543. Ghabh gach buidheann an rathad fein, agus bha e air a shocrachadh gun tachradh iad ri cheile aig aite sonraichte 'sa Mhonadh Dhubh. Thachair na seòid agus thòisich iad ris na fhuair iad a roinn. Mu dheireadh bha gach ni air a rinn ach seann chùl-caise. Chuir iad a mach air a cheile mu'n chùl-chàise. Bho chònnsachadh chaidh iad gu buillean, cha b'ann leis na dùirn ach leis na sgeanan, gus nach d' fhàgadh mu dheireadh ach a h-aon de'n ochd deug beò, a dh' innseadh an sgeòil nàraich, mhuladaich. Tha lochan beag taobh an rathaid far an do thachair an tapaid bhrònaich so, agus theirear ris gus an là diugh "Lochan na fola."

O shean b' abhaist do na Gaidheil am min fein a bhleith agus an aran fein 'fhuineadh. Bha a mhin air a bhleith leis a bhràth, agus b' àbhaist do na mnathan a bhi seinn cronan bràtha, 'n uair a bha iad a' bhleith.

Anns 'na làithean a dh' fhalbh cha robh glasan ach tearc anns a Ghaidhealtachd—'s gu dearbh cha robh iarraidh orra—oir tha'n sean-fhacal ag ràdh "Cho mosach ris na glasan." 'S ann ainneamh bha dorsan air an dùnadh re an latha, ach bha maide aca a chuireadh iad eadar dà ursainn an doruis 'n uair a bha 'n teaghlach a gabhail tràth bithidh, 'n uair a bha toil aca bhi tacan leó fhein. So an rud ris an abradh iad "Maide-doichioll." 'Nuair a chuir an t-uasal Sgiathanach Màrtainn cuairt air a'

Ghaidhealtachd 'sa bhliadhna 1693 thàinig e tarsuinn air na h-uiread de mhaidean-doichill.

Tha moran do chleachdaidhean anns a' Ghaidhealtachd co-cheangailte ri laithean sònraichte, agus traithean na Bliadhna. Air latha na Bliadhn' ùire b' abhaist do chamanachd a bhi anns gach sgìreachd. Air "là buidhe Bealltàinn" b' abhaist do na Gaidheil aoradh a dheanamh do 'n ghrein, agus do theine; b' àbhaist dhoibh cuideachd a bhi cumail feisd aig Lunasdal. Aig Samhuinn b' àbhaist moran do chleasan a bhi aca air an oidhche sin, air a bheil sibh eolach. Aig an Fheill Micheil b' àbhaist bonnach no struathan a bhi aca agus bhiodh iad ga roinn air na coimhearsnaich. Oidhche Callainn bha e na chleachdainn aig na Gaidheil dol a thaghal air an cairdean, agus bha e mar fhiachaibh air gach neach rann aithris mun robh e air a leigeil a stigh, mar so—

Beannaich an tigh 's na bheil ann,
Eadar fhiodh is chlach is chrann;
Mòran bidh, is pailteas aodaich—
Slainte dhaoine gu 'n robh ann.
A Challainn so!

B' àbhaist do 'n oigridh seiche mairt fhaotainn agus chuireadh iad mu ghualainn fir i, agus rachadh iad mun cuairt an taighe deiseil trì uairean, a bualadh na seiche le 'n camain 'sa glaodhaich—

A Challainn bhuidhe bhoicionn,
Buail an craicionn,
Cailleach 'sa' chùil
Cailleach 'sa' chill,
Cailleach eile 'n ceann an teine,
Bior na dà shūil
Bior na goille
A Challainn so!

Na dheigh 'so bhuaileadh iad aig an dorus agus gheibh iad a stigh nuair a dh' aithriseadh iad rann Callainn. Aon uair 's gu robh iad taobh a stigh an taighe cha robh dith no deireas orra. Bha caisean-uchd caora dhuibh air a ròstadh agus bha iad uile a faodatnn fàile dheth a chumail air falbh gach buidseachas. Bha an caisean uchd air a ghiulan do'n bhà-thigh agus bha an crodh a faotainn fàile dheth a chumail air falbh droch shùil.

Ged a dh' fhaodas sinne a bhi 'm beachd gun robh cuid de na chleachdaidhean sin a bh' aig ar n-athraichean faoin agus leanabail—cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh cuid dhiu sin—faiceamaid nach 'eil sinne 'nuair a tha sinn 'gan leigeil air dhi-chuimhn'—a call mòran de 'n ghradh 's de'n chàirdeas a bha measg nan daoine o'n tàinig sin. So mar thuirt an bàrd

"Is toigh leam na cleachdaidhean ceanalta bh' ann,
Na biodh iad air dhi-chuimhn a nis aig a' chlann,
An caoimhneas, an càirdeas, am bàigh is an t-eud
Thug cliù dhoibh 's gach dùthaich fo chuairtean nan speur."

THE DEVASTATION OF THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND.

DURING two successive centuries the ravages of "Reformation," and the violence of civil war, defaced, obliterated, and diminished the sculptures, the architecture, the arms, and decorations which bore testimony to the taste, the talents, and the acquirements of preceding generations. If much was lost in private collections of Gaelic literature, still greater was the calamity in the dispersion of those

REPOSITORIES OF THE CHURCH

which had been the nurse of letters in the west—libraries derived from the earliest period of the Christian era in Scotland—which had employed the studies of Columba and Adamnan, and sent forth into Europe men of learning and piety, who excited the veneration of the middle ages. Oransay, Glensagadul, Beauly, Rosemarkie, the Cathedrals, and Episcopal Castles of Ross, and the Isles—and, above all, the Monastery of Iona—doubtless contained treasures of Gaelic records and literature, which would have repaired the loss of all which has been written of the Highlanders by classic strangers and modern speculators.

The obliterating extirpation which attended the change of religion in Scotland, produced an effect upon the memory of the arts which has led to a great ignorance, and very false conclusions concerning their advancement, before the middle of the sixteenth century. In 1561 the General Assembly petitioned the Lords of the Secret Council, that because "the pestilent generation of that Romane Antichrist" pretended to "new erect thair idolatry," they craved that they might be effectually suppressed; protesting that 'befoir that evir those tyrantis and dum dogis impyred above" them, they should "take the sword into their own hand."—Book of the Kirk. Maitland Club Edit. 4to. Edin. 1839. Pp. 9, 10. Upon this citation the Council of Estates passed an act for the destruction of all

"MONUMENTS OF IDOLATRY,"

by which is to be understood the Monasteries and Conventual Churches, the missals, breviaries, and Catholic Books, the statues of the Saviour and his first believers, the figures of the cross, and even the holy names and symbols of the Christian faith. The execution of this proscription was committed to various peers and barons, whose zeal for its fulfilment is illustrated by the following letter to the lairds of Arntully and Kinwayd, for the commencing in the Highlands that work of destruction which added its ruin to those of the Church throughout the realm:—

"Traist friends, after maist hartly commendacion, we pray you faill not to pass incontinent to the kyrk of Dunkeld, and tak doun the haill images thereof, and bring furth to the kirkyard and byrn thaym oppinly, and richt-lyk cast doun the altairs and purge the kyrk of all kynd of monuments of idolatrye, and this ye faill not to do as ye will do us singuleir empleseur, and so committes you to the proteccion of God. From Edinbourggh the xii August 1560.

"ARGYLL,
JAMES STUART.
RUTHVEN."

With similar mandates promulgated throughout each province, the act of the Secret Council was a general declaration of

WAR AGAINST THE ARTS.

"A dreadful devastation ensued. The populace, armed with authority, ravaged the sacred structures throughout the kingdom, and to spare any edifice or object which had been consecrated to the Catholic faith was deemed an execrable lenity," compared to the exemption of Agag and the theft of Achan. The most beautiful works of art, the efforts of the genius and the industry of many ages—sculptures, carvings, paintings, and illuminations, the labours of the learned, the records of ages, and the monuments of history—were obliterated in one common extermination. "The vestments of the priests were pillaged or demolished, the libraries and registers of the Church were gathered into heaps and burned, even the sepulchres of the dead were violated, robbed, and overthrown. The convents and cathedrals were defaced, ruined, or razed to the ground; all sacred was destroyed, and all valuable given up to spoil."—Hist. Dum. 8vo. Dum. 1828.

Such was the first tempest of the "Reformation," which swept from the face of the nation the monuments, not of "idolatrie," but of the arts, the genius, the benevolence, and the patriotism of five hundred years. But, unappeased by the progress of extirpation, the spirit of fanaticism again awakened; and, in 1640, the General Assembly added a second act for the destruction of all "idolatrous monuments."—Records of the Kirk, 279. This proscription was directed not only against the buildings of the Church and State, but against the possessions of private individuals and the monuments of citizens. License was thus given to feudal revenge and private envy; and structures were defaced or destroyed, not only because the piety of the founder or the architect had mixed the emblems of faith with the decorations of sculpture, but because the grandeur or strength of an edifice excited the envy of a rival or the jealousy of a faction.

Of the particular acts of demolition

IN THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLES,

we have no details; but of its extent, where fanaticism was sharpened by revenge, and solitude drew a veil over abuse, some judgment may be formed by the progress of destruction, where destruction was a municipal execution, in the view of the cities, and under the presence of the laws. An example of the general extermination throughout the kingdom may be drawn from the proceedings within the town of Aberdeen. At the promulgation of the Act of Assembly, delegates were sent to the north to "purge" that city, and the houses of the Catholics; and, under this commission, all the ancient sculptures and other works of art having any reference to religion were eradicted from the public buildings and private mansions. In this devastation the tomb of Bishop Gavin Dunbar was mutilated, and the black marble shrine of William Elphinstone, with the thirteen brass statues by which it was supported, entirely demolished. The religious paintings were obliterated or destroyed, and the stained glass broken out of the windows of the colleges and churches. All roods and statues of the saints, including the ancient and venerable cross of the old town, were thrown down, and the escutcheons bearing the "cinque plaies du crois," and even the holy name of JESVS "hewn out of the walls and carvings."[1] This work of destruction was not confined to the objects of a proscribed faith; the effigies of those unpopular for their politics or their religion were equally exterminated. The kirk-session of Aberdeen, "understanding that some captanes and gentlemen of the regiment of sojours lying in the town, had tain some offence at the portrat of umquhill Alexander Reid, sometyme of Pitfoddels, as smelling somewhat of Poperie, and standing above the session-house door; for removing of the quhilk offence ordains the said portrat to be tain down."[2] The houses of private individuals were disfigured in the same manner. Those of Sir Alexander Gordon and the Bishop of Aberdeen were among the first which were defaced; and the beautiful frontispiece of the

CASTLE OF STRATHBOGIE

was "broken and hewn down by the industry of one Captain James Wallace,[3] and the 'idolatrouse monuments' sent to Edinburgh, to be added to the heap of sculptures, missals, breviaries, and other wrecks of the Church

[1] History of Scots Affairs. Spalding Club, Edit., 4to. Aberd. 1841. III. Spalding's History of the Troubles of his own Time. I.

[2] Kirk Session Register of the Parish of St. Nicholas, Aberdeen. Vol. IV.

[3] Hist. Scots Aff.

libraries collected in the High School Yard, to be inspected by the 'Brethren of the Assembly.'" —Records of the Kirk, pp. 482, 518. The remains of this Vandalism are still visible upon the round tower of Huntly Castle, and surprise the uninformed spectator with the perplexing disparity between the ruin of the sculpture and the perfect freshness of the surrounding masonry. These outrages were not perpetrated by an infuriated rabble or ignorant populace, but with grave deliberation by peers and chiefs, the clergy of an Established Church, and the delegates of the State—by the Earl of Seaforth, the Master of Forbes, the Principal of the College of Edinburgh, and the Rector of the King's College in Aberdeen, and various other "barons and gentlemen."—Spalding, I. 234.

Such were the devastations of the legislature and the executive, where zeal might have been mitigated by the triumph of unanimity, and the destruction of public property was a tax upon the State. Of the proceedings of the "Lord Justicer" of the Isles, and the "Reformers" of the Highlands, whose passions were inflamed by deep feuds and yearning ambition, where the objects of vengeance were rivals, and where destruction was stimulated by universal opposition—judgment may be derived from the personal actions of the Marquis of Argyll towards one by whose forfeiture he should not be enriched, and in whose fall he should not be aggrandized.

At the demolition of the house of Lord Ogilvie, celebrated in Scottish minstrelsy as the

"BONNIE HOUSE OF AIRLIE,"

the great leader of the Reformation, a distinguished peer and hereditary legislator, "showed himself so extremlye ernest, that he was seen *taking a hammer in his own hands, and knocking down the hewed worke of the doors and windows till he did sweate for heate at his wark.*"[4]

"Quasi in silva lignorum securibus,
Exciderunt januas ejus in idipsum;
In securi et asciâ dejecerunt eam."

When such were the acts of peers and legislators, it may be judged what were the outrages of the populace. In the storm of devastation, an utter destruction swept away the great ecclesiastical repositories of learning and record which in all countries of Europe had been the preservation of literature during the middle ages. It is remarked by a distinguished legal antiquary—"Edward I., whose name has been used as a bugbear, was in a very trivial degree indeed, the cause of the lamentable deficiency of Scottish writs and memorials which *characterizes and distinguishes Scotland from almost every other European state. This deprivation is chiefly owing in the first place to the destruction of the records of the Church.*"[5] The truth of this observation is to be found in the blank which rests upon all the great religious houses of Scotland. In England numerous and splendid MSS., collected into public and private libraries, bear testimony of the suppressed monasteries; but in Scotland there is

ONE DARK AND SILENT ABYSS,

in which no remnant appears but a few solitary chartularies and registers. So reckless was the destruction, and so general the disregard, that scarce any notice of the literary carnage marks the events of its devastations; here and there only a feeble ray throws light upon its ruins. In Dunfermline—the site of the great and royal foundation endowed by successive sovereigns, and enriched by the piety and learning of the kingdom for three centuries—tradition still bears some recollection of the vast library brought out into a heap in the churchyard and burned, under the pretext of destroying "the Popish mass-books and idolatrous works," of which as they were numerous, it was believed *wholly* to consist. All which has ever come to knowledge of this extermination, are a few "dusty records of the conventual court of regality, discovered in a garret."[6] Where spoliation was not effected by violence, its results were no less fatal in fraud or neglect. Thus perished a venerable collection of learning in the King's College of Aberdeen—"the library or biblothick is joyned unto the Church, at first replenished with many goodlie volumes, but since (the Reformation) either robbed or embasled, or purloyned by unfaythful keepers."[7] After these instances, are the

RECORDS AND THE LITERATURE OF SCOTLAND

to be reproached for having been barren? Need we ask for the cause of their poverty in foreign wars, or enquire after the libraries and muniments of St. Andrews, Dryburgh, Melrose, Dulcicordis, Pluscardine, and Kinloss, the seven convents of Perth, the sixty-nine religious houses which fill the roll of endowments in the Black Book of Paisley?[8] Yet more—dare we denounce the conflagration of Alexandria, and the sacking of Rome, as the work—*only* of barbarians?

Let those, then, who reproach the paucity of Gaelic evidents reflect, that if such has been the destruction in the low country, how much more fatal was the extinction within the Highlands and Isles, where the repositories being fewer, the extermination was the more complete.

[4] Hist. Scots Aff. III.

[5] Riddell's Enquiry into the Law and Practices in Scottish Peerage. 8vo. Edin. 1842. 1.

[6] Hist. Dunfermline.

[7] Aberdoniæ Vtriusque Descriptio. By James Gordon, Parson of Rothiemay. Spalding Club Edit. 4to. Edin. 1842.

[8] Bibl. Reg. MS. 13. E. ix.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1906.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Last issue completed our Fourteenth Volume, which makes the "Celtic Monthly" one year older than any previous Highland Magazine. Subscriptions for Volume XV. (4/- post free) are now due, and should be remitted at once to Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

Subscribers in Canada and the United States can send a Dollar note, and save expense of Money Order.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CELTIC."

Volume XIV. of the *Celtic Monthly* can be had, tastefully bound in cloth, gilt title, for 5s., post free. In the hope that more of our readers may be induced to order the bound volume, which contains only perfect parts, we have decided this year to reduce the price of the complete volume to 5s., post free to any part of the globe. At this cheap price, readers who are in the habit of binding the monthly parts will find it more satisfactory to order instead an attractively bound copy from our office. We can also supply the back volumes from Vol. V. to date at the same low rate, 5s. per vol. To be had from Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

HONOUR TO A SUTHERLANDER IN WARNAMBOOL, VICTORIA.—At the recent annual meeting of the Town Council, Mayor G. S. Mackay (a native of Sutherlandshire) was re-elected to the mayoral chair for the fourth successive year. These years have been noted for great prosperity in the town, and progress in all departments of industry.

DATES OF HIGHLAND GATHERINGS.—Clan MacKinnon, Waterloo Rooms, Friday, 2nd November, the Chief, MacKinnon of MacKinnon, in the Chair; Tiree, 16th November; Jura, 28th November; Ross-shire Reunion, 30th November, Mr. Leslie Urquhart, of Baku, Russia, in the Chair; Uist and Barra, 25th January; Mull and Iona, 18th February.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. HUGH NICOL, ONT., CANADA.—Thanks for subscription for Vol. 15, and your kindly references to the *Celtic*. It is a compliment to know that you "read and re-read each number." Doubtless "Fionn," who is popularly believed to know the words and music of every Gaelic song that has ever been composed (!), or some other musical reader, will be able to give the words of "An cira chrom" for your benefit in an early issue. Yes, the "Gesto Collection of Highland Music," by Dr. Keith Norman Macdonald, is probably one of the best works on the subject, and can be sent by book post to Canada. It contains the choicest specimens of every variety of Gaelic music, including even the famous piobaireachd tunes—laments, salutes, marches, reels and strathspeys,—and vocal music in endless variety. It costs 22/, post free.

THE NAME "KENNETH."

(Vol. xi., 160, 189, 197.)

THE following notice, extracted from "Scenes and Stories of the North of Scotland," by John Sinclair, may interest Kenneth Matheson IX., and who, if he is not already in the possession of the work referred to, should add the same to his library early, for the work is one that can be read with great pleasure. Says Mr. Sinclair, at page 12:—"One of the first constables of the Castle (Eilandonan) was a Kenneth Matheson. He was succeeded by Colin Fitzgerald, an Irishman, who obtained the post as a reward for services to the King at the battle of Largs, and who married Matheson's daughter. Their son was called Kenneth after his grandfather, and his sons and descendants bore the name of Mackennick, now Mackenzie, that is, the sons of Kenneth. So runs the story of the origin of the great clan whose chiefs were lords of Eilandonan. How far it is true, I shall not pretend to say, for in these matters it is the part of a wise man neither to be a dogmatist who is sure of everything, nor a sceptic who believes in nothing. The same caution is no less needful in respect to the abundant stories and traditions—many of them very interesting and romantic—which cling like ivy round old-world walls like those of Eilandonan." The same volume contains other references to the Mackenzies from pages 13-19, which are in the main interesting.

When mentioning the surname M'Kenzie, I am tempted to make the following remarks bearing on family history. My great-grandmother, Jean M'Kenzie, 1784-1822, became the wife of Robert Murdoch, 1779-1824, in Belnaboth, Glenbucket, Aberdeenshire. She had two brothers, John and James. John, 1774-1825, was a miller at Mill of Glenbucket, and married Mary Farquharson, daughter of Alexander Farquharson and his wife Janet Ritchie (a cenotaph to whose memory will be seen on the walls of the parish church of Glenbucket). These Farquharsons belonged to the Allargue branch of the clan.

James left the parish when a young man, and is reported to have been actively engaged in the Red River Rebellion, and latterly to have held a lucrative position in the army. He never returned to this country, and the surname M'Kenzie is now extinct in the locality.

Probably some of our American readers can corroborate the statement made to me of James M'Kenzie's career. Was a list ever published of those who participated in the Rebellion?

I have been thinking that the 'Tales and Traditions of the Mackenzies' (*Celtic Monthly*, Vol. xi., page 72), where *Fionn* states a charter was dated at Kincardine, may possibly explain the appearance of the surname Mackenzie in Aberdeenshire.

Aberdeen. ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.

THE SUTHERLAND CLEARANCES.

How the Straths were Desolated.

SUCH of our readers as are acquainted with the memoir of Lady Glenorchy, must remember a deeply melancholy incident which occurred in the history of this excellent woman, in connection with the noble family of Sutherland. Her only sister had been married to William, seventeenth Earl of Sutherland,—

"THE LAST OF THE GOOD EARLS";

"a nobleman," says the Rev. Dr. Jones, in his Memoir, "who to the finest person united all the dignity and amenity of manners and character which give lustre to greatness." But his sun was destined soon to go down. Five years after his marriage, which proved one of the happiest, and was blessed with two children, the elder of the two, the young Lady Catherine, a singularly engaging child, was taken from him by death, in his old hereditary castle of Dunrobin. The event deeply affected both parents, and preyed on their health and spirits. It had taken place amid the gloom of a severe northern winter, and in the solitude of the Highlands; and, acquiescing in the advice of friends, the Earl and his lady quitted the family seat, where there was so much to remind them of their bereavement, and sought relief in the more cheerful atmosphere of Bath. But they were not to find it there. Shortly after their arrival, the Earl was seized by a malignant fever, with which, upheld by a powerful constitution, he struggled for fifty-four days, and then expired. "For the first twenty-one days and nights of these," says Dr. Jones,

"LADY SUTHERLAND

never left his bed-side; and then at last, overcome with fatigue, anxiety, and grief, she sank an unavailing victim to an amiable but excessive attachment, seventeen days before the death of her lord." The period, though not very remote, was one in which the intelligence of events travelled slowly; and in this instance the distraction of the family must have served to retard it beyond the ordinary time. Her Ladyship's mother, when hastening from Edinburgh to her assistance, alighted one day from her carriage at an inn, and, on seeing two hearses standing by the way side, inquired of an attendant whose remains they contained? The remains, was the reply, of Lord and Lady Sutherland, on their way for interment to the Royal Chapel of Holyrood House. And such was the first intimation which the lady received of the death of her daughter and son-in-law.

The event was pregnant with

DISASTER TO SUTHERLAND,

though many years elapsed ere the ruin which it involved fell on that hapless county. The sole survivor and heir of the family was a female infant of but a year old. Her maternal grandmother, an ambitious, intriguing woman of the world, had the chief share in her general training and education; and she was brought up in the south of Scotland, of which her grandmother was a native, far removed from the influence of those genial sympathies with the people of her clan, for which the old lords of Sutherland had been so remarkable, and, what was a sorer evil still, from the influence of the vitalities of that religion which, for five generations together, her fathers had illustrated and adorned. The special mode in which the disaster told first, was through the patronages of the county, the larger part of which are vested in the family of Sutherland. Some of the old Earls had been content, as we have seen, to place themselves on the level of the Christian men of their parishes, and thus to unite with them in calling to their churches the Christian ministers of their choice. They knew,—what regenerate natures can alone know, with the proper emphasis,—that in Christ Jesus the vassal ranks with his lord, and they conscientiously acted on the conviction. But matters were now regulated differently. The presentation supplanted the call, and ministers came to be placed in the parishes of Sutherland without the consent, and contrary to the will, of the people. Churches, well filled hitherto, were deserted by their congregations, just because a respectable woman of the world, making free use of what she deemed her own, had planted them with men of the world who were only tolerably respectable; and in houses and barns, the

DEVOUT MEN OF THE DISTRICT

learned to hold numerously-attended Sabbath meetings for reading the Scriptures, and mutual exhortation, and prayer, as a sort of substitutes for the public services, in which they found they could no longer join with profit. The spirit awakened by the old Earls had survived themselves, and ran directly counter to the policy of their descendant. Strongly attached to the Establishment, the people, though they thus forsook their old places of worship, still remained members of the national Church, and travelled far in the summer season to attend the better ministers of their own and the neighbouring counties. We have been assured, too, from men whose judgment we respect, that, under all their disadvantages, religion continued peculiarly to flourish among them;—a deep-toned evangelism prevailed; so that perhaps the visible Church throughout the world at the time could furnish no more striking contrast than that which obtained between the cold,

bald, common-place services of the pulpit in some of these parishes, and the fervid prayers and exhortations which gave life and interest to these humble meetings of the people.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE YOUNG COUNTESS

into a noble English family was fraught with farther disaster to the county. There are many Englishmen quite intelligent enough to perceive the difference between a smoky cottage of turf and a white-washed cottage of stone, whose judgment on their respective inhabitants would be of but little value. Sutherland, as a country of *men*, stood higher at this period than perhaps any other district in the British empire; but it by no means stood high as a country of farms and cottages. The marriage of the Countess brought a new set of eyes upon it,—eyes accustomed to quite a different face of things. It seemed a wild, rude country, where all was wrong, and all had to be set right,—a sort of Russia on a small scale, that had just got another Peter the Great to civilize it,—or a sort of barbarous Egypt, with an energetic Ali Pasha at its head. Even the vast wealth and great liberality of the Stafford family militated against this hapless county! it enabled them to treat it as the mere subject of

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT,

in which gain to themselves was really no object,—nearly as little so as if they had resolved on dissecting a dog alive for the benefit of science. It was a still further disadvantage, that they had to carry on their experiment by the hands, and to watch its first effects with the eyes, of others. The agonies of the dog might have had their softening influence on a dissecter who held the knife himself; but there could be no such influence exerted over him, did he merely issue orders to his footman that the dissection should be completed, remaining himself, meanwhile, out of sight and out of hearing. The plan of improvement sketched out by this English family was a plan exceedingly easy of conception. Here is a vast tract of land, furnished with two distinct sources of wealth. It shores may be made the seats of extensive fisheries, and the whole of its interior parcelled out into

PRODUCTIVE SHEEP-FARMS.

All is waste in its present state: it has no fisheries, and two-thirds of its internal produce is consumed by the inhabitants. It had contributed, for the use of the community and the landlord, its large herds of black cattle; but the English family saw, and, we believe, saw truly, that for every one pound of beef which it produced, it could be made to produce two pounds of mutton, and perhaps a pound of fish in addition. And it was resolved, therefore, that the inhabitants of the central districts, who, *as they were mere Celts*, could not be transformed, it was held, into store-farmers, should be marched down to the sea-side, there to convert themselves into fishermen, on the shortest possible notice, and that a few farmers of capital, of the industrious Lowland race, should be invited to occupy the new subdivisions of the interior.

And, pray, what objections can be urged against so liberal and large-minded a scheme? The poor inhabitants of the interior had *very* serious objections to urge against it.

THEIR HUMBLE DWELLINGS

were of their own rearing; it was they themselves who had broken in their little fields from the waste; from time immemorial, far beyond the reach of history, had they possessed their mountain holdings,—they had defended them so well of old, that the soil was still virgin ground, in which the invader had found only a grave; and their young men were now in foreign lands, fighting, at the command of their chieftainess, the battles of their country, not in the character of hired soldiers, but of men who regarded these very holdings as their stake in the quarrel. To them, then, the scheme seemed fraught with the most flagrant, the most monstrous injustice. Were it to be suggested by some Chartist convention in a time of revolution that Sutherland might be still further improved,—that it was really a piece of great waste to suffer the revenues of so extensive a district to be squandered by one individual, — that it would be better to appropriate them to the use of the community in general,—that the community in general might be still further benefited by the removal of the one said individual

FROM DUNROBIN TO A ROAD-SIDE,

where he might be profitably employed in breaking stones,—and that this new arrangement could not be entered on too soon,—the noble Duke would not be a whit more astonished, or rendered a whit more indignant, by the scheme, than were the Highlanders of Sutherland by the scheme of his predecessor.

The reader must keep in view, therefore, that if

ATROCITIES UNEXAMPLED IN BRITAIN

for at least a century were perpetrated in the *clearing* of Sutherland, there was a species of at least passive resistance on the part of the people (for active resistance there was none), which in some degree provoked them. Had the Highlanders, on receiving orders, marched down to the sea-coast, and become fishermen, with the readiness with which a regiment deploys on review day, the atrocities would, we doubt not, have been much fewer. But though the orders were very distinct, the Highlanders were very unwilling to obey; and the severities formed

merely a part of the means through which the necessary obedience was ultimately secured. We shall instance a single case, as illustrative of the process. In the month of March 1814, a large proportion of the

HIGHLANDERS OF FARR AND KILDONAN,

two parishes in Sutherland, were summoned to quit their farms in the following May. In a few days after, the surrounding heaths on which they pastured their cattle, and from which at that season the sole supply of herbage is derived (for in those northern districts the grass springs late, and the cattle-feeder in the spring months depends chiefly on the heather), were set on fire and burnt up. There was that sort of policy in the stroke which men deem allowable in a state of war. The starving cattle went roaming over the burnt pastures, and found nothing to eat. Many of them perished, and the greater part of what remained, though in miserable condition, the Highlanders had to sell perforce. Most of the able-bodied men were engaged in this latter business at a distance from home, when the dreaded term-day came on.

THE PASTURAGE HAD BEEN DESTROYED

before the legal term, and while, in even the eye of the law, it was still the property of the poor Highlanders; but ere disturbing them in their dwellings, term-day was suffered to pass. The work of demolition then began. A numerous party of men, with a factor at their head, entered the district, and commenced pulling down the houses over the heads of the inhabitants. In an extensive tract of country not a human dwelling was left standing, and then, the more effectually to prevent their temporary re-erection, the destroyers set fire to the wreck. In one day were the people deprived of home and shelter, and left exposed to the elements. Many deaths are said to have ensued from alarm, fatigue, and cold. Pregnant women were taken with premature labour in the open air. There were old men who took to the woods and rocks in a state of partial insanity. An aged bedridden man, named Macbeath, had his house unroofed over his head, and was left exposed to wind and rain till death put a period to his sufferings. Another man lying ill of a fever met with no tenderer treatment, but in his case the die turned up life. A bedridden woman, nearly a hundred years of age, had her house fired over her head, and ere she could be extricated

FROM THE BURNING WRECK,

the sheets in which she was carried were on fire. She survived but a few days after. In a critique on the work of Sismondi, which appeared in the *Westminster Review*, the writer tells us, "it has even been said that an old man, having refused to quit his cabin, perished in the flames." But such was not the case. The constituted authorities interfered; a precognition was taken by the Sheriff-Substitute of the county, and the case tried before the Justiciary Court at Inverness; but the trial terminated in the acquittal of the panels. There was no punishable crime proven to attach to the agents of the proprietor.

Their acquittal was followed by scenes of a similar character with the scene described, and of

EVEN GREATER ATROCITY.

But we must borrow the description of one of these from the historian of the *clearing* of Sutherland,—Donald M'Leod, a native of the county, and himself a sufferer in the experimental process to which it was subjected:—

"The work of devastation was begun by setting fire to the houses of the small tenants in extensive districts,—Farr, Rogart, Golspie, and the whole parish of Kildonan. I was an eye-witness of the scene. The calamity came on the people quite unexpectedly. Strong parties for each district, furnished with faggots, and other combustibles, rushed on the dwellings of the devoted people, and immediately commenced setting fire to them, proceeding in their work with the greatest rapidity, till about

THREE HUNDRED HOUSES WERE IN FLAMES.

Little or no time was given for the removal of persons or property,—the consternation and confusion were extreme,—the people striving to remove the sick and helpless before the fire should reach them,—next struggling to save the most valuable of their effects,—the cries of the women and children,—the roaring of the affrighted cattle, hunted by the dogs of the shepherds amid the smoke and the fire,—altogether composed a scene that completely baffles description. A dense cloud of smoke enveloped the whole country by day, and even extended far on the sea. At night, an awfully grand but terrific scene presented itself,—all the houses in an extensive district in flames at once. I myself ascended a height about eleven o'clock in the evening, and counted

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY BLAZING HOUSES,

many of the owners of which were my relations, and all of whom I personally knew, but whose present condition I could not tell. The conflagration lasted six days, till the whole of the dwellings were reduced to ashes or smoking ruins. During one of these days, a boat lost her way in the dense smoke as she approached the shore, but at night she was enabled to reach a landing place by the light of the flames."

But, to employ the language of Southey,

"Things such as these, we know, must be
At every famous victory."

And in this instance the victory of the lord of the soil over the children of the soil was signal and complete. In little more than nine years a population of

FIFTEEN THOUSAND INDIVIDUALS

were removed from the interior of Sutherland to its sea-coasts, or had emigrated to America. The inland districts were converted into deserts, through which the traveller may take a long day's journey, amid ruins that still bear the scathe of fire, and grassy patches betraying,

when the evening sun casts aslant its long deep shadows, the half-effaced lines of the plough. The writer of the singularly-striking passage we have just quoted, revisited his native place (Kildonan) in the year 1828, and attended divine service in the parish church. A numerous and devout cogregation had once worshipped there: the congregation now consisted of

EIGHT SHEPHERDS AND THEIR DOGS.

In a neighbouring district,—the barony of Strathnaver, a portion of the parish of Farr,—the church, no longer found necessary, was razed to the ground. The timber was carried away to be used in the erection of an inn, and the minister's house converted into the dwelling of a fox-hunter. "A woman well known in the parish," says M'Leod, "happening to traverse the Strath the year after the burning, was asked, on her return, what news? 'Oh,' said she, '*sgeul bronach, sgeul bronach!* sad news, sad news! I have seen the timber of our kirk covering the inn at Altnaharra; I have seen the kirkyard, where our friends are mouldering, filled with tarry sheep, and Mr. Sage's study-room a kennel for Robert Gunn's dogs.'"

MICHAELMAS.

THE great festival of September is Michaelmas day, the 29th—*An Fheill Micheil.* In pre-Reformation days the festival was religiously observed in the Western Isles. Martin, who visited these islands in 1696, states that Michaelmas was observed as a holiday in Uist, Harris, Skye, &c. Referring to South Uist, Martin remarks—"The natives are much addicted to riding, the plainness of the country disposing both man and horse to it. They observe an anniversary cavalcade on Michaelmas day, and then all ranks of both sexes appear on horseback. The place for the rendezvous is a large piece of firm sandy ground on the seashore, and there they have horse racing for small prizes, for which they contend eagerly. There is an ancient custom by which it is lawful for any of the inhabitants to steal his neighbour's horse the night before the race, and ride him all next day, provided he deliver him safe and sound to the owner after the race; the manner of running is by a few young men who use neither saddles or bridles except two small ropes, made of bent, instead of a bridle, nor any sort of spurs but their bare heels, and when they begin the race they throw these ropes on their horses necks, and drive them on vigourously with a piece of long sea-ware in each hand, instead of a whip, and this is dried in the sun several months before for that purpose. This is a happy opportunity for the vulgar, who have few occasions for meeting except on Sundays, they then have their sweethearts behind them on horse-back, and give and receive mutual presents; the men present the woman with knives and purses, the women present the men with a pair of fine garters of divers colours, they give them likewise a quantity of wild carrots." The late Father Allan, writing from South Uist remarks, "On St. Michael's Day it used to be customary to have Mass said at Ardmichael in the middle of South Uist, under the canopy of heaven, and games, particularly horse racing, were indulged in on the strand. Rev. John Chisholm, of Bornish, was the last to hold this annual service at Ardmichael. Many are still alive who attended these old celebrations.

ST. MICHAEL'S BANNOCK OR CAKE, CALLED IN GAELIC "STRUTHAN MICHEIL."

In size it is as large as a quern, the shape that of a triangle with the corners rounded a little, and about an inch thick. The quantity of meal required for each cake or *Struthan* is *Leth de dh' ochdran* which is said to be about 3½ lbs. (can any one explain *ochdran?*). The meal must be the current harvest barley meal, and when the harvest is likely to be later than St. Michael's Day, ripe sheaves are cut wherever they may be found on the croft so as to supply the meal needed. The process of making is to take the meal and water and bake the cake as another except as to shape and thickness. In making the Struthan no *fallaid* is employed. The cake is then put to the fire. During this part of the process it is supported by the quern stone. When it has become hard and baked, the next thing is to cover one side of the cake with a compound of eggs and butter milk, beaten and mixed together. The cake is then again put to the fire and the new coating hardens. The other side then receives a coating and is put to the fire to harden. The old custom was that one should be made for each inmate of the house whether young or old, master or servant. It is considered to be extremely unlucky if the cake or even a small part of it should be broken in the process of firing it."

THE MICHAELMAS MOON.

Associated with the end of this month is the Michaelmas or Harvest Moon. It is known to the Celt by various names—such as *Gealach na Féill Micheil*, the yellow moon of Michaelmas, *Gealach bhuidhe nam broc*, the badgers' yellow moon,—it being popularly believed that the badgers gathered and dried by the light of this bright moon their winter bedding. There is an old rhyme which runs—

"The Michaelmas moon
Rises nine nights alike soon."

In the interesting work "Popular Rhymes of Scotland" I find the following reference to the rhyme already quoted—"The above rhyme describes a simple astronomical phenomenon which takes place at that season, and which is usually called in England the *Harvest Moon.* As the moon moves from west to east about thirteen degrees every day, she rises generally about fifty minutes later every evening. Her orbit, however, being considerably inclined to the equator, she does not always make the same angle with the horizon. When her orbit is most oblique to the horizon, which happens when she is in the beginning of Aries, the thirteen degrees of her orbit which she recedes daily, rise in *seventeen minutes*; whereas, in the opposite case, the time required is one hour and seventeen minutes. Of course this phenomenon occurs every month; but generally happening when the lunar orb is not full, it is not remarked. In September, however, the sun is in Virgo and Libra, the signs opposite to Pisces and Aries. The moon of course can only be full when the sun is opposite her. Rising nearly at the same time for several nights when in her greatest splendour, and when her light is considered as useful both in drying the cut grain and lighting the husbandman to his unusual labours, and phenomenon impresses the mind, rising at the same time, as it ought to do, sentiments of admiration and gratitude for the beneficent wisdom which planned an arrangement so useful to the inhabitants of the earth." The Michaelmas moon can be easily ascertained as being the full moon which falls always within a fortnight of 23rd September.

CLACH NA BRATAICH.

SIR,—This piece of polished rock crystal, about the size of a duck's egg, is venerated as the palladium of the Clan Donnachaidh; but so far no satisfactory account has been given of its probable origin, although it is said to have been accidentally found in a clod of earth adhering to a "bratach" or flag pole. Now, in early Celtic times, whether flags or poles were used in war or not, it is abundantly proved by Dr. Anderson in his "Scotland in Early Christian Times" that the Pastoral Staff of a Saint, or Founder of a Church in a particular locality, was carried into battle by its Hereditary Keeper, one of the tribe concerned. Saint Ruan or Ronan, is mentioned as the founder of a Church in Atholl, and my theory is that Struan, as Hereditary Keeper of the "battler," as far back as the sixth century, had become possessed of the polished stone which was set in the front of the crook on the Staff of St. Ruan. Such a crystal is set in the existing case of the head of the Staff of St. Fillan, used at Bannockburn. By the way, when and how did that historic burn get named? The "Brec Bannock," or Gospel enclosed in a case for hanging on breast of its Hereditary Keeper, Munymusk, was used at the battle of Bannockburn. Did this circumstance originate the name?—Yours, &c.,

Glen Devon, 21st Sept. 1906. KENNETH MATHESON IX.

THE DREAMER.

I yearn not for the trodden paths
Where feet of myriad men have strayed;
Give me the quiet by-ways, where
The wild-flowers grow beneath the shade.

The quiet by-ways of the world,
Where come to me my sweetest dreams;
Where God and good at last are true,
And shine not but in fitful gleams.

I seek the quiet ways of thought—
I dream; I see the visions rise;
The world is but the shadow; here
I see the real with clearer eyes.

The quiet ways of life, of thought,
Where rare things come that are not known
To those who walk in wide world-ways,
But come to him who seeks alone.

Down the green vistas of the lanes
I see the fairy towers arise;
Faint moonbeams glint upon their walls,
And mystic music swells and dies.

I meet with those who know me one
With them and with the poets dead;
We tread the shadowy paths in peace,
And soul to soul in joy are wed.

They call me poet, mystic, seer;
They cannot know this world of mine;
We walk alone, who seek the best,
The true, the good, the most divine.

M. T. MACGREGOR.

"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'"—The origin of the tune "The Campbells are Comin'" is "wrop in a mistry." One opinion is that it was borrowed from an old Gaelic song called "Ballicracray," which related to a wedding that took place at Inveraray. Another is that it was originally called "Clan na Gaidheal," and was much used by the Argyle family, after they had received the title, "so as to show that they were superiors of the various groups of the innumerable clans and septs of clans which constituted the population of Argyle." This is not very enlightening. The tune is certainly of some antiquity, for it appears in several old collections. As for the song itself, it is said to have been composed on the imprisonment of Mary Stuart in the Castle of Lochleven in 1567. The Earl of Argyle was of the Queen's party at the battle of Langside in 1568; and perhaps the tune may have been the Campbells' quick-march for centuries past. The words, however, show intrinsic evidence of being less than two hundred years old. Very likely they were written about the year 1715 on the breaking out of the Rebellion, when John Campbell, the great Duke of Argyle, was made Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces in North Britain.

JUNIOR KINTYRE CLUB.—The opening meeting of the session was held in the Waterloo Rooms, on 12th October, Mr. John L. Ferguson in the chair. There was a large attendance of members and friends. The lecturer for the occasion was the Hon. President of the Association, Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, who chose as his subject the "History and Legends of Dunaverty Castle, Kintyre." He sketched the story of this famous Macdonald fortress from the sixth century to the horrible massacre of 1647, when over 200 Highlanders were put to death in cold blood by the Covenanting army, under General Leslie and Argyll. A number of folk-lore tales were related. Mr. Mackay's lecture will appear in our next and succeeding issues.

THE SONG OF THE WINDS.

"OH! winds, why do you moan in the lonely night, when the little ones are far away in their dreamland? Why do you sing the curlew to sleep, and sweep the seas and the dark grey hills? And what is your song? What is this plaintive crooning lullaby—this robust accompaniment to the music of the waves as they rise and fall? Why do you sob when the night is silent and I am sad and lonely, and the fire burns low? Piercing winds—sorrowful winds that polish the stars and whistle through the trees, what ails thee? . . . . Why do you sing the saddest of songs when darkness falls over the glen? Oh! biting winds. Oh! why do you rush through deep gulleys and along bleak hillsides?

Thus spoke Hamish MacTalla as he sat by the glowing peat fire in his cabin at the top of the glen. He was a visionary, was this old Gael—a dreamer dreaming dreams, and he had the powerful imagination of an intellectual giant. Genial he was, amiable too, with a deep heart and fascinating eyes. He was the embodiment of all that is typical of the Gael, a little boisterous in his enthusiasm perhaps, but a man who never obtruded a mission. Keen were his eyes—soft liquid eyes they were, which were full of deep meanings and loving sentiments. Hamish of the wringlets? The long white beard gave him quite a patriarchal appearance. Stooped was the figure, furrowed was the lofty forehead, and prominent the strong nose. He was in perfect truth the life of the glen.

There was not a soul in that richly wooded glen that could tell what his age was. Eighty summers he had seen, and eighty winters too; and yet he had the eyes of a rollicking youth. His steps were short, and sad indeed did he feel as we saw him one wild October day hobble out of his cabin to feed the poor sparrows as they hopped about at his door. He was the last of the old Celts—the last of the visionaries, who lived in the glorious past and not in the uncertain future. Great and beautiful dreams he had dreamt during his picturesque career, and what dreams they were, too! But the reality—with its brutal persistence in claiming a prior consideration—always conquered, and the old man could do naught else but brood and hope—always building sand castles.

He turned over the leaves of the thumb-marked Gaelic testament, and finally laid it down on the table. He picked up his beads and crossed himself fervently. The fire burned low; and to him there was a world in every little spark as it flew upwards. The room was steeped in utter darkness, save the glow from the dwindling fire. All was now dark—all was ominous—all was suggestive of the silent chamber of the dead, with its unobtrusive teachings. And then the old man's eyes were transfixed on the crucifix above the rude fireplace. There, a curious—nay mysterious—light flickered amid the awful darkness—there indeed was the ray of eternal hope, a beacon to the forgetful—a portentous sign that all is not lost though sorrow stalks the land, and women may weep throughout the dismal, never ending night.

And then Hamish fell asleep, and he began to dream. And this is what he dreamt:—It was summer, and he was alone on the Hill of Dreams. And he heard the plaintive song of the winds as he lay among the heather. And he listened eagerly as the winds sung their song—listened with eyes wide open, and his lips parted. And the warm winds ceased to sing, and a great silence prevailed. The echo of old refrains came floating on the invigorating breeze—the old songs! the old songs! And a thousand memories loomed before him—memories of the far distant past—fragrant memories they were, and harbingers of great joys. And silence again—deep and mysterious silence, pregnant with strange happenings. The smell of the heather and the murmur of the waves made him feel young again, and he felt as if he could scale the highest peak in the land . . . . Alone he was on the Hill of Dreams—alone among the heather, and the beautiful trees and the happy birds. And a deeper silence than before enveloped the Hill of Dreams. He listened with marked attention and sighed. Aye! what was that: He saw a form he once loved so passionately—he saw a vision of the girl to whom he had, in his younger days, confided his secrets. Dear one! He had loved HER. His was true love, but she—she was too simple—too young to understand it all—to understand his inflexible nature—and she died—died one evening in June, while she was reading the litany of the saints at the back of the wood . . . . And the vision was no more. And a great fear took possession of Hamish as he opened his eyes and brushed aside the fantasy. Those horrid dreams!

He heard the old grandfather's clock strike eleven, and he rose and drew aside the rude curtain. It was dark—windy too, with a few stars twinkling in the almost inky firmament. Shadows danced before his burning eyes—shadows of the clamorous past, and the song of the winds chilled him to the bone. Those melancholy songs! How often had he listened to them—how often had he lain awake at night and listened!

He lit a cruisie and sat down on an old chest.

A peculiar thought took prssession of him, and he hobbled over to the old dresser and, opening one of the drawers, took a piece of cardboard from the pages of a book. Her photograph! Dear one! Morag with the smile like the sun o'erhead, with the deep brown eyes, and the dark, dark hair. And she was dead—dead before she had scarcely set foot outside the glen—ere she had seen the glowing old world beyond. And he loved her . . . . . Hamish sighed as he put the photograph back into the dresser. Only a thumb-marked piece of cardboard, but a golden link with the sorrowful past. His fingers ached as he parted with this sweet remembrance of long ago.

* * * * *

The sky was bright now, and the myriads of stars illuminated the heavens. And the moon diffused a glorious light over the old silent hills, and the desolated glens, so full of echoes and voices, which ever dinned in his ears.

Hamish crept from his cabin and slowly proceeded to the old kirkyard which lay a few yards off the path that leads to Callum. The little God's acre! ah! here was her grave. He slowly walked up the path, and halted when he came to the rude tomb. A weeping willow stood there, and the very sight of it made the old man afraid. Life and——death! the little dear one with the winning smiles! She was far, far away in the land of Great Joy . . . He crossed himself and fell on his knees. Silence again—silence as deep as the deepest ocean—silence great and awful.

And the winds commenced to sing their own song, but the old man heard it not, for he was asleep. He awoke with great fear gripping him like a ferocious beast. And he heard a voice ring out a message, and this is what it said:—"I am the queen of the winds, of the sad, sad winds. Sad we are indeed, and lonely too, for our father is sorrow and death is our guest. And we are lonely to, and—afraid! Queen I am of the piercing winds that cause havoc on the ocean and on the highways. Our song! our song! oh, our song! 'Tis the song of old—the song of other years and other glens. Crowns we have, but they are sorrow's crown of sorrow. And the hills and the glens are our homes, but we live—live on, and on, and on, for ever and ever."

Two drovers on their way to the hills found the old man kneeling by the grave, with his eyes almost closed. They swore at him and threw stones at him, but he said never a word, and they laughed at him with fine scorn, for they were drunk and hilarious and the very devil was in them, but the old man heeded them not, for when they laid their hands on his brow 'twas as cold as the winds that whistled o'er the glen. He was dead.

The glen folk laid him to rest by the Loch of the Virgin, where the heather grows just as it does on the Hills of Dreams. And he sleeps there with the stately pines protecting him on the one side and the defiant hills on the other, and the winds come over the hills just as before and sing their mournful songs as of yore. But there is a cabin vacant at the top of the glen, where all is quiet and beautiful, where voices are heard at dead of night—voices of an old, dishevelled crone and a demure lass—and the winds carry the strange voices to the little kirkyard, and to the shining, murmuring loch, which carries within its sacred bosom a thousand secrets.

MARGARET FRASER.

CLAN LAMONT SOCIETY.

Unveiling of Memorial at Dunoon.

DUNOON was the Mecca of the Clan Lamont on Saturday, 29th September. The occasion was the unveiling of a memorial to commemorate the clansmen who fell in the massacre of 1646. There is abundant evidence that the Lamonts were undisputed lords of Cowal in the early years of the seventeenth century; to-day, according to the orator-in-chief of the clan, they are "scattered" over the world, and the place knows them no more. The manner in which they were driven from their lands and nearly extirpated forms

ONE OF THE DARKEST STORIES

in the history of clan feuds. Indeed, the massacre of Glencoe did not exceed the Dunoon tragedy in cold-blooded cruelty. The memorial stands in Thom-na-Bhoid Road. It faces the spot, near the old churchyard, where the massacre took place, and where the wail of the pibroch used to wake the echoes of the valley. The monument bears this inscription:—"To the memory of their loyal forefathers, who perished near this spot, the Clan Lamont dedicate this monument, September, 1906. During the civil war of the seventeenth century the Lamonts espoused the Royalists' cause, thereby incurring the hostility of neighing clans, who laid siege to the castles of Toward and Ascog. Sir James Lamont of that ilk was forced to surrender at Toward on 3rd June, 1646, when, in violation of articles of capitulation and indemnity signed by the besieger, over 200 of the Lamonts were bound, carried in boats to Dunoon, and there murdered." The names of several of the slain are also inscribed on the monument.

In the early part of the day a heavy fog enveloped the land, but an hour or two before the ceremony began the pall lifted and the sun shone out. The deep, rich tints of autumn were on the hills, the waving heather looked purple and fragrant, and away to the south the river gleamed like silver. The members of the Clan Lamont Society mustered on the hillside in force, and large numbers of the general public took up positions on the roadway. Among those present were:—Major John Henry Lamont of Lamont, Chief of the Clan Lamont; Mr James Lamont of Knockdow; Rev. John Lamond, Greenside Parish, Edinburgh: Rev. Archibald Lamont, South Shields; Mr Henry Lamond, hon. secretary; Major W. M.

Lamont, hon. treasurer; Mr Robert Lamond, Glasgow; Colonel Lamont and Major G. H. Black, Greenock; and Mrs Lamont Campbell of Possil. Prayer having been offered by Rev. A. Lamont, the memorial was dedicated by Rev. John Lamond in eloquent terms.

CELTIC RENAISSANCE.

At the outset, Mr Lamond said it was a significant sign of the times that there should be a renaissance of the

OLD CELTIC FEELING

that influenced so perceptibly the destiny of our country centuries ago, and that gathering was a proof of that revival. It was a melancholy reflection that at one time in the history of their clan the district of Cowal was to a large extent in the possession of the Lamonts. And now broken, and with one or two exceptions almost landless, the members of the clan were scattered to the four quarters of the globe. What was it, then, that occurred in their history, and which almost led to the extinction of the clan? It was the terrible massacre that stood out as one of the darkest deeds in our Scottish annals. It was a fact which had not yet been adequately dealt with by the by the historian, and one of the secondary objects they had in view in erecting that monument was to call attention to a period in which such deeds were possible. Having retold the tale of the massacre with great fervour, Mr Lamond observed that he did not wish to harrow their feelings by dwelling on the more tragic details, nor did he wish to kindle anew the strife that had been forgotten in the passing of the years. But they felt, as the members of the Lamont Clan Society, that some tribute was due to the memory of those who were so foully slain, and that the neglect of generations should be atoned for in the erection of a fitting memorial, and to commemorate an

IMPORTANT HISTORICAL EVENT.

That was one of the purposes for which their society existed. They desired to preserve the records that related to their clan; but they had also wider aims, and one of their objects had been realised in the unveiling of that memorial. (Applause.) They trusted that by that means the memory of their clansmen would be preserved and carried to the far-off years. The monument would recall a period that was fraught with trouble, and which stood out in striking contrast to the times in which we lived. If in any respect it should awaken sorrowful emotions, these would be quickly dispelled by a feeling of gratitude that our lot had fallen in a more settled age, when dark deeds of blood were no longer possible, when plenty crowned our land, and when the clansmen who in former years were in deadly feud now

DWELT PEACEFULLY SIDE BY SIDE.

(Applause.) In conclusion, the speaker stated that they were indebted to Provost Warner and the Magistrates of Dunoon for the site on which the monument was built, to Mr Mackay for certain privileges, and to Messrs. Scott & Rae, the sculptors. (Applause.)

THE CAPITULATION DEED.

Major John Henry Lamont, Chief of the Clan, thereupon unveiled the memorial, while the pipers of the 4th V.B.H.L.I. played a lament. When the last melancholy note had died away the Chief said the memorial represented one of the most pathetic events in the history of the Lamont Clan—a clan that had always played an honourable part in the history of Scotland. (Applause.) He displayed

A TIME-WORN DOCUMENT,

which he described as a genuine copy of the deed of capitulation of Toward Castle by the Lamonts—a document which excited a good deal of interest among the assembled crowd. Brief addresses were also delivered by Bailie Dobie, Dunoon; Mr Robert Lamond, Glasgow; and Provost Burness, Rothesay, and the proceedings on the hill terminated. The pipe band played a stirring march as the members of the Clan Lamont Society adjourned to M'Call's Hotel, where they were received by the Chief. Refreshments were served, and several interesting speeches were delivered.

SHINTY—GLASGOW COWAL CLUB.—This old established club held its annual meeting on 5th October, Mr. Donald M'Corquodale, vice-president, presiding. The secretary and treasurer's reports were unanimously adopted, and a vote of thanks awarded these officials for their valuable services during the year. The record for last year was:—Played 13 matches, won 9, drawn 2, lost 2; goals for, 28; goals against, 17. The following office-bearers were elected:— Hon. presidents, The Marquis of Bute, The Marquis of Graham, Lord Lovat, and Captain Hector F. MacLean, yr. of Duart (Scots Guards); president, Mr. John Mackay (editor *Celtic Monthly*); vice-presidents, Messrs. Duncan Morrison and Donald M'Corquodale; captain, Mr. Murdo Fowler; vice-captain, Mr. J. N. M'Vicar; secretary, Mr. Hugh M'Corquodale, 1 Livingston Terrace, Ibrox; treasurer, Mr. Dan Turner, 16 Hillfoot Street, Dennistoun. It was decided to re-enter the Scottish Association, Celtic Society, and League competitions. The meeting was a most enthusiastic one, which augurs well for the success of the Club during the season.

THE CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY.

THE Autumn Meeting of the Council of this Society was held in the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, on 28th September, when there was a good attendance of the members from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other districts. The chair was occupied by the president of the Society, Mr. Atholl MacGregor, Ardchoille, Perth, and among others present were Miss A. G. Murray MacGregor, Perth, and Mr. Alexander M'Grigor, of Cairnoch, the two vice-presidents; Rev. Simon MacGregor, Golden Acre Terrace, Edinburgh; Mr. Duncan MacGregor of Arngask, and Mr. A. Wallace MacGregor, W.S., Edinburgh, directors of the society. Before the business of the meeting was taken up, the chairman made an appropriate reference to the loss sustained by the society and the council in the death of Mr. John MacGregor, marine insurance broker, Glasgow, who, as a director since the resuscitation of the Society, had done so much for it, and had taken such a deep interest in everything that tended to its prosperity. There were a considerable number of applications for bursaries, and after these were all carefully considered the revenue from the educational funds was found sufficient to make grants to ten of the applicants to enable them to prosecute their studies at the University and at secondary schools. The roll was augmented by the admission of a few new members.

STRATHNAVER FAIRY CIRCLE.—The operations of this benevolent institution, which in the past have been mostly confined to the south of England, are this month being extended to the extreme north of Scotland (Strathnavern, or the Mackay Country, from which it derives its designation). Mr. James Mead Sutherland, the founder and chief of the Circle, conducts a party of the officials to Sutherlandshire, where they have arranged to hold gatherings at Tongue, Farr, Durness, Melvich, Strathy, and other places, and a specially interesting meeting will be held at the new crofting settlement on "Bonnie Strathnaver." Thereafter the "Fairies" hold similar functions at Blair Atholl, Dunkeld, Pitlochry, and other towns in Perthshire, and return to London on 19th November. Sutherlanders will wish the visitors a pleasant holiday.

THE OLD PEAT STACK.

Beside the old peat stack I kept the tryst wi' Màiri dhu,
The sweetest island lass a Hebridean lad could woo.
Her brow, her neck, 'mid dark curls set, of purity were full,
As water-lilies lying in a dark and shining pool.
She spoke as soft as the ocean wind when it sinks on the wave to rest,
And her every thought was purer than the seagull's snowy breast.
Ochoin ! how slow the minutes seemed, my feelin's on the rack,
Till she stole out to meet me by the old peat stack,—
The dear peat stack !
Wi' the moon new, when none knew, by the old peat stack !

How sweet to walk wi' Màiri dhu to the kirk beside the sea,
The scent o' heather in the wind that blew from Cnoc-na-shee.
Through th' open door we saw th' Atlantic surge upon the beach,
As we raised the Gaelic psalm or heard old Maighstir Ruari preach.
He'd speak of Eden's garden, or of Jacob's lonely stone,—
The gate of Heaven ; of Jacob's love for Rachael ; how he won
His bride at the last : of Heaven, an' how of joy it hath no lack,—
But me !—I thought o' Màiri an' the old peat stack !
The dear peat stack !
I'd found the gate of Heaven, I thought, by th' old peat stack.

How well I mind, up in the moss, the cuttin' o' the peat !
'Twas where the mountain paths from Kyle and Allt-na-Maighdinn meet,—
Round us, the silence o' the hills : far down, the shimmerin' sea,
All the day Màiri an' me, I cuttin' the peat, and she
Liftin' the peats in her lily hands an' layin' them out in the sun,
Every day in the Young-month till the cuttin' at last was done,
Then we dried them and brought them home, an' stacked them out at the cottage-back,
There we built up—Màiri an' me—the old peat stack,
The dear peat stack !
And found we'd knitted our hearts in one, at the old peat stack !

Now nought I see around me save a ruined cottage wall,
Wi' the window where a maiden's voice oft answered to my call,
There thro' the openin' came the Gaelic airs she used to sing,
As she played with slender fingers on the clarsach's tremblin' string.
Now the clarsach's strings are rusting, for the Nor'-Wind's frozen gust
Withered her breast and chilled her hand an' crumbled it to dust.
I'd give my all o' the world if I could bring one moment back,
And be wi' Màiri dhu beside the old peat stack,
The dear peat stack !
Wi' her curls against my cheek beside the old peat stack.

Isle of Coll. (Rev.) Dugald MacEchern.

"THE SONG OF HECATE."

"Now witchcraft celebrates pale Hecate's offerings."
MACBETH.

O come into my night-garden,
'Mid thick-laced broom and underbloom,
Sere, russet leaves and snaky eaves,
Black-studded vine and eglantine,
Rank sun-dew pining for the fen—
My breath lies warm and soft on men,
O come into my night-garden !

O come into my night-garden,
'Mid sickened shoots and slimy roots,
Brown stinging burrs and wilful furze,
Pale, faceless ponds and nettled fronds,
Wild nightshade stolen from the glen,
My kiss burns hot and sweet on men—
O come into my night-garden !

London. Regina Miriam Bloch.

AM FONN.

Fonn—"An nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh."

O ! sid am fonn a chuala mi
An uair a bha mi òg,
Mi 'n cluain ri uchd mo mhàthar,
Is mo chridhe 'snamh 'n a ceòl ;
'S 'n uair chuala mi a rithist e,
Aig nighinn ghil nam bò,
Gu'n thàlaidh i mo chridhe leis,
'S mi mireagaich mu'n chrò !

Bu tric, o sin, 'g a chlàistinn mi
Mu eadradh, àrd-thra nòin,
'S mi beadradh, air an àiridh,
Ri mo Mhàiri àillidh, òig ;
No feadh nan glacag fàileanta,
'S an tàrladh dhuinn, gun ghò,
Bhi coinneachadh, gu mànranach,
Fo sgàilean coill nan cnò.

Ach b' éiginn dòmhs' an àiridh,
Agus Màiri chur air chùl,
A's siubhal fad bho'n àite sin
'S an robh mo ghràdh a's m' ùigh,
A sheasamh anns na blàir,
An aghaidh nàmhaidean ar dùthch' :—
'S an latha dh' fhàg mi 'm Bràighe
Righ ! bu chràiteach m' aigne, brùit' !

O ! sid am fonn a chuala mi,
'S a chuaileinich mu m' chridh',
I's tric a dhùisg dhomh sealladh
Air mo leannan, 's air mo thìr ;
An uair a bhithinn airtealach,
'N am chairtealan, le sglos,
Gun taislicheadh e m' anam,
'Nuair a chanainn e leam fhìn !

Ach thog am fonn an tràsa dhomh,
Fàth cànrain agus bròin ;
Oir dhuisg e iomhaigh Màiri
A's mo mhàthar, 's iad fo'n fhòid—
Gach caochladh agus sàrach
Thainig air na Gàidheil chòir,
Bho'n àm 's na bhuail an dàn ud mi
Le gràdh, 'n uair bha mi òg !

County of Sutherland Association.—The Annual Gathering will take place in Glasgow on 14th December, Mr. James Mead Sutherland, London, Hon. Vice-President, in the Chair. Pipe-Major Donald Mackay, London (champion piper), and Miss Parker, a celebrated violinist from the Metropolis, will contribute to the programme.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

A DUET arrangement of the following air by Mr. Alfred Moffat, London, as sung by Miss Annetta C. Whyte, Glasgow, and Mr. Wm. Grant Downie, Langside, carried the first prize at the recent Oban Mod. The original words, along with the air and the translation, are by *Fionn*.

An Gaidheal Air Leaba-Bais

(THE GAEL ON HIS DEATH-BED).

Key A. *With feeling.*

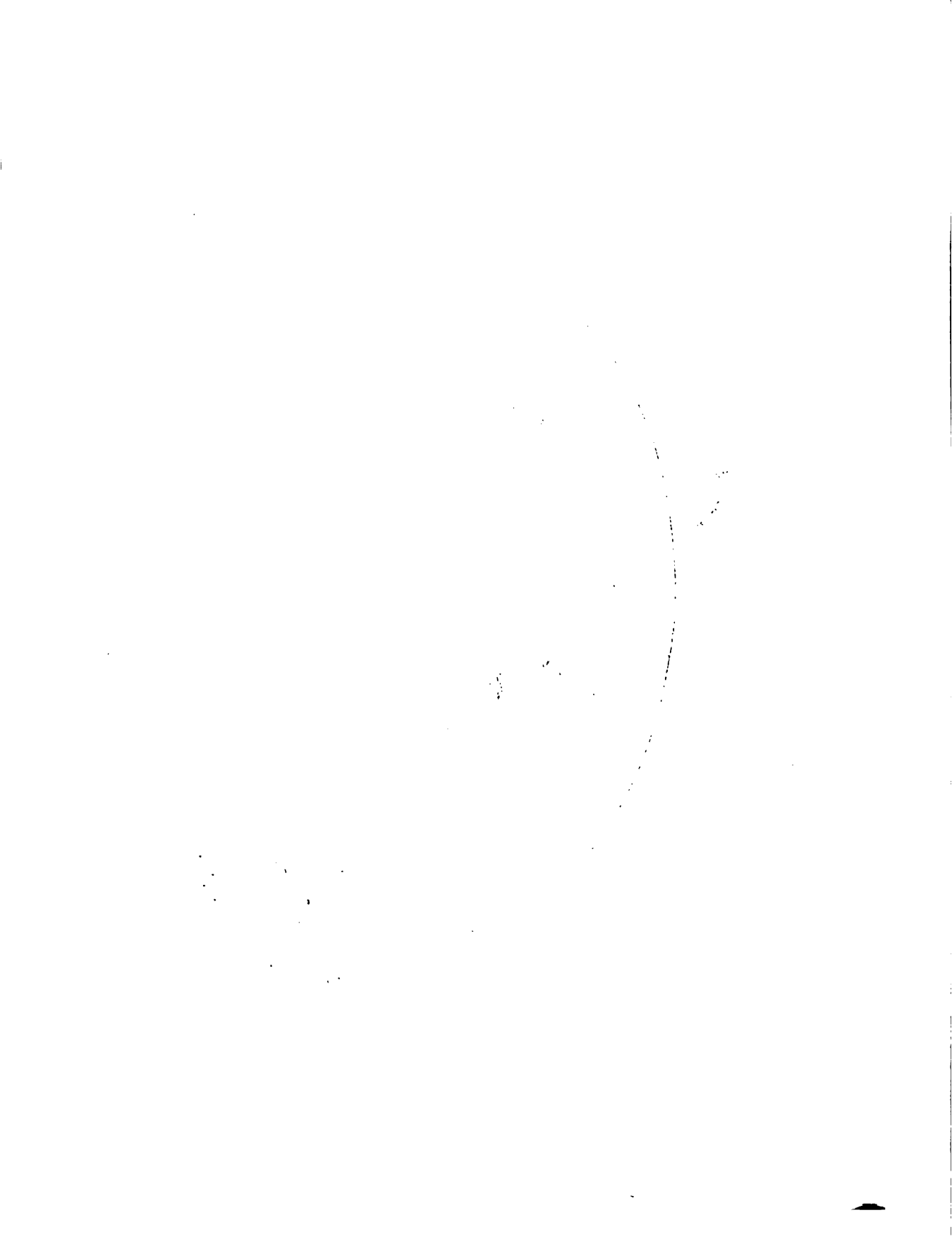
: d., l_1	s_1., l_1 :	d., r	m., r :	m., f	s., m :	r., d	r
Fad air	falbh bho	thìr nan	àrd - bheann,	Tha mi 'm	fhògrach	an tìr	chéin,
Far away	from	bonnie	Scotland,	On a	rest - less	bed I	moan,
: d., r	m., r :	d., l_1	s_1., l_1 :	d., r	m., f :	m., r	d
Am measg	choigreach	's fad' o	chàirdean,	Tha mi 'm	laidhe 'n	so leam	fhéin;
Far from	friends, in	midst of	strangers,	I am	pining	all a -	lone.
: m., f	m., d :	l_1., d	l_1., s_1 :	m., f	s., m :	r., d	l_1
Tha mo	chridhe	briste	brùite,	Saighead	bàis an	nis am	chom,
O, I'm	sad and	broken	hearted,	With Death's	arrow	in my	breast,
: d., l_1	s_1., l_1 :	d., r	m., r :	m., f	s., m :	r., d	d
'N ùine	gheàrr mo	shuil bith'dh	dùinte,	'S aig a'	Bhàs mi 'm	chadal	trom.
Now I	feel my	eyelids	clos - ing,	And I	soon shall	be at	rest.

'S tric ag éiridh suas am chuimhne
Albainn àilidh, tìr nan beann,
Chi mi sud an leanag uaine,
Is am bothan anns a' ghleann.
Tha gach ni fo bhlàth gu h-ùraidh,
Aig an allt tha cronan fann,
Air a' ghaoith tha fàile cùbhraidh
Tigh'nn o fhlùraibh nach 'eil gann.

Nis cha leir dhomh tir nan ard-bheann,
Air mo shuil tha ceò air fàs;
Am measg choigreach 's fad' o m' chàirdean
Tha mi feitheamh air a' bhàs
Thusa, spioraid bhochd, tha 'n daorsa,
Ach cha'n fhada bhios tu ann;
Thig, a Bhàis, a's thoir dhomh saorsa
Beannachd leat, a thir nam beann!

In my memory oft arises
Scotia, land of heath-clad ben,
Now I see its verdant pastures
And the cottage in the glen;
Nature there is sweet and lovely,
Hark! the burnie's rapid flow,
While the air is richly scented
By the flowers which yonder grow.

From my vision now is fading
All that once was dear to me;
Far from friends, in midst of strangers,
I am longing, Death, for thee.
Thou, poor spirit! art in bondage,
Come, O Death! and set it free;
Albion, land of early childhood,
Oh, farewell, farewell to thee!



Yours faithfully
H. W. Macleod.

C. H. Macleod

The Celtic Monthly:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

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THE MACLEODS OF TALISKER.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. MacLeod, Australia.

AMONG the cadets of the MacLeods of Dunvegan that of Talisker holds an honourable position, and although the chief removed to Tasmania in the beginning of last century the Talisker MacLeods still maintain a leading position in lands beyond the sea, and retain their designation of "The Big MacLeods."

Circumstances, and an increasing family, induced Major Donald MacLeod VI. of Talisker, in the year 1821, to sell the remainder of his lease of Talisker, Isle of Skye, and emigrate to Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania) with his wife (a daughter of Alasdair Ruadh Maclean XIV. of Coll) and family of three sons and two daughters, together with retainers to the number of fourteen. There were no P. & O. nor Orient liners in those days, but the gallant old Major was enabled to take passages for himself, his family, and retainers upon paying £70 for cabin and £40 for steerage in the good ship "St. Kilda," from Leith to Tasmania. Leaving Leith on 19th June and arriving at Hobart Town on November 27th, Major MacLeod received intimation from the Governor to call at the Government House. This he did, and the arrival of a Highland Chief with his family and retainers must have created not a little sensation in the quiet little Hobart Town of those early days. Major MacLeod experienced no difficulty in obtaining his land grant, and selected in the Evandale district. There until his death, at an advanced age, he carried on farming operations (sometimes employing as many as a hundred men), and erected the first flour mill on the South Esk River. The MacLeod properties have all passed into other hands—the family being allured by the attractions of the mainland (Australia)—but the names which are familiar as household words in the Evandale district referred to, namely, Talisker, Cleggin, Glendessary, etc., testify to the one-time presence of a Highland Chief. Here it may be stated that Catherine, eldest daughter of Major Donald MacLeod—who married Dr. Salmon, Tasmania, died at Geelong on 19th July, 1899, at the advanced age of 88. Major MacLeod's brother Magnus, VII. of Talisker, died unmarried, and his next brother, Alexander, also unmarried, predeceased him, consequently Norman was VIII. Chief of Talisker. His son, Alexander Magnus, is now IX. Chief of Talisker. He was born in 1846, and resides at Victoria. His brother, Donald Norman, the subject of our sketch, was born in 1848, in Victoria, Australia, and educated in the Scotch College, Melbourne. On leaving school, he took to pastoral pursuits, and was one of the pioneers of the Nicol Bay district in Western Australia. He was successful in his pastoral business, and married Miss Bussell, whose father, Mr. Alfred Pickmore Bussell, was a Member of Parliament in that Colony whilst under Imperial Government. Mr. MacLeod returned to the State of Victoria about 1882, and having bought a property there, took up modern dairying as an occupation, which he followed for ten years. Like his father, who represented Portland in the Victorian Parliament, Mr. MacLeod sold his property and went in for politics, representing Portland in the Victorian Parliament for over six years. When, after the "land-boom" matters became somewhat complicated in Australia, Mr. MacLeod resigned his seat in Parliament and purchased the Minilya Property, where we now find him, and came back to his old occupation of "pastoralist." This station at present consists of about 800,000 acres of leasehold land. The number of sheep is about 30,000, and about 300 head each of horses and cattle. The shearing is carried on by a team of twenty natives selected from the eighty aboriginals who camp on the station. These hands each shear from 50 to 80 sheep a day.

Mr. MacLeod's family consists of eleven children, five sons and six daughters. The eldest

son, Hugh Vernon MacLeod, is managing a property for his uncle, "The Chief"; the next son, Donald Gray, is his father's right hand man, while the younger lads are at College.

As regards Mrs. MacLeod and her praiseworthy work, we cannot do better than quote from an account of a visit to Minilya which appeared recently in an Australian publication:—"Mrs. MacLeod has undertaken, at the expense of herself and husband, the task of imparting religious and secular instruction to the native children of the locality.

"During the past few years Mrs. MacLeod has personally devoted two hours daily to this work which, added to her ordinary domestic duties connected with the bringing up of a large family, involves a large strain upon her powers of endurance, especially during the long, hot summer months when the temperature frequently rises to 115 deg. in the shade. That these children possess wonderful memories and considerable ability cannot be denied after an inspection of the copy books and a *viva voce* examination. They are taught the rudiments of Christianity. How far this teaching will affect their future lives time alone must show. Too much, however, cannot be said in praise of the earnestness, perseverance, and ability displayed by Mrs. MacLeod in what she feels to be her duty towards these waifs. Industry in various forms is carefully inculcated in both the boys and the girls. The latter are taught domestic work in addition to reading, writing, and sewing. The pupils number eighteen in all.

"It may be mentioned in passing that the adult natives are well clothed and appear to be in excellent condition. It has been uncharitably insinuated by some that people who display unusual earnestness in their care of the aboriginals in their vicinity are actuated by a regard for future benefits and profits to be enjoyed from the services of the natives. But the most casual critic can but arrive at the conclusion that in the case under notice the work done by Mr. and Mrs. MacLeod in this direction is a labour of love inspired by a determination to do their duty to the remnant of a fast decaying race."

Mr. MacLeod is a prominent Free Mason, and has received during his career numerous illuminated addresses from various public bodies and representative people, showing the high appreciation in which he has been held by those amongst whom his career has been spent. These he prizes amongst his greatest treasures. We are sure our readers will join with us in wishing continued prosperity to the grandson of the gallant Major MacLeod, VI. of Talisker, his worthy helpmate, and his sturdy family.

THE HIGHLAND OFFICER.

(A Tale of Inverness.)

(Continued from page 4.)

HAVING sent home for a remittance of cash, I spent more than ten days in and about Inverness, in the pleasantest manner possible; for it was so new to me to live in a considerable town, where the spirit of the people was not spoiled by trade and cheating, and where there was nothing but independent gentry, military, and homely Highland people, the thankful dependents upon their natural superiors, that I was quite delighted with every body I met; for I found that the very tone of the people was kindly, and their ideas almost romantic; nor did they seem at all like those of the same condition in the southern part of the island, ready to worry each other, or to bite off each other's noses, for money. In short, what with climbing the picturesque hills which rise up from immediately behind the houses of the town—what with the martial sounds and constant stir of the Highland army, in and near the place; what with the marchings from Fort George and along the magnificent lake, called the Moray Firth; and what with the kind Highland women, who went, one and all, bare-headed to kirk and market, I was quite charmed.

Yet still there was in the delighted eyes (as I watched them from the window), and the daily visits and nightly walks of the Highland officer and his triumphant bride, something that interested me exceedingly; and I rejoiced in my spirit over the contemplation of the joy of young hearts, and this solacing picture of earth's rare felicity. I saw them steal out in the evening to enjoy their walk up the great glen of Scotland, as it is called, which stretches out near the town, I often observed from my window their lingering return in the obscurity of the summer evenings; their slow parting at the door; their fond whisper, and their sighing good night! and I myself began to count the days when marriage should entitle them to unlimited enjoyment of each other's society, and when closing night should no more remind them of separation.

My good Highland landlady was as much interested in the marriage of the peerless couple as I was. In fact it was the talk, not only of the regiment, but of the whole town; and on the morning when the bride and her sister and the Lieutenant himself went up the street together to purchase the wedding trinkets and the ring for her finger and certain silks and laces, no doubt every window in the street was up, for all had heard of the purpose of their joint movement; and the blessings of the old, and the envyings of the young, accompanied

them as far as they could be seen by the admiring people. The interest that was created, and the admiration that was given to these wedding fineries by the women, it is beyond my powers to describe. She that was favoured with even a sight of them was an object of envy in the neighbourhood; but several of the females, by degrees, obtained that privilege; for it was said that the bride, or at least her sister, did not disguise the delight they felt in exhibiting the marriage dresses and jewels.

Chapter II.

The day previous to that appointed for the wedding at length came round, and the interest of all in the neighbourhood about everything that concerned the young couple increased hourly in intensity; and it is to this interest, which enabled them to learn almost every circumstance which passed between the pair, that I am indebted for all the particulars of what subsequently took place.

It happened at this period that some public occurrence (what it was I now forget), requiring a subaltern's guard in the town, it fell to Lieutenant Grant's turn; for either there was a promise, or some previous arrangement had been made, so that he was obliged to be on guard in the old guard-house, under the Tolbooth at the Cross, on this very night prior to his wedding; and, before he went to his duty in the evening, he called at the house to spend a few minutes with his bride. He was sitting with her and her sister in an apartment, the windows of which looked towards Fort George, and his Marion remarked, while talking of the high spirits and hilarity he had shown on the evening previous, that this night he looked strangely restless and thoughtful, and once or twice inquired after her health with a penetrating anxiety as if she complained of illness, although she assured him she had never been better in her life.

"Why, Colin," she said, in reply to his repeated inquiries, "why think about my health just now? Have you any particular reason for this unusual solicitude?"

"No," said he, "none at all; but, is'nt it strange that my mother should not have arrived?" he added, waiving her question, "it draws so near the time."

"I confess that it is a little strange;" said the bride, "but some delay may have occurred, and she will be here, no doubt, in time to-morrow."

"You are happy and hopeful;" he only said, pressing her hand, and looking at her with a smile that scarcely appeared genuine; "and we are full of hopes, and wishes, and anticipations, my Marion. Now, sweet love, look only as delightful to-morrow as you do to-day, and all Inverness will say, never did so pretty a bride stand before the alter, in the old church below, with a happy young soldier."

"But you speak all this, Colin," she said, "in a tone that has more of melancholy and solicitude in it than agrees with the words you express. Have you any thing to tell me of, that is of importance enough to trouble your thoughts? If so, do inform me of it."

"I have nothing to tell you, indeed; nothing, I assure you, my sweet Marion;" he said. "Yet, surely the air is somewhat thick this evening and oppressive;" and again he knitted his brows as if to stifle some inward feeling, and looked anxiously out upon the sky and then in her face.

"Gracious powers, Colin!" she exclaimed. "your look has an ominous restlessness in it, You are concealing something from me."

"By heavens I am not, Marion. I have nothing to tell you, on my life! unless it be worth telling, or rather confessing, as a weakness, that I have had all day an involuntary anxiety over me, and I know not about what. But sometimes it has assumed a strange solicitude about yourself, as if there was some reason to fear that something was about to happen to you. And a feeling that I never before experienced came over me at times on looking around over the green hills of Ross-shire, and then upwards to the heavens, for I sometimes thought the very sky had changed its colour to me!"

"Colin!" she said, looking seriously in his countenance, "there is something alarming in these fancies the very day before our marriage."

"Pooh, Marion! no; they are not worth a thought," he said, "we are all liable to involuntary impressions, I suppose. But I know what is the cause of these odd notions. I see it clearly."

"What then is it, Colin? pray be explicit."

"It is merely the near prospect of the consummation of all my hopes of making you entirely mine, Marion, that is too much for me to dwell upon. But now the hour for my duty has arrived, and I must leave you. Farewell for one brief night! Angels attend you, my sweet girl!" and, pressing her hand, he rushed hurriedly out to his night's duty.

What was it that affected her at the youth's departure Marion could not tell; but she had felt so much joy and triumph of late, that, when the chord of serious feeling was touched by the unlooked for state of mind that her lover had shown, it vibrated to her inmost heart; and the pleasing prospect of being his on the morrow, without apprehension from henceforth, overpowered her as she sat alone in the

twilight; and melting into that resource of the feelings which always gives a maiden relief, she was found by her sister, on her entrance, drowned in sweet refreshing tears.

Whatever it was that had affected the mind of the young Highlander, which was somewhat imaginative, a thing not uncommon to an ardent youth, reared among the mountains of the north, he found a sudden relief in his confession to his bride, and marched towards the old guard-house, under the Tolbooth, where his night was to be principally spent, in revived, and even high spirits.

When the duties of the early part of the night were over, and he was left to himself in the inner guard-room, he was observed to become again thoughtful; but a languor came over him, his spirits seemed to be overpowered, and stretching himself upon the mattress, which is the common accommodation of the place, he fell into a dozing and undisturbed sleep.

Towards midnight, he awakened with a start, such as to attract the observation of the sergeant and others near him; and then sitting up and laying his head thoughtfully down on his hands, he sat for some time in meditation; then rising, he went out hastily, as if to relieve himself of some mental impression by breathing the cool air. What he had seen in his dream, or what cause he had for the anxious state of his mind, was not known, but he was observed to rush quickly forth towards the dwelling of his bride, as if oppressed with some apprehension regarding her safety.

When he arrived at her house, and looked up at the windows, on which the moon shone brightly, all seemed as usual, still and quiet. He paced for some time backwards and forwards, opposite to her door, wondering why he should have been impelled to come here by his own thoughts, and yet ashamed to knock or expose his foolish anxiety, by making any inquiry at this unreasonable hour. He went round by a lane to the rear of the house, merely to look at the chamber window of his beloved. A light still burned in the chamber, the upper part of the shutters were unclosed, and the lower loosely laid together, as if some of the inmates had been lately looking out. There was nothing remarkable in this, for it was still scarcely past midnight; the two sisters might be reading together, as they often did; and they might have left the shutters unclosed, to enjoy, occasionally, the contemplation of the hills lying behind Inverness, in the clear moonlight, and the effect of the ruins of Macbeth's Castle, which rise up on a hill in the near distance.

The young officer, however, leaped up upon the garden wall, where he had often, years before, come by stealth to meet or wait for his Marion. The recollections were rapturous, the prospect at this moment, under the bright moon, was glorious; and yet he felt ashamed of his present position, and the unaccountable feeling which led to it. But as he was here, he tried to catch a glimpse of his bride, for the chamber window was quite near; or perhaps he might hear her voice, and assure himself that his ominous impressions did not relate to her.

He made a slight noise as he stood up on tiptoe. He heard a movement within. A figure in white opened the shutters of the window, and on looking out gave a slight scream. It was Marion; he waved his hand and beckoned to her; her sister who had been with her, came also forward. They stood together for a moment in uncertainty, and then threw up the sash.

(To be continued.)

ORAN DO "FHIONN."

Seisd—Bha mi 'n raoir le "Fionn,"
'S b'e 'n toilinntinn ghlan e,
Ag éisdeachd ris na fuinn,
Is mu chrodh-laoidh Mhic Cailein.

Chaith mi 'n oidhche le mòr shòlas
An Sraid an Dòchais* le m' charaid.

Greis air eachdraidh,, greis air sgeulan
Greis air teudan, greis air caithream.

Na bùird a dhiasgil fo 'n lòdan
Eachdraidh nan òran glana.

Eachdraidh nam bàrd le 'n òrain
Eachdraidh na ceòlraidh snasmhor.

A h-uile leabhar bheirte làmh air
Sgriobhte 'n Gàidhlig 's cha bu Laduinn.

'S mor an onair "Fionn" do 'n àite
Chuir e Ghàidhlig thun gach dachaidh.

'S mor an onair e do 'n dùthaich
Brathair e do 'n dùisgear "Blackie."

Bràthair e do 'n Olla àillidh
Chuir a' Ghàidhlig ann an càthair.

'Nuair thilleas mi do Earraghàidheil
Ni mi a slàinte mhòr a ghabhail.

An Tigh-an-Truis as na plosan
Far 'm biodh dinnear aig na Barain.

Sguiridh mi nis de mo dhuanag
Thug e fuath do dh' òrain fhada.

'Bha mi 'n raoir le "Fionn"
'S b'e 'n toilinntinn glan e,
Ag eisdachd ris na fuinn
Is mu chrodh-laoidh Mhic Cailein.

D. MacDhughaill,
Cathir Efric.

* *Sraid-an-Dòchais*—Hope Street, where "Fionn" resided when this song was composed some twenty-five years ago.

JOHN MACDONALD, THE LOCHABER BARD.

By Rev. Allan Sinclair.

John Macdonald—Lom, or Manndach, as he was called—was a scion of the House of Keppoch; of the branch known as "Sliochd a bhràthair bu shine." His father, Domhall Mac Iain mhic Dhomhaill mhic Ailean, was a distinguished member of the clan, and one of their leaders when they took the field.

The year of his birth is not known; but judging from his poems, which give us a good deal of accurate chronological data, it must have been very early in the seventeenth century. He seems to have possessed, as the following anecdote shows, a precocious mind, and to have given early indications of future celebrity. He accompanied his father, Domhall Mac Iain, and a party of his men to Inverness. After stabling their steeds, in which the boy took an active part, he joined the company where they were quartered for the night round a blazing fire. A stranger who happened for the nonce to be one of them, observing something peculiar about the appearance of our embryo bard, made a remark probably not very complimentary; whereupon the boy replied impromptu—

Breith luath lochdach
Breith air loth pheallagach
Na giullan breac-luirgneach.

"He judges rashly who judges an untrained colt, or a bare-legged youth"—a saying that since has passed into a proverb among Highlanders. His father, who listened with evident satisfaction to the ready retort, remarked—"'S math thu fhein, Iain, ni thu gleus fhathast." (Well done, John, you'll be a man yet.) Possibly his ready wit, or some peculiarity in his facial appearance, gained for him the sobriquet of "Lom"; as the Highlanders were rather addicted to giving names, because of oddities or excellencies, as the case might be. "Manndach" means stuttering or stammering; and as we find from a passage of arms between him and an Assynt bard, the appellation originated in some defect or peculiarity of utterance, which was probably born with him. On some occasion he had to be present at one of the Inverness annual markets, where O'Bryan, the Assynt bard, was also in attendance, and who evidently bore no good will to John. Seeing him dressed in Lochaber tartan, and so guessing that he hailed from thence, he inquired if he knew Iain Manndach. Our bard replying that he did, he enquired if he would be the bearer from him of a "soraidh" to that well-known individual. "Soraidh" means compliments or farewell, as the case may be, though on this occasion it happens to be something else than complimentary. John, of course, replied he would be the willing bearer of the "soraidh," and so O'Bryan begins as follows:—

Thoir soraidh gu Iain Manndach uam,
Rag mheirleach nan each bhreanndalach,
'S tric a thug am meirleach ud am meann a mach 'o 'n chro.
B'e fasan fir a Bhraighe ud,
Da thaobh Lochiall 'us Arasaig;
Bhiodh sgian san dara brathair dhiu' mu urrad ara dh' fheoil.

The last line has reference to a quarrel in which our bard unintentionally and unfortunately wounded his brother; allusion to which stung him sorely, in addition to the personal reflections upon his character, and that of his kin. Waiting not for more of the "soraidh," John replied instanter—

A theangaidh liodach mhiorbhuilleach,
Nach tuig thu bhi ga d' dhiomoladh,
'S mithich teannadh gu clach lionraith leat,
'Sa faigheadh Brian a leor.
Cha b' chubair a ghoid ghearran mi,
Cha d' chuir mi m'uigh san ealaidh sin,
Cha mho chum e caithris orm, 'toirt mhult a cara chro.

As the next stanza shows, they are also far from agreed anent the political aspects of those times. This may account somewhat for their bardic antagonism:—

Ged 's cam a stigh fo d' ghluinean thu,
Gur caime stigh fo d' shuilean thu,
'S tu troitear nan seachd duthchanna a reic an orun air grot.

The remaining verses are so abusive, we elect not to quote them. Allowing, however, he traverses rules of good taste and courtesy, we must admit that as an instance of bardic ready wit and "spur of the moment" reply, John shows uncommon cleverness and power of repartee.

In 1639 the Campbells of Breadalbane made a raid upon the Braes of Lochaber, and drove away large herds of cattle. In resentment of this injury a hundred and twenty Lochaber men with their chief, Angus Odhar of Keppoch, at their head, made a similar raid upon Breadalbane—raised a large "creach," and had driven the cattle homewards as far as Killin, where a battle was fought, long and sadly memorable in the history of the Breadalbane family. The day on which the Lochaber men were wending their way homewards with their ill-gotten booty happened to be the wedding day of one of the daughters of Sir Robert Campbell of that ilk—ancestor of the Breadalbane family then residing at his seat of Finlaraig, west end of Loch Tay. News of the outrage came speedily to the ears of the wedding party—who bye-and-bye, from the windows of the castle, saw the stolen kine as they were driven along the brow of Stronachlachain—right opposite. Flushed with wine and indignant at the boldness of the

freebooters, the gentlemen of the party armed themselves, and with the bridegroom at their head, sallied forth to chastise the marauders—a foolhardy deed and a sad ending to the marriage festivities. There was a deadly fight. The Lochaber men had the advantage of ground, and did great execution among the Campbells before they came to close quarters. In this skirmish there were slain eighteen cadets of the House of Breadalbane—"ochd odhachan deug Thigh Bheallaich"—besides the bridegroom, whose name tradition has not handed down. The loss of the Lochaber men was not so large, but included their chiefs, Angus Odhar, and Donald Mac Iain. the bard's father. The bard himself was present on this occasion, and commemorates the action in the lament beginning—

Ruag sin cheann Loch-a-tatha,
'Se chuir mise bho aighear,
Dh' fhag mi Aonghas na luidhe san araich,

Ge d' fhag mi ann m' athair,
Cha 'n ann air tha mi labhairt,
Ach an lot 'rinn an claidheamh mu d' airean

This was the beginning of a long and deadly feud between the men of Breadalbane and those of Brae-Lochaber.

As late as 1861, we find from the Breadalbane papers in the Black Book of Taymouth that a bond of manrent was given by Gilleasba, Chief of Keppoch, to John Glas, first Earl of Breadalbane, "such as Keppoch's predecessors gave to the Earl's predecessors." Such bonds were common in those turbulent times, and show the loose condition of society since that binding obligations of this nature became necessary to allay mutual animosities, as well as for mutual defence. In the present instance the bond is significant as binding Keppoch to restrain all the inhabitants of Brae-Lochaber, and all of the name of Macdonnell, from committing robberies within the Earl's bounds.

In appreciation of services rendered by our bard to the Stuart cause, and which also shows the estimation in which his abilities were held by politicians, he was chosen to fill the office of Gaelic Poet Laureate to Charles II., of whom he was an enthusiastic supporter. It was owing to timely information given by him that Montrose, Charles's Lieutenant, gained his decisive victory at Inverlochy, in the winter of 1645. Montrose, formerly a Covenanter, but alienated by the preference shown to the Earl of Argyll, mortally hated the Campbells, and never lost an opportunity of inflicting injury upon them. He burnt down every farm steading from the Fords of Lyon to the Braes of Glenurchy, and then passed on to Argyll, a great portion of which he wasted with fire and sword. Thereafter he pursued his course northwards by the great Caledonian Valley, and got as far as the camping ground of Leitir-nan-lub, near Fort-Augustus, when he was overtaken by a man in hot haste, informing him that Argyll was in pursuit of him, and resting his army by the old Castle of Inverlochy. This was none else than our bard, who assured the Marquis that if he retraced his steps by a route he described—the bard himself being guide—he would have an easy victory. Montrose hesitated, but his Lieutenant, Sir Alexander Macdonald, who knew the poet, fell in at once with his suggestions, and urged the Marquis to act upon them. This was eventually agreed to, with results such as are well known. According to tradition, Montrose himself was not personally present at the battle of Inverlochy, the troops being commanded by his Lieutenant, "Alastair MacColla." This seems to gain confirmation from the fact that our poet, who was present as a spectator of the fight, makes no mention of Montrose, while he extols to the skies the skill and prowess of his Lieutenant, MacColla. John Lom proved himself a skilful guide on this occasion. He knew the district well, and, leading the troops by unfrequented routes over the hills to the south of the Great Glen, they found themselves on a Sabbath morning in November, 1645, right in front of Argyll's forces, in a position in which the latter could neither decline battle nor yet fight to advantage. Sir Alexander—so goes the tale—would have our bard accompany him to the fight sword in hand. The latter, however, declined the proposal, on the plea that it was his office to celebrate the coming victory in song, which, of course, he could not do in the event of his falling in battle. The plea was accepted, and the poet was a spectator of the action, which, as he tells us in one of his best poems, he witnessed from the top of Inverlochy Castle. His refusal to take an active part in the fray has been ascribed to cowardice. We see no grounds for this charge, considering the part he acted on other similar occasions. Besides, he was probably right in thinking he would do more service to the cause by his songs than by his sword.

Angus Odhar Macdonell of Keppoch, slain at the skirmish of Stronachlachain, was succeeded in the Chieftainship by his uncle, Alastair Buidhe Macdonell. His elder brother, Donald, was the rightful Chief, but on account of the prominent part he acted in the wars of Montrose, he fell under the ban of the authorities, and was obliged to go intc exile. His sons, Alexander and Ronald, who were minors, were sent abroad to be educated, and the management of the estate and clan devolved upon their cousins, as nearest of kin. They proved unfaithful to their charge; conspired

with interested partisans to secure the Chieftainship; and assassinated their Uncle Donald's sons at a feast given in honour of their arrival at their ancestral home. But for the action of our bard, almost single-handed, they would have gained their object. Deeply touched by the sad fate of the murdered youths, he exerted all his personal influence and the power of his muse, to bring the culprits to immediate justice. "Murt na Ceapaich" (The Keppoch Murder) is a poem of great power and pathos, and describes in melting strains the melancholy fate of his young kinsmen:—

'S ann disathurna gearr uainn, bhuail an t-earchall orm goirt,
'S mi caoidh nan corp gealla call am fala fo'm brot.
Bha mo lamhan-sa craobhach 'n deigh bhi taosgadh bhur lot,
'Bhi ga'r cuir ann an ciste, turn is misde mi 'nochd.

As might be expected, he was mercilessly persecuted by the perpetrators of the dark deed, and, to save himself, had to flee his native country, and find shelter in Kintail, under the wings of the Earl of Seaforth. To this expatriation he alludes in the poem of which the following are the two first stanzas:—

Mi ga m' fhogradh a Clachaig,
'S mi gun mhanus gun aitreabh,
'S nach e mal a tha fatleachadh orm.

'S mi ga m' fhogradh a m' dhuthaich
'S m' fhearann posd' aig siol Dhughaill
'S iad am barail gu 'n uraich iad coir.

From this retreat he poured forth a torrent of mingled invectives and appeals, such as very soon created a powerful public opinion in favour of the cause. Taking prompt advantage of this, he visited Invergarry Castle, the seat of the Macdonell chieftain, raised to the Peerage by Charles II., by the title of Lord Macdonell and Aros. His representations failed, however, in prevailing upon this chief to take the initiative in his favour; but he advised him to appeal to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, as Captain of Clanranald. To make way to the good graces of Sir Alexander, he composed the song beginning—

A bhean lasaich an stop dhuinn 's lion an cupa le solas.
Ma 's a branndai na beoir i.
'N deoch 's air Captain Chloinn Domhnuil, 's air Sir Alastair Og thig o'n chaol.

This appeal was followed by a personal visit from our bard; which, backed as he was by the influence of Lord Macdonell, had the desired result. Sir Alexander lost no time in representing the case to Government, who authorised him to bring the perpetrators of the murder to immediate justice. The carrying out of the enterprise, which needed both secrecy and skill, was entrusted by Sir Alexander to his son, Archibald—An Ciaran Mabach—a soldier and a poet, and in whose abilities and courage his father reposed great confidence. In concert with the poet, they laid their plans so well that the assassins were surprised in their beds, and had summary justice inflicted upon them—seven in all. By dawn next day their heads were laid at the feet of Lord Macdonell of Invergarry Castle. On their way to Invergarry, the heads were washed at a fountain a few miles west from the castle, which to this day, in remembrance of the event, bears the name of "Tobair-nan-ceann"—the fountain of the heads; and over which a chieftain representative of Lord Macdonell erected a monument, with the following Gaelic inscription by the late eminent poet and scholar, Mr. Ewen Maclauchlan of Aberdeen. It is in Ossianic verse, and will, we are sure, be appreciated by readers of "The Celtic Monthly" who understand Gaelic:—

Fhir astair thig faisge agus leubh,
Seul air ceartas an Dé bhuain.
Eisd ri diol na ceilg a dh'fhag
A Cheapach na laraich fhuair.
Sgaoil na milltich lion an Eig
Mu bhord eibhinn nam fleadh fial,
'S mheasguich iad na sean 's na h-òig
'San aon tor na'm fuil gun gniomh.
Mhosgail corruich an t-ard Thriath.
Ursainn dhian nan comhlan cruaidh,
Mor-Fhear Chloinn Domhnuill an fhraoich,
Leomhann nan euchd, Craobh nam buadh.
Dh'iarr e 's chaidh Dioghalt na léum
Mar bheithir bheumnach nan nèul.
Ghlac i dream a dhealbh an fhoill
'S thug lan duas mar thoill an gniomh.
Lamh riutsa 'ghorm-fhuaran ghrinn,
Dh'ionnlaideadh seachd cinn nan lùb,
'S aig casan a Ghaisgich àigh,
Thilgeadh iad air lar a dhùin.
Còr 'us cuig fichead bliadhna deug
Thriall mu'n speur 'o dheas gu tuath,
Bho 'n ghairmeadh Tobair-nan-ceann
Do 'n t-shruathan so an cainnt an t-shluaigh.
Mise 'n seachdamh th'air dheich glùin
Do fhreamh uaiseil an laoich thréin,
Mac-mhic-Alastair m'ainm ghnàiths
Flath Chlann Domhnuill nan sar éuchd,
Thog mi 'n leachd's air lóm an raoin
Faisg air caochan a chliù bhuain,
Mar mheas do cheann stuic nan Triath,
'S gun cuimhnicht an gniomh ri luaths.

(To be continued.)

THE CLAN MACKINNON held their Annual Social Gathering on 2nd November, the Chief, MacKinnon of Mackinnon, in the chair. There was a large gathering of clansfolk and friends. The chief delivered a most interesting address, in which he referred to the work of the Society during the past year, the generous financial support extended to it by wealthy members of the clan, and to various matters of clan interest. Reference should also be made to the enthusiastic support which the Society receives from the chief's lady (the Honourable Mrs. MacKinnon), who was present at the gathering. The usual concert and assembly followed, and were very successful. The Ladies' Guild in connection with this Society is doing excellent work among the poorer members of the clan.

WITNESSES TO A GALLOWAY CHARTER.

By Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair.

The witnesses to a Galloway charter of the year 1222 were as follows:—Alan, son of Roland of Galloway; Fergus, son of Uchtred; Edgar, son of Donald; Duncan, son of Gilbert, Earl of Carrick; Gillescop Mac Ihacain; Gilla-duenan, son of Duvegal; Gilchrist, son of Kenedi; Iwan, son of Alewain; Gillenof O'Keueltal; Gilleroth, son of Gillemartin; Makeg, son of Kyin; and Gillafakeneshi, son of Gillin.

Duvegal, Lord of Strathnith, had two sons, Roland or Randolph and Dovenald or Donald. Roland was Lord of Galloway and Constable of Scotland. He married the daughter and heiress of Richard de Morville. He died in 1300, leaving two sons, Alan and Thomas. Alan succeeded his father as Lord of Galloway and Constable of Scotland. He was married three times. By his first wife he had one daughter, Elena; by his second wife, Margaret, eldest daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, he had two daughters, Christian and Devorgilla. He had no children by his third wife. He had a natural son named Thomas. He died in 1234. His possessions were divided among his three daughters. Elena was married to Roger de Quincy, Earl of Winchester, who became Constable of Scotland. Christian was married to William de Fortibus, son of the Earl of Albemarle, but died without issue. Devorgilla was married in 1228 to John Baliol of Bernard Castle, Yorkshire, and had John and Marjory. John became nominal King of Scotland. Marjory was married to Robert Bruce.

Thomas, second son of Alan of Galloway, married Isabel, grand-daughter of Henry, Earl of Atholl, and obtained the Earldom of Atholl with her. He died in 1231 and was succeeded by his son, Patrick, who was murdered, apparently by the Bissets, in 1142. In consequence of this murder John Bisset, second of Lovat, was under the necessity of seeking a new home for himself in the Glens of Antrim.

Fergus, first Lord of Galloway, was born in 1076. He married, as his second wife, Elizabeth, natural daughter of Henry I. of England. He assisted Angus, Earl of Moray, in the rebellion of 1130, and Somerled, Lord of Argyll, in his attack on the Kingdom of Scotland in 1160. He died in Holyrood Abbey in 1161, leaving three children, Gilbert, Uchtred, and Affrica or Effric (in Gaelic, Oighrig). Gilbert and Uchtred accompanied William the Lion in his invasion of Northumberland, in 1174. On their return they attacked the Anglo-Norman settlers in Galloway, and slew a number of them. Shortly afterwards they quarrelled with one another for the position of Lord of Galloway. The result was that Gilbert slew Uchtred and his son, Malcolm. Gilbert died in 1184. Roland, son of Uchtred, attacked and defeated Gilbert's sons, and succeeded in making himself Lord of Galloway. About 1186 King William the Lion compelled Roland to cede the district of Carrick to Duncan, son of Gilbert, and, at the same time, created Duncan Earl of Carrick. Duncan died between 1240 and 1250. Neil, son and successor of Duncan, married Margaret, daughter of Walter, High-Steward of Scotland, and had by her a daughter named Margaret. Adam of Kilconquath, apparently Cill Conchatha, married Margaret, and became third Earl of Carrick. He died in 1270. Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, married Adam's widow in 1271, and became fourth Earl of Carrick. He had by his wife thirteen children; Robert, Edward, Thomas, Alexander, Neil, Isabel, Mary, Christian, Matilda, Margaret, Elizabeth, and a daughter whose name is not known. Robert, the eldest son, was the hero of Bannockburn, and the greatest of all the rulers of Scotland, except William Wallace. Isabel, the eldest daughter, was married to Thomas Randolph; Mary, as his second wife, to Neil Campbell of Lochow; Christian to Gratney, Earl of Mar; and Matilda to Hugh, Earl of Ross.

Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick and King of Scotland, married, first, Isabel, daughter of Donald, Earl of Mar, and had by her a daughter named Marjory. He married, secondly, in 1302, Elizabeth, daughter of Richard de Burgo, Earl of Ulster, and by her had David, Margaret, Matilda, and Elizabeth. Marjory was married in 1315 to Walter, High-Steward of Scotland, and had by him Robert, the first of the Stewart Kings. Margaret was married to William, fourth Earl of Sutherland, with issue. Matilda was married to Thomas Isaac and had Johanna, who was married to John Macdougall of Lorn, and died at Aberdeen in 1353. Sir Robert, natural son of King Robert, received from his father the lands of Liddesdale and others.

Ceann-éitigh, or Kennedy, was mormaor of Carrick about the year 1200. He was born probably about 1170. He had three sons, Gilchrist, Eric and Gillespic. Gilchrist appears as a witness in 1222, and seems to have died without male issue. Eric was succeeded by his son, Donald, whose mother was possibly a descendant of Somerled of Argyll. We are told that Malcolm Maclean married Reena, daughter of Gamail, mormaor of Carrick, and that he had by her Donald, Neil and John Dubh. We are also told that Lachlan Mor, progenitor of the Maclachlans, married a daughter

of Donald, son of Eric, son of Kennedy, Lord of Carrick, and that he had Gillapatrick by her. He had also Gillespic by her. Gillespic was his eldest son, and appears on record in 1292 and 1314. Gillespic died without male issue, and was succeeded either by Gillapatrick or by Lachlan Og, son of Gillapatrick. Gamail is evidently a misreading for Domnall or Donald. It is fairly certain that Malcolm Maclean and Lachlan Mor married sisters, daughters of Donald, son of Eric Mac Kennedy. Their marriages must have taken place about 1290. Donald was the hereditary mormaor of Carrick, but, in 1290, he could only have been laird of some lands in Carrick. *Celtic Scotland*, vol. iii., pp. 473, 481.

Gillespic, son of Kennedy, was appointed Seneschal or bailiff of Carrick about 1220. John Mac Kennedy, son or nephew of Gillespic, appears, about 1260, as Captain of the Clan of Muinntir Casduff. He seems to have married a daughter of Gilbert, Earl of Carrick, and to have had a son named Gilbert. Sir John Mac-Kennedy of Dunure in Ayrshire, apparently a son of Gilbert son of John, dropped the Mac from his surname and called himself John Kennedy. He married Margaret Montgomery and obtained the lands of Cassilis and others by her. Sir James, son of Gilbert, son of Sir John of Dunure, married Mary, daughter of King Robert III., in 1406, and obtained at the same time a charter of confirmation of the baillery of Carrick, and also the lands and barony of Dalrymple. David, son of John son of Gilbert son of James, was created Earl of Cassilis in 1509. He was killed at the battle of Flodden in 1513.

Ulrick, son of one of the Kennedies of Glenure, fled to Lochaber and settled there. His descendants are still known in Gaelic as Clann Ualraig. There is quite a number of them in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. In English they call themselves Kennedies. Mac-Ualraig is now pronounced, and sometimes written, MacUaraig or MacCuaraig.

Gillescop Mac Ihacain or Gillespic Mac Eochagain, was probably a descendant of King Duncan, eldest son of Malcolm Kenmor. Gilladuenan, son of Duvegal, is evidently the same person as the Gilliewen Mactheuel who appears in another Galloway charter. His name was really Gilleoghain MacDhughaill, which would be in English at the present day, Ewen Macdougall or Ewen Macdoull. Iwan, son of Alewain, may stand for Ewan Mac Alan, or more likely for Imar Mac Ilvane. If tradition had located Dughall Dall in Galloway, I would have no hesitation in concluding that Gillenof O'Keueltal stands for Gillenaomh Mac Dhughaill Dhaill. It seems, however, that the famous Dugald Dall of Lochaber had no son. Gilleroth, son of Gilliemartin, looks very much like a Macgillonie, but he may have been a genuine Gallowegian. Of Mackeg, as a personal name, I can make nothing. As a surname, it would probably be for Mac-caig or Mackie. In a Ross-shire charter Makeg, son of Kyin, might stand for Mahan Mac Coinnich or Mac Iain. Gillafakeneshi looks almost as formidable as the Megalosaurus of the geologists. It may, however, be nothing more than Gille-ma-kessog. Gillin may or may not be for Gilleoin, or Gillean, which of course has the accent on the last syllable.

It is likely that there are some Fergusons or MacKerras who are descended from Fergus, Lord of Galloway. In 1466, James III. granted a charter to Fergus Ferguson and his wife, Janet Kennedy. Fergus was a son of John Ferguson of Kilkerran in Ayrshire. It is also possible that there are other Fergusons who are descended from the Fergus Mac-Ay, who appears on record in 1358. But it is of no use to discuss possible origins. The Perthshire Fergusons will have nothing to do either with Fergus of Galloway or Fergus Mac-Ay; they claim a nobler progenitor than either of these; they maintain that they are descended from Fergus MacErc, King of Scotland.

"Ach cuim an leiginn dearmad air
Clann Fhearais nan garbh thùrn?
Sliochd a cheud righ Albanaich,
A chum ar còir sna garbh-chriochan;
Mar leoghainn chalma, gharga iad
Nuair dh' fhalbhadh iad le sùrd:
Clogaid, sleagh is lùireach mhàilleach,
Sud bha ac' o thùs."

John MacGregor's Poems, p. 16.

Whatever the origin of the Fergusons may have been, we should all feel thankful to them for David Fergusson the theologian, Robert Fergusson the poet, James Ferguson the astronomer, and Adam Ferguson, professor of moral philosophy in Edinburgh, historian of the Roman Republic, Gaelic preacher to the Forty-second Highlanders, and grand fighter at the battle of Fontenoy.

Belfast, P.E. Island, Canada.

THE CLAN MACLEAN GATHERING took place in the Grand Hotel on 26th October, Col. Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart., Chief of the Clan, in the Chair. There was a large gathering, and altogether the function was one of the most delightful ever held by Clan Gillean. The Chief's address was most interesting, and not lacking in humour. He made a lengthy reference to the search for Spanish treasure at Tobermory, and to the romantic story of the destruction of the great Armada warship by the Chief's ancestor. He narrated many facts relating to the event which are not generally known, and hoped that when the treasure was found his ancestor's account against the Spaniards would be paid.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Last issue completed our Fourteenth Volume, which makes the "Celtic Monthly" one year older than any previous Highland Magazine. Subscriptions for Volume XV. (4/- post free) are now due, and should be remitted at once to Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

Subscribers in Canada and the United States can send a Dollar note, and save expense of Money Order.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CELTIC."

Volume XIV. of the *Celtic Monthly* can be had, tastefully bound in cloth, gilt title, for 5s., post free. In the hope that more of our readers may be induced to order the bound volume, which contains only perfect parts, we have decided this year to reduce the price of the complete volume to 5s., post free to any part of the globe. At this cheap price, readers who are in the habit of binding the monthly parts will find it more satisfactory to order instead an attractively bound copy from our office. We can also supply the back volumes from Vol. V. to date at the same low rate, 5s. per vol. To be had from Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

FAMILY OF DINSMORE.—Can any reader of the "Celtic Monthly" supply me with information, or say where such may be obtained, as to the origin, history, or clan connection of the Dinsmore family? The name is variously spelt:—Dinsmoor, Dunsmore, Dunsmuir, etc. The first of the family to settle in Ireland came from Scotland to County Antrim about the year 1667. Any information on the subject will be much valued.

County Antrim, Nov., 1906. H. A. D.

MR. A. T. M'MILLAN, KANSAS, U.S.A.—We regret that we are not able to answer your query, as to the after history of the John M'Millan of Glen Urquhart, Inverness-shire, who refused to surrender after Culloden, as mentioned in Mr. William Mackay's *Urquhart and Glenmoriston*. Perhaps some of our readers who are natives of the famous "Glen," may be able to furnish some information on the subject. It is interesting to learn that your family have in their possession a claymore that was used at the Battle of Culloden. Such relics have now become very scarce.

MR. WILLIAM FRASER, NEW ZEALAND.—Your remittance for Volume XIV. of the *Celtic* and a copy of the *Celtic Lyre*, has come duly to hand and received attention. We have sent you, as desired, a parcel of catalogues of books, plates, etc., which, after having served your purpose, we trust you will pass on to your Highland friends in Christchurch.

MR. W. M'LEAN, N.W. Australia, writes as follows:—"I wonder if you ever heard of a song composed a long time ago by a Scotch Canadian on his revisiting his native parish of Lochbroom. He composed a stanza on towns and villages on his way thither. He mentioned my late father's name, who was a merchant at a place called Inverlael when he was a boy there. There were hundreds of contented crofters there then, and when he came back after many years, none of the crofters were left; only my father's shop. He was called White Murdo in his song, but went latterly by the name of the "White Merchant." The air of the song was the same as the "Boyne Water." I am ashamed to admit I can't write you a verse of it in Gaelic. I would wish very much to get the whole of the song."

We have asked "Fionn" regarding these verses, but he cannot identify them as no stanza of the song is submitted. In our "Musical Page," next issue, he will give a song of a similar description which was composed to the air of "Boyne Water."

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Annual General Meeting of this Society was held in Glasgow on 15th November, Mr John Mackay (Editor, *Celtic Monthly*), President, in the Chair. There was a large attendance. Mr David N. Mackay (Hon. Secretary) read the Council's and Treasurer's Reports on the business of the past year, which showed that the Society had made very satisfactory progress, financially and numerically. The President proposed as his successor Mr Jas. H. Mackay, London, which was agreed to unanimouslv, and the following additional Office-bearers were then appointed —Vice-Presidents, Messrs William Mackay, A. L. Mackay, and George Mackay, Glasgow; Provost A. Y. Mackay, Grangemouth, and Donald Mackay, and Jas. F. Mackay, W.S., Edinburgh; Hon. Secy., Mr David N. Mackay, Writer, 141 Bath St., Glasgow.

The Chairman announced that it was proposed to have meetings of the Society in London, not as a branch, but as a local section of the same parent Society. Dr Geo. Mackay, on behalf of Mr Colin Mackay, of Bighouse, presented the Society with a snuff box, belonging to Captain Colin Campbell, of Glenure, and which was on his person when he was murdered in Appin in the year 1752, as narrated in Robert Louis Stevenson's famous romances of "Kidnapped" and "Catriona." Dr Mackay also exhibited two bannerettes used by the Reay Fencibles Regiment in the Irish Rebellion.

The meeting cordially thanked the donor for this interesting historical gift.

PICTS AND PETS.

By W. C. MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

(Re-printed, by permission, from *The Antiquary*.)

THE origin of the elusive people known as the Picts has been a standing source of disputation between Scottish antiquaries of the past. Now-a-days we hear little about the "Pictish controversy," though its echoes are still faintly discerned in philological or ethnological essays on ancient Scotland. Antiquarian research is now conducted in a calmer and more scientific spirit than formerly, and less robust methods of controversy hold the field. Our ancestors had sometimes a weakness for reversing the only sound process of argument—they were apt to form their conclusions first, and seek their data afterwards. Thus, the respective supporters of the Celtic and Teutonic origin of the Picts were not always too scrupulous in the means by which they sought to discredit their adversaries and buttress their own views. They wrangled over a word, and worried the unfortunate thing like a dog worries a bone. Each deduced his own meaning from it, and ridiculed the possibility of a contrary deduction. "It has Goth written all over it," said one. "Not at all," said another; "nothing can be clearer than its Celtic root." And even the Celts were divided into the Cymric and the Gaelic champions; literally, they had to mind their p's and q's.

Out of this tangle of dispute only one fact has clearly emerged, and that is the impossibility, in the present state of our knowledge, of classifying with any certainty the mysterious Picts, either with the Celtic or with the Teutonic elements of which the Scottish nation is mainly composed. Modern antiquaries have a tendency to reject both hypotheses, and to regard the Picts as distinct alike from Celts or Teutons; but the suggestion, in accordance with the cautious spirit of the age, is tentative, and no antiquary cares to commit himself to a categorical statement like his combative predecessors. The language of the Picts continues to be a sealed book, and, in view of the fact that the number of words known to us as indisputably belonging to that vocabulary can probably be counted on the fingers of one hand, it is certainly the wiser course not to dogmatize.

The physical appearance of the Picts, however, is less open to conjecture, for the evidence on the whole favours the view that they were identical, or cognate, with the Caledonians, a name the origin of which, despite various guesses, is still uncertain. The Picts, there is little reason to doubt, derived their name from the Roman *Picti*, or painted people, though even this conclusion has been disputed. But there is no doubt at all that the Caledonians were big fair men, and it follows that these were the physical characteristics of the Picts if, as most authorities suppose, the two were identical or kindred. But the curious fact is that the traditions of the peasantry of Scotland generally, if not invariably, describe the Picts, or Pechts, as a small dark race; and the "Picts' houses," or subterranean dwellings, scattered throughout the country, plainly show by their structure that they were the habitations of a people considerably below the average height at the present day. No satisfactory attempt has yet been made to reconcile these conflicting factors in solving the Pictish problem. And the object of this paper is to show that an explanation of the seeming anomaly is not impossible.

This explanation rests upon a simple assumption—viz., the existence in these islands, at a remote period, of a small-statured dark race, who have been confused by tradition with the historic Picts. The confusion appears to have arisen through a similarity of names. For the short dark men of tradition were the *Peti* or Pets, a name sufficiently akin to that of the Picts to render intelligible the merging of the former in the latter. Apparently the name *Peti* has a common origin with our word "petty" and the French *petit*, the root of which is in dispute, though some authorities associate both words with the Wallachian *pitic*, a dwarf. Conclusions based upon philological grounds are notoriously open to suspicion, but in this case there appears to be a sound basis for the belief that the word *Peti* or Pets simply denotes a small or dwarfish people.

In the Book of Deer, a Gaelic manuscript which is supposed to have been written in the twelfth century, there are references to grants of land to the monastery of Deer, some of the names of which are of non-Gaelic origin. The words "Pit" and "Pett," which occur in several instances, belong to this category, and possibly relate to the *Peti* or dwarfish people.* But until the fifteenth century, there is no clear statement about the existence of this mysterious race.

In the reign of James II. of Scotland, Bishop Thomas Tulloch was entrusted by Eric, King of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, with the administration of the Orkneys, and during his term of office was charged with the duty of searching the archives at his disposal, with the view of investigating the rights of William Sinclair to the Earldom of Orkney. The result

* The writer has never seen a satisfactory explanation of the prefix "Pit" or "Pet," which occurs so frequently in Scottish place-names.

was an elaborate antiquarian treatise, compiled by the Bishop with the assistance of his clergy, from authentic records. In this treatise, the statement is made that when Harald Fairhair came to the Orkneys in the ninth century, on a punitive expedition, he found that the natives of those isles were the *Peti* and the *Papæ*, both of whom (after the old Norse manner) he utterly destroyed. The *Papæ* were probably Christian Picts, followers of the *papæ*, or priests. But who were the *Peti?* The description given of them is that they were "only a little exceeding pigmies in stature, and worked wonderfully in the construction of their cities evening and morning, but in mid-day, being quite destitute of strength, they hid themselves through fear in little houses underground." And the further statement is made that the islands were not known (locally) by the name of Orchadie or Orkneys, but were called "the land of the Pets."

All this is corroborated by the fact that, in the Norse Sagas, the Pentland Firth was invariably called the Petland Fiord. The modifications which this name has undergone afford a good illustration of the gradual confusion of the Pets with the Picts. The oldest name of the firth on record is, beyond doubt, "Petland." In the sixteenth century it appears as "Pechtland." In the two succeeding centuries it is called "Pightland." And in later times some writers have boldly written it as "Pictland." The modern name, with an intrusive *n*, is a reversion to the original form, but the intrusion has served to conceal its true significance. In precisely the same manner, the Pets, still remembered by tradition as the little dark men, became known as the Pechts, and were in course of time identified with the Picts, and their subterranean abodes known as "Picts' houses," instead of "Pets' houses."

It may fairly be argued that, if these little men once inhabited this country, there should be some traces of them in modern times. In a description of the Highlands in 1750, the writer makes the assertion that more than half the inhabitants of Caithness were "of a low dwarfish stature, whom a stranger would hardly believe to be inhabitants of Great Britain." The author of the MS., failing to grasp the ethnological significance of this circumstance, attributes the low stature to the oppressive rule of their superiors, calmly ignoring the fact that their neighbours, labouring under a similar state of oppression, were big, strong men. That the dwarfish people so described were the representatives of the ancient dwellers along the shores of the Petland Firth is a very reasonable assumption. And it is a curious circumstance that at the present day, the small dark men of Scotland are chiefly to be found in those districts—such as the Orkneys and the Outer Hebrides—in which the so-called Picts' houses and Pictish brochs and semi-brochs abound.

The clear inference is that the Pets were driven North by their relatively big successors until they reached the remote isles, where they made their last stand against their aggressive supplanters; and at the present day, the relics of their occupation are to be seen in the archaic structures which puzzle antiquaries, and the sprinkling of short dark people who interest ethnologists.

The traditions about the Pets, or pigmies, of prehistoric times are more clearly defined in those distant isles than elsewhere in Scotland. Off the Butt of Lewis there is an islet named Lochruban, which ancient geographers and historians called the Isle of Pigmies. The present writer rediscovered the islet recently, when a subterranean or semi-subterranean structure, composed of two chambers, was brought to light. The modern name of the islet is that given to the semi-mythical diminutive people of Irish legend. The local tradition about the ancient dwellers of Lochruban is a curious complement of Bishop Tulloch's authentic statement about Harald Fairhair's destruction of the *Peti* in the Orkneys, more especially in view of the fact that the Norse King is known to have extended his conquests to the Hebrides. The "pigmies," according to the tradition in Lewis, were said to be "Spaniards," and were routed by "big yellow men," a description which tallies with the physical characteristics of the Norsemen, though the tradition asserts that the big men came from Argyll (? Dalriada), and were followed by the Norwegians. The little men, it is further stated, "lived on buffaloes, which they killed by throwing sharp-pointed knives at them." The so-called "pigmies" of this tradition were beyond doubt the same people as Bishop Tulloch's *Peti*.

There are good grounds for believing that the Pets possessed close racial affinities with the modern Lapps, if, indeed, the latter are not their lineal descendants, which is by no means improbable. Apart from physical resemblances, strong arguments could be advanced in support of this view, one of the most striking of which is the similarity between the huts of the Lapps and the archaic structures which were clearly the dwellings of the ancient Pets. But there are, if anything, still more cogent arguments in favour of the opinion that the innumerable stories about fairies, elves, and brownies current among the peasantry of these islands have their foundation in dim memories, perpetuated by tradition, of the mysterious little men endowed with flesh and blood like ordinary mortals, who

had their dwellings, or hiding-places, in underground chambers.

Tradition has invariably a basis of fact for its most incredible stories, though in process of time, fact and fiction become so blended as to be indistinguishable. It is impossible in the space of a short article, to show in detail the numerous points at which fairy lore and traditional "pigmy" stories meet. The euhemeristic theory as applied to fairies is not a new one. The late Mr. J. F. Campbell, of Islay, was one of the first in this country to suggest its reasonableness, and in recent years Mr. David MacRitchie and others have elaborated it convincingly. According to this theory, "the little people," as the fairies are popularly called, are simply the dwarfish race of prehistoric times, spiritualized by the credulous imagination of an ignorant and superstitious peasantry, to whom the stories handed down by tradition concerning a race of undersized mortals have become actualities impinging upon their own lives.

Thus, the fairy halls in the bowels of the earth are but the underground dwellings of the Pets; the fairy hillocks, the green domed roofs of those structures; the kidnapping of mortals into fairyland, the capture by Pets of their hereditary enemies; the uncanny character of the fairies but a recollection of the wizardry of the Pets (the Lapps have the same reputation to the present day); and the occasional mating of the fairies with mortals, the suggestion of an exogamous tendency among the Pets. Some Irish writers state that the fairies in Ireland were originally a mortal race of hill-dwellers, and an ancient Irish tract, written in the style of a dialogue between St. Patrick and Caoilte MacRonain, informs us that there were many places in Ireland where the Tuatha de Danaan (a race once supreme in that country) were supposed to live as fairies, with corporal forms, but endowed with immortality.

It seems like ruthless sacrilege to bring our old friends the fairies down to the level of ordinary mortals, but the cumulative evidence in support of that view is too strong to be explained away. No one who has studied the origins of popular superstitions can fail to obverve the various gradations by which, in process of time, certain phenomena have become invested with a significance foreign to their nature; and no one who studies fairy lore with the view of tracing its inception can refuse his assent to the reasonableness of the euhemerist's claims.

THE MACMILLAN SOCIETY held its fourteenth Social Gathering in the Grand Hotel, on 29th November, Mr. Geo. A. MacMillan, D. Litt., presiding. The Chief, and Mr. James P. MacMillan, president, delivered most interesting addresses, after which the evening was devoted to dancing and other social enjoyments.

STRATHNAVER FAIRY CIRCLE.

Successful Tour in the Highlands.

THE S.F.C. Chief, Mr. James Mead Sutherland, and the three leaders of the Circle, have now returned from their five weeks' tour in Scotland. Their aim has been partly to carry a little brightness into the lives of those among whom they travelled, and partly to interest young and old Scots generally in the work which the Circle has during its 21 years of existence carried on among sick and poor children, mainly in London's densely populated courts and alleys, under the Scottish Symbol of the Sheltering Tartan Plaidie of the great Clan Sutherland, though without regard to sect or to the nationality of those aided. With this object they have held Gatherings and given free entertainments in the Highlands to the School Children and older folks resident at the new Crofting Settlement at Syre in "Bonnie Strathnaver" in Sutherland (the S.F.C. Chief's homeland) and in Durness, Tongue, Melness, Farr, Bettyhill, Melvich, Strathy, Thurso, Golspie, Blair Atholl, Dunkeld and Pitlochry (Day School and Evening Classes). At these Gatherings the S.F.C. Chief has given a high-class Gramaphone Entertainment, comprising many of the "Auld Scots Songs" and Airs, and a brief address descriptive of the Circle's aims and work in London Slums, while the Leaders have distributed heather momentoes and little booklets likely to be useful to young Scots going South within the range of the County of Sutherland Association of Glasgow (of which the S.F.C. Chief is Hon. President), or of the Scottish Clans' Association of London, in which he has been a leading spirit for some years. Prizes have also been offered at each Gathering of School Children for the most original essays in Gaelic or English, describing the Entertainment, and also some natural object of the neighbourhood, such as "Bonnie Strathnaver," the Pass of Killiecrankie, etc.

Pipers—lent on two occasions by the Ducal Houses of Sutherland and Atholl—have been in constant attendance at the Gatherings, travelling with the party in the far North districts where there are no railways, and cheering many a lonely household in the Highland Bens and Glens as they drove over the grand mountains and through the lovely straths, their selections arousing much enthusiasm at the Gatherings.

Special facilities have been given by the Duchess of Sutherland and the Marchioness of Breadalbane for the party visiting their noble Highland Castles.

Messages were exchanged with His Majesty both from the Blair Atholl Gathering on his birthday (9th November) and from the Gathering in Strathnaver on Balaclava Day (25th October), the anniversary of that fateful day when "the thin red line" of the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders (largely raised in Strathnaver and adjoining districts, and whose Pipes used on that day are preserved in the Circle's London Headquarters) succesefully resisted the charge of hordes of Russian Cavalry, prior to the gallant charge of the Light Brigade, which Tennyson immortalised.

On their way South from the Highlands the S.F.C. Chief and leaders were present at the unveiling in Edinburgh of the Royal Scots Greys' new Memorial Statue, and subsequently entertained the men of that Regiment and members of their families in Piershill Barracks, Edinburgh. They were also present at the military service at St. Giles' Cathedral on the 18th November, when the Highland Light Infantry deposited there that Regiment's old "Assaye" Colour, on quitting Edinburgh for Fort George; and they witnessed the departure of that Regiment and the arrival of the Seaforths for service at Edinburgh Castle.

THE SUTHERLAND CLEARANCES.

How the Straths were Desolated.

(Continued from page 14.)

Let us follow, for a little, the poor Highlanders of Sutherland to the sea-coast. It would be easy dwelling on the terrors of their expulsion, and multiplying facts of horror; but had there been no permanent deterioration effected in their condition, these, all harrowing and repulsive as they were, would have mattered less. Sutherland would have soon recovered the burning up of a few hundred hamlets, or the loss of a few bedridden old people, who would have died as certainly under cover, though perhaps a few months later, as when exposed to the elements in the open air. Nay, had it lost a thousand of its best men in the way in which it lost so many at the storming of New Orleans, the blank ere now would have been completely filled up. The calamities of fire or of decimation even, however distressing in themselves, never yet ruined a country: no calamity ruins a country that leaves the surviving inhabitants to develop, in their old circumstances, their old character and resources.

In one of the eastern eclogues of Collins, where two shepherds are described as flying for their lives before the troops of a ruthless invader, we see with how much of the terrible the imagination of a poet could invest the evils of war, when aggravated by pitiless barbarity. Fertile as that imagination was, however, there might be found new circumstances to heighten

THE HORRORS OF THE SCENE,—

circumstances beyond the reach of invention,—in the retreat of the Sutherland Highlanders from the smoking ruins of their cottages to their allotments on the coast. We have heard of one man, named M'Kay, whose family, at the time of the greater conflagration referred to by M'Leod, were all lying ill of fever, who had to carry two of his sick children on his back a distance of twenty-five miles. We have heard of the famished people blackening the shores, like the crew of some vessel wrecked on an inhospitable coast, that they might sustain life by the shell-fish and sea-weed laid bare by the ebb. Many of their allotments, especially on the western coast, were barren in the extreme,—unsheltered by bush or tree, and exposed to the sweeping sea-winds, and, in time of tempest, to the blighting spray; and it was found a matter of the extremest difficulty to keep the few cattle which they had retained, from wandering, especially in the night-time, into the better sheltered and more fertile interior. The poor animals were intelligent enough to read a practical comment on the nature of the change effected; and, from the harshness of the shepherds to whom the care of the interior had been entrusted, they served materially to add to the distress of their unhappy masters. They were getting continually impounded; and vexatious fines, in the form of trespass-money, came thus to be wrung from the already impoverished Highlanders. Many who had no money to give were obliged to relieve them by depositing some of their few portable articles of value, such as bed or body clothes, or, more distressing still, watches, and rings, and pins,—the only relics, in not a few instances, of brave men whose bones were mouldering under the fatal rampart at New Orleans, or in the arid sands of Egypt,—on that spot of proud recollection, where the invincibles of Napoleon went down before the Highland bayonet.

THEIR FIRST EFFORTS AS FISHERMEN

were what might be expected from a rural people unaccustomed to the sea. The shores of Sutherland for immense tracts together, are iron-bound, and much exposed,—open on the eastern coast to the waves of the German Ocean, and on the north and west to the long roll of the Atlantic. There could not be more perilous seas for the unpractised boatman to take his first lessons on; but though the casualties were numerous, and the loss of life great, many of the younger Highlanders became expert fishermen. The experiment was harsh in the extreme, but so far, at least, it succeeded. It lies open, however, to other objections than those which have been urged against it on the score of its inhumanity.

The reader must be acquainted with Goldsmith's remarks on the herring fishery of his days. "A few years ago," he says, "the herring fishing employed all Grub Street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all

EUROPE WITH HERRINGS

upon our own terms. At present, however, we hear no more of all this; we have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected." We have, in this brief passage, a history of all the more sanguine expectations which have been founded on herring fisheries. There is no branch of industry so calculated to awaken the hopes of the speculator, or so suited to disappoint them. So entirely is this the case, that were we desirous to reduce an industrious people to the lowest stage of wretchedness compatible with industry, we would remove them to some barren district, and there throw them on the resources of this fishery exclusively. The employments of the herring fisher have all

the uncertainty of the ventures of the gambler. He has first to lay down, if we may so speak, a considerable stake,—for his drifts of nets and his boat involve a very considerable outlay of capital; and, if successful, and if in general the fishery be *not* successful, the *take* of a single week may more than remunerate it. A single cast of his nets may bring him in thirty guineas and more. The die turns up in his favour, and he sweeps the board. And hence those golden dreams of the speculator, so happily described by Goldsmith. But year after year may pass, and the run of luck be against the fisherman. A fishing generally good at all the stations gluts the market, necessarily limited in its demands to an average supply, and, from the bulk and weight of the commodity, not easily extended to distant parts; and the herring merchant first, and the fisherman next, find that they have been labouring hard to little purpose. Again, a fishing under average, from the eccentric character of the fish, is found almost always to benefit a few, and to ruin a great many. The average deficiency is never equally spread over the fishermen; one sweeps the board,—another loses all. Nor are the cases few in which the accustomed shoal wholly deserts a tract of coast for years together; and thus the lottery, precarious at all times, becomes a lottery in which there are only blanks to be drawn. The wealthy speculator might perhaps watch such changes, and, by supplementing the deficiency of one year by the abundance of another, give to the whole a character of average; but, alas for the poor labouring man placed in such circumstances! The yearly disbursements of our Scottish Fishery Board, in the way of assistance to

POVERTY-STRUCK FISHERMEN,

unable even to repair their boats, testify all too tangibly that they cannot regulate their long runs of ill luck by their temporary successes! And if such be the case among our hereditary fishermen of the north, who derive more than half their sustenance from the white fishery, how much more must it affect those fishermen of Sutherland, who, having no market for their white fish in the depopulated interior, and no merchants settled among them to find markets farther away, have to depend exclusively on their herring fishing. The experiment which precipitated the population of the country on its barer skirts, as some diseases precipitate the humours on the extremities, would have been emphatically a disastrous one, so far at least as the people were concerned, even did it involve no large amount of human suffering, and no deterioration of character.

One of the first writers, of unquestioned respectability, who acquainted the public with the true character of the revolution which had been effected in Sutherland, was the late General Stewart of Garth. He was, we believe, the first man,—and the fact says something for his shrewdness,—who saw a coming poor-law looming through the *clearing* of Sutherland. His statements are exceedingly valuable,—his inferences almost always just. The General,—a man of probity and nice honour,—had such an ability of estimating the value of moral excellence in a people, as the originators of the revolution had of estimating the antagonist merits of double pounds of mutton and single pounds of beef. He had seen printed representations on the subject,—

TISSUES OF HOLLOW FALSEHOOD,

that have since been repeated in newspapers and reviews; and though unacquainted with the facts at the time, he saw sufficient reason to question their general correctness, from the circumstance that he found in them the character of the people, with which no man could be better acquainted, vilified and traduced. The general saw one leviathan falsehood running through the whole, and, on the strength of the old adage, naturally suspected the company in which he found it. And so, making minute and faithful inquiry, he published the results at which he arrived. He refers to the mode of ejectment by the torch. He next goes on to show how some of the ejected tenants were allowed small allotments of moor on the coast side, of from half of an acre to two acres in extent, which it was their task to break into corn-land; and how that, because many patches of green appear in this way, where all was russet before, the change has been much eulogized as improvement. We find him remarking further, with considerable point and shrewdness, that, "many persons are, however, inclined to doubt the advantages of improvements which call for such frequent apologies," and that, "if the advantage to the people were so evident, or if more lenient measures had been pursued, vindication could not have been necessary." The General knew how to pass from the green spots themselves, to the condition of those who tilled them. The following passage must strike all acquainted with the Highlanders of Sutherland as a true representation of the circumstances to which they have been reduced:—

"Ancient respectable tenants who have passed the greater part of their life in

THE ENJOYMENT OF ABUNDANCE,

and in the exercise of hospitality and charity, possessing stock of ten, twenty, and thirty breeding cows, with the usual proportion of other stock, are now pining on one or two acres of bad land, with one or two starved cows, and for this accommodation, a calculation is made, that they must support their

families, and pay the rent of their lots, not from the produce, but from the sea; thus drawing a rent which the land cannot afford! When the herring fishing succeeds, they generally satisfy the landlord, whatever privations they may suffer; but when the fishing fails, they fall into arrears. The herring fishing, always precarious, has for a succession of years been very defective, and this class of people are reduced to extreme misery. At first, some of them possessed capital, from converting their farm-stock into cash, but this has been long exhausted; and it is truly distressing to view their general poverty, aggravated by their having once enjoyed abundance and independence."

Some of the removals to which we have referred took place during that group of scarce seasons in which the year 1826 was so prominent; but the scarcity which these induced served merely to render the other sufferings of the people more intense, and was lost sight of in the general extent of the calamity. Another group of hard seasons came on,—one of those groups which seem of such certain, and yet of such irregular occurrence in our climate, that though they have attracted notice from the days of Bacon downwards, they have hitherto resisted all attempts to include them in some cycle. The summer and harvest of 1835 were the last of a series of fine summers and abundant harvests; and for six years after, there was less than the usual heat, and more than the usual rain. Science, in connection with agriculture, has done much for us in the low country; and so our humbler population were saved from the

HORRORS OF A DEARTH OF FOOD;

but on the green patches which girdle the shores of Sutherland, and which have been esteemed such wonderful improvements, science had done and could do nothing. The people had been sinking lower and lower during the previous twenty years, and what would have been great hardship before had became famine now. One feels at times that it may be an advantage to have lived among the humbler people. We have been enabled, in consequence, to detect many such gross mis-statements as those with which the apologists of the disastrous revolution effected in Sutherland have attempted to gloss over the ruin of that country. In other parts of the Highlands, especially in the Hebrides, the failure of the kelp trade did much to impoverish the inhabitants; but in the Highlands of Sutherland the famine was the effect of *improvement* alone.

The writer of these chapters saw how a late, untoward year operates on the bleak shores of the north-western Highlands, when spending a season there a good many years ago. He found what only a few twelve-months previous had been a piece of dark moor, laid out into minute patches of corn and bearing a dense population. The herring fishing had failed for the two seasons before, and the poor cottars were, in consequence, in arrears with their rent; but the crops had been tolerable; and though their stores of meal and potatoes were all exhausted at the time of our coming among them (the month of June), and though no part of the growing crop was yet fit for use, the white fishing was abundant, and

A TRAINING OF HARDSHIP

had enabled them to subsist on fish exclusively. The corn shot in the genial sunshine, and gave fair promise; and their potatoes had become far enough advanced to supplement their all too meagre meals, when, after a terrible thunder storm, the fine weather broke up, and for thirteen weeks together there scarce passed a day without its baffling winds and its heavy chilling showers. The oats withered without ripening,—the hardy bear might be seen rustling on all the more exposed slopes, light as the common rye-glass of our hay fields, the stalks, in vast proportion, shorn of the ears. It was only in a very few of the more sheltered places that it yielded a scanty return of a dark-coloured and shrivelled grain. And to impart a still deeper shade to the prospects of the poor Highlanders, the herring fishery failed as signally as in the previous years. There awaited them all too obviously a whole half year of inevitable famine, unless Lowland charity interfered in their behalf. And the recurrence of this state of things no amount of providence or exertion on their own part, when placed in such circumstances, can obviate or prevent. It was a conviction of this character, based on experience, which led the writer of these remarks to state, when giving evidence before the present Poor Law Commissioners for Scotland, and though opposed to the principle of legal assessment generally, he could yet see no other mode of reaching the destitution of the Highlands. Our humane Scottish Law compels the man who sends another man to prison to support him there, just because it is held impossible that within the walls of a prison a man can support himself. Should the principle alter, if, instead of sending him to a prison, he banishes him to a bleak, inhospitable coast, where, unless he receives occasional support from others, he must inevitably perish?

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PEOPLE

of Sutherland during the first of these years of destitution (1836), we find strikingly described by M'Leod:—

"In this year," says the author, "the crops all over Britain were deficient, having bad weather for growing and ripening, and still worse for gathering in. But in the Highlands, they were an entire failure, and on the untoward spots, occupied by the Sutherland small tenants, there was literally nothing fit for human subsistence. And to add to the calamity, the weather

had prevented them from securing the peats, their only fuel, so that to their previous state of exhaustion, cold and hunger were to be superadded. The sufferings endured by the poor Highlanders in the succeeding winter truly beggar description. Even the herring fishing had failed, and consequently their credit in Caithness, which depended on its success, was at an end. Any little provision they might be able to procure was of the most inferior and unwholesome description. It was no uncommon thing to see people searching among the snow for the frosted potatoes to eat, in order to preserve life. As the harvest had been disastrous, so the winter was uncommonly boisterous and severe, and consequently little could be obtained from the sea to mitigate the calamity. The distress rose to such a height as to cause a sensation all over the island, and there arose a general cry for Government interference, to save the people from death by famine."

Public meetings were held, private subscriptions entered into, large funds collected, the British people responded to the cry of their suffering fellow-subjects, and relief was extended to every portion of the Highlands except one.

ALAS FOR POOR SUTHERLAND!

There, it was said, the charity of the country was not required, as the noble and wealthy proprietors had themselves resolved to interfere: and as this statement was circulated extensively through the public prints, and sedulously repeated at all public meetings, the mind of the community was set quite at rest on the matter. And interfere the proprietors at length did. Late in the spring of 1837, after sufferings the most incredible had been endured, and disease and death had been among the wretched people, they received a scanty supply of meal and seed-corn, for which, though vaunted at the time as a piece of munificent charity, the greater part of them had afterwards to pay.

We close for the present by adding just one curious fact more. We have already shown how the bleak moors of Sutherland have been mightily improved by the revolution which ruined its people. They bear many green patches which were brown before. Now, it so happened that rather more than ten years ago, the idea struck the original improvers, that as green was an improvement on brown, so far as the moors were concerned, white would be an equally decided improvement on black, so far as the houses were concerned. An order was accordingly issued, in the name of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, that all the small tenants on both sides the public road, where it stretches on the northern coast from the confines of Reay to the Kyle of Tongue, a distance of about thirty-miles, should straightway

BUILD THEMSELVES NEW HOUSES

of stone and mortar, according to a prescribed plan and specification. Pharaoh's famous order could not have bred greater consternation. But the only alternative given was summed up in the magic word *removal;* and the poor Highlanders, dejected, tamed, broken in spirit as in means, well knew from experience what the magic word meant. And so, as their prototypes set themselves to gather stubble for their bricks, the poor Highlanders began to build. We again quote from M'Leod:—

"Previous to this, in the year 1829, I and my family had been forced away, like others, being particularly obnoxious to those in authority for sometimes showing an inclination to oppose their tyranny, and therefore we had to be made examples of to frighten the rest; but in 1833 I made a tour of the district, whon the building was going on, and shall endeavour to describe a small part of what met my eye on that occasion. In one locality (and this was a specimen of the rest) I saw fourteen different squads of masons at work, with the natives attending them. Old grey-headed mon, worn down by previous hardship and present want, were to be seen carrying stones, and wheeling them and other materials on barrows, or conveying them on their backs to the buildings, and with their tottering limbs and trembling hands straining to raise them on the walls. The young men also, after toiling all night at sea endeavouring for subsistence, were obliged to yield their exhausted frames to the labours of the day. Even female labour could not be dispensed with; the strong as well as the weak, the delicate and sickly, and

(SHAME TO THEIR OPPRESSORS),

even the pregnant, bare-footed and scantily clothed, were obliged to join in those rugged, unfeminine labours. In one instance I saw the husband quarrying stones, and the wife and children dragging them along in an old cart to the building. Such were the building scenes of that period. The poor people had often to give the last morsel of food they possessed to feed the masons, and subsist on shell-fish themselves. This went on for several years, in the course of which, many hundreds of these houses were erected on unhospitable spots unfit for a human residence."

We add one other extract from the same writer:—

"It might be thought," adds M'Leod, "that the design of forcing the people to build such houses was to provide for their comfort and accommodation, but there seems to have been quite a different object, which, I believe, was the true motive, and that was, to hide the misery that prevailed. There had been a great sensation created in the public mind by the cruelties exercised in these districts; and it was thought that a number of neat white houses, ranged on each side of the road, would take the eye of strangers and visitors, and give a practical contradiction to the rumours afloat. Hence the poor creatures were forced to resort to such means, and to endure such hardships and privations as I have described, to carry the scheme into effect. And after they had spent their remaining all, and more than their all, on the erection of these houses, and involved themselves in debt, for which they have been harassed and pursued ever since, what are these erections but whitened tombs; many of them now ten years in existence, and still without proper doors or windows, destitute of furniture and of comfort,—the unhappy lairs of a heart-broken, squalid, fast-degenerating race."

(To be continued.)

THE COUNTY OF SUTHERLAND GATHERING takes place in the Charing Cross Hall, on 10th December, Mr. James Mead Sutherland, London, Hon. President, in the chair.

HIGHLAND NOTES FROM NEW YORK.

DEAR EDITOR,—So Volume XIV. has come to a close, the *Celtic* now holding the record for Highland magazines. With a "Real Mackay" to conduct it, and with real members of the same persuasion to support it, I cannot see how it could be otherwise while "*Manu Forti*" keeps in the ascendant. If congratulations are in order, I prefer to address them to the Spirit that hovers over Ben Clibreck, patiently waiting for the return of the clan.

A recent editorial note informs us that "The Mackay" and "The Carnegie" have met. Well, well! They both might be regarded as steel magnates, one being of a line of ancestors who for a thousand years ran a most successful steel (blade) business: and the other proved his right to the title by beating, with their own tools, the smartest lot of rascals that ever dropt upon this planet. The two ought to have been neighbours and allies. With Strathnaver as a land power, and Skibo as a sea power, Emperor William's legions would never attempt to try their famous goose step over the bonnie heather.

In your August number I read with much interest W. Wilfred Campbell's poem, "Scotland," which reminds me strongly of Oscar Wilde's "England." I quote the opening stanza of each poem, and two or three others taken at random, to show the similarity of thought and measure.

CAMPBELL (26 stanzas).

By crag and lonely moor she stands,
  This mother of half a world's great men,
And kens them far by sea-wracked lands,
  Or orient jungle, or western fen.

* * *

Yea, these and myriad myriads more,
  Who stormed the fort, or ploughed the main,
To free the wave or win the shore,
  She calls in vain, she calls in vain.

Brave sons of her, far severed wide
  By purpling peak or reeling foam;
From western ridge or orient side,
  She calls them home, she calls them home.

WILDE (31 stanzas).

Set in this stormy northern sea,
  Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England! what shall men say of thee
  Before whose feet the worlds divide?

* * *

For some are by the Delhi walls,
  And many in the Afghan land,
And many where the Ganges falls
  Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,
  And others in the seas which are
The portals to the East, or by
  The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep!
  O silence of the sunless day!
O still ravine! O stormy deep!
  Give up your prey! Give up your prey!

Tell us in some early number how the Strathnaver colony is progressing. What does Lord Reay think of it? With kind regards, I remain, faithfully yours,

New York, U.S., 4th Sept. 1906. DHAI.

LITIR Á SAN FRANCISCO.

[Fhuair sinn an litir a leanas o charaid anns a' bhaile ainmeil so. Tha sinn cinnteach gu 'm bi ar luchd-leughaidh toillichte naigheachd fhaotainn as a' bhaile so aig an am. Cluinnimid bho ar caraid gun dàil a rithist.]

BHO chionn latha no dha chunnaic mi Dòmhnull Maol Mac Phàrlain, fear de 'ar luchd-leughaidh, agus, ars' esan, "C'ar-son nach bi thu cur facal an drasd 's a rithist a dh'ionnsaidh a "Cheiltich Mhìosail" an Glaschu? Bho na thà am paipear a còrdadh gu math rium fhein, thuirt mi ri Dòmhnull còir gu 'n tugainn oidhirp, ged nach 'eil sinn anns a' bhaile-mhòr so a' chleachdadh na Gaidhlig ach gu h-ainmig. Ged tha na h-urrad do bhrod na Gaidhlig agaibh 'n ar paipeir tha coire agam ri fhaighinn do dh' aon rud; agus is e sin nach 'eil ainm Gaidhlig agaibh air an taobh-toisich, mar tha "Guth na Bliadhna" a comhairleachadh do na paipearan Gaidhealach. Gidheadh is dòcha gu 'n tig sin ri ùine.

Tha am baile so, mar an "Phenix" ag éiridh bho 'luath. Gus a so, ged nach 'eilear, anns a chuid mhoir, ach a cur suas togalaichean neo-mhaireann, tha faisg air 5,000 togalach do gach seorsa air an cur suas, bho 'n latha uamhasach sin, an 18mh de 'n Ghiblean, 'nuair nach mòr nach deachaidh ar crathadh as a chéile leis a' chrith-thalmhainn eagalach a thàinig oirnn. Ach mo thruaighe, cha b' ise bu mhiosa ach an teine sgriosail, a dh' fhàg cuid mhòr da 'r baile cho lòm ris a mhachair Uidhisteach, ri mullach ceann mo charaid Domhnull Maol, a tha chearta cho lòm ri gob circe, no ri bonn mo bhròige.

Chaill na Gaidheil Talla nan Caledonianach, a chosg iomadh mìle dollar. Tha Comunn Chaledonia agus Comunn Naomh Ainndrea dol a chur suas talla na 's cosdala, agus a bhios mu shea ùrlair an àirde. Cluinnear a' sin piob mhor an Domhnullaich, fidheall Mhic 'Illeoghlean, farum dannsadh Iain Chomshroin; agus chithear breacain riomhach an Fhrisealaich agus a' Ghranndaich, le an cuid dhagaichean is bhucaill a boillsgeadh le solas-dealain.

Mu ceithir fichead mile deas air a so, aig Gleann Scott faisg air Santa Cruz thachair rud iongantach air a cheathramh latha de 'n mhios so. Air baile fear Mac Thomais, thainig meall mor do thalamh-sleamhnachaidh a nuas bho chnoc a tha 600 troidh os cionn na mara agus sia mile bho 'n chladach. Fodha so bha torr mòr do cnàimhean mhucan-mara. Chunnaic mi fhein anns an Stàid so air beanntan cho àrd ri Beinn Neibhis, agus miltean bho 'n chuan, moran do shligean eisirein agus do shligean eile a thuilleadh air clachan gu leoir a bha air reir coltais air am bleith agus air an cnàmh air

cladach a' chuain iomadh bliadhna mu 'n do sheinn Oisein a dhàin, mu 'n tàinig na Romanaich do Bhreatunn agus, ma dh' fhaoidte, romh thuil Noah.

Bidh rudan neònach a tachairt do na daoine cuideachd. Tha seann duine còir an so, Domhnull Siosal, Mac Cailein Mhic Iain 'Ic Iain a tha cor is ceithir fichead bliadhna. Rugadh e ann an Scotia Nuadh agus thainig a shinnsear a Strathghlais. Mu fhichead bliadhna bha e fulang gu tric pian ro-chràiteach na bhathais agus bhiodh mòran stuth a tighinn as a shròin mar gu 'm biodh droch cnatan no an galar smugaideach air. Bho chionn bhiadhna dh' fhairich e meall mòr na shroin agus air dha a bhi ga séideadh cho cruaidh 's a b'urrainn da thàinig à h-aon de cuinneinean seorsa do cnuimheag air an robh sgiathan agus casan beaga dearga, agus i eadar leth oirleach is trì chairteil a dh' fhad. Air an ath latha thainig as a ceart chuinnein seorsa do chochall no do shlige anns an d' rugadh, air reir coltais a cnuimh. Bho 'n latha sin thoisich am pian 'na bhathais air 'fhagail agus a nis cha bhi e cur dragh 'sam bith air.

Tha Séumas Sinclair agus na Gaidheil eile anns a' bhaile so gu math. Bidh Séumas gu tric a spaisdearachd anns an deise Ghaidhealaich le 'chlaidheamh air a shliasaid ach cha bhi e deanamh cron sam bith air na Goill ged nach toigh leis iad.

Cumaibh suas gu math a' Ghaidhlig chaomh, cheolmhor, choir.

Bhur caraid dìleas

Am B. A.

A RECORD OF THE ARMS OF THE KING OF SCOTLAND FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

THE lion rampant and double tressure flory appear on the seal of Alexander II.

On a seal of Alexander III., 1265, there is a crown showing four leaves like the strawberry leaf.

John Baliol, in 1292, used two shields; the dexter has the orle, his paternal bearing, the sinster a lion rampant.

Edward Baliol, c. 1350, places the shield of Scotland, again without the tressure, on the dexter, and Baliol on the sinster side.

The orle was used by Hugh de Baliol, who died before 1228; on the seal of his father Eustace, c. 1190, is a seal charged with an escarbuncle. Glover's Roll gives the arms of John de Baliol gules, an orle argent; and of his son Hugh, who adds for his mother, the lady of Galloway, in the corner an escutcheon azure charged with a lion rampant argent crowned or. Eustace, according to the same authority, bore azure, crusilly an orle or; he was son of the elder Eustace.

Charles's Roll gives Alexander gules, an orle argent, also argent, an orle gules; Ingram gules, an orle ermine; and William or, an orle azure, a label of five points gules.

At the siege of Caerlaverock in 1300, Alexander de Baliol, brother of King John, bore argent, an orle gules. The existing family of the Marquis de Balleul, in Normandy, claim community of origin with the Baliols of England and Scotland, but do not appear to be able to trace their ancestry beyond the year 1370; they bear, parted per pale ermine and gules. The tressure appears on the seal used by the national party in Scotland after 1296.

Arms of David II. are a seal of his queen, Margaret Logie or rather Drummond, shows two lions as the supporters of Scotland, 1372. Robert II. used a crest a lion stantant gardant; his queen, Euphemia Ross, in 1375, places two lions on her seal as supporters.

James I. and James II. have lions gardant as supporters; in 1439 the unicorn, as a supporter on a seal, appears for the first time on that of Queen Joan Beaufort, but there is reason to believe that an example of two unicorns as supporters, not later than the reign of Robert III., is the stone with the royal arms at Rothesay Castle. Two unicorns without collars or chains are the supporters of James, Archbishop of St. Andrews, Duke of Ross, son of James III., in 1500.

The crown of James II. seems to be ornamented with fleur-de-lis and trefoils alternately, (?) strawberry leaves; his queen, Mary of Gueldre, uses an open crown of strawberry leaves and pearls.

An Act of Parliament, 22nd February 1471, ordained that in time to come there should be no double tressure about the king's arms, but that he should bear the whole arms of the lion without any addition. This act, although not repealed, seems hardly to have been carried out.

Soon after the present badge of the thistle, was adoped; on an alter piece at Holyrood, to which the date 1485 is assigned, the background is tapestry semé of thistles, and a thistle is the mint-mark on coins of James IV.; a golden thistle as a badge was among the jewels of James III. at his death.

Previous badges were St. Andrew on his cross, a fleur-de-lis, an annulet, a saltire, and a star.

Margaret Tudor, consort of James IV., had a motto, "In God is mi traist," and is represented as fondling a unicorn in her lap. James V., in 1541, used two unicorns as supporters, but

during the minority of his daughter Mary two lions again appear, and were still used in 1564.

She afterwards carried two unicorns gorged with crowns, and chained; the crown is adorned with fleurs-de-lis and crosses patée; the badge is a thistle crowned; a collar, partly composed of thistles, surrounds the shield; the crest is a lion sejant affronté, holding a sword and septre; motto, "In defens."

In 1558 an Act of Parliament directs that all documents which had previously passed in the queen's name alone, shall pass in name of the said King and Queen Dauphin, viz., Francis and Mary, King and Queen of Scots, Dauphin and Dauphiness of Viennois, &c., and all the seals to bear their name during the said marriage.

In 1578 occurs the motto, "*Nemo me impune lacesset,*" the last word being altered to *lacessit* in 1595.

A motto used by Mary and James VI. is "*Salvum fac populum tuum Domine,*" and in 1588 the supporters are lions.

Queen Anne of Denmark, however, has as dexter supporter a unicorn gorged with a crown and chained, and a savage holding in his exterior hand a club erect, or at other times a dragon on the sinster side of Denmark.

James VI., after he became King of England, added the imperial crown on the head of the unicorn, and the crown with which he is gorged is composed of lilies and crosses patée.

We now come to the official entry made in 1672 by Lyon King of Arms:—"The most high and mighty Monarch, Charles the Second, gives as the soveraigne atchievement of his antient kingdome of Scotland, Or, a lyon rampant gules armed and langued azure within a double tressur flowered and counterflowered with flowers-de-lis of the second; encircled with the order of Scotland, the same being composed of rue and thistles having the Image of St. Andrew with his crosse on his brest y^{r}unto pendent. Above the shield ane Helmet answerable to his Majesties high qualitie and jurisdiction, with a mantle or, doubled Ermine adorned with ane Imperiall Crowne, beautified with crosses patee and flowers-de-lis, surmounted on the top for his Majesties crest of a Lyon sejant, fullfaced gules crowned or, holding in his dexter paw a naked Sword proper, and in the sinister a Scepter, both erected and paleways; supported be two Unicorns, argent, Crowned with Imperiall and goarged with open Crownes; to the last chains affixed, passing betwixt their fore-leggs and reflexed over their backs or; he on the dexter imbraceing and beareing up a banner of cloath of gold charged with the Royall Armes of Scotland, and he on the sinister another Banner azure charged with a St. Andrew's crosse argent, both standing on ane compartment placed beneath, from which issue two thistles, one towards each side of the escutcheon; and for his Majesties Royall mottos, in ane escroll above all, In defence; and under, in the Table of the compartement, *Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

The badges are "a thistle of gold crouned," and "the white cross of St. Andrew on a blew field." There is next entered His Majesty's achievement as King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland: first and fourth, Scotland; second, France and England quarterly; third, Ireland: the shield encircled with the orders of St. Andrew and the Garter; crest of Scotland, with the motto, "In defence," above it. Supporters—on the dexter the unicorn as before, but the banner he holds is azure charged with St. Andrew's cross argent; and on the sinister the English lion holding a banner argent, charged with a cross, called St. George, gules; motto below the shield, "*Dieu et mon droit.*"

After James VI. inherited the crown of England, the Great Seal was altered; in England the first and fourth quarters England and France, the second Scotland, and the third Ireland, and the supporters were the lion of England on the dexter, and the unicorn of Scotland on the sinister side; in Scotland a separate Great Seal was used, the arms of that country occupying the first and fourth quarters, France and England the second, and Ireland the third. The Act of Union provided that the ensigns armorial of the United Kingdom shall be such as Her Majesty shall appoint, and that one Great Seal shall be used for the kingdom of Great Britain. It was settled that in the first and fourth quarters were to be the arms of England impaling Scotland, in the second France, and in the third Ireland. The supporter of the sinister side to be the unicorn, not crowned, but gorged with a crown composed of fleurs-de-lis and crosses patée.

This, however, did not apply to the Great Seal to be used in Scotland in matters relating to private rights or grants, to the Privy Seal, and other Seals, in which almost always the Scottish arms have retained the first place.

The present Great Seal of Scotland is—first and fourth, Scotland; second, England; third, Ireland; with the unicorn as supporter on the dexter side.

THE CLAN MACDONALD SOCIETY have arranged an attractive Programme for the winter. In January a Dinner is to be held, and later on in the season an "At Home." Lectures are to be delivered at the Monthly Meetings, that on Dec. 17th being a Discourse on "Dunaverty Castle and the Clan Donald of Kintyre," by Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly.*

CAPTAIN ROBERT STEUART, D.L.,
OF WESTWOOD.

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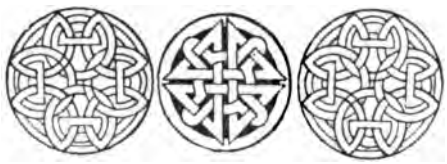

CAPTAIN ROBERT STEUART, D.L., OF WESTWOOD.

President, The Stewart Society.

THE subject of our sketch this month, Captain Robert Steuart, is the third son of Mr. Robert Steuart, then of Carfin, Lanarkshire, and Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. A. Pringle, of Moss Knowe, Roxburghshire. He was born in Edinburgh on 19th March 1838, and received his education in private schools, and at the Edinburgh Academy. Thereafter he studied for the Honourable East India Company, and passing the necessary examinations, went out to India in 1856, where he was posted to the 49th Regiment, Madras Army, then at Secunderabad, Central India. In the end of that year the regiment was sent to Kurnool, where it remained till the outbreak of the Mutiny, when, on Brigadier Whitlock's Central Indian Column reaching Kurnool, it was sent back to Secunderabad.

A reduction of the Native Army was made in 1857, the 49th being one of the regiments disbanded, and Captain Steuart was sent to do duty with the 10th Madras Native Infantry at Jubblepore. In 1862 his health gave way and he was invalided home to Europe, and finally placed on the Invalid Pension List of the Indian Army, on which he still remains.

After his return to Europe he assisted his father (who in 1851 had bought the estate of Westwood) in the management of a small paraffin oil work to develop the minerals of the estate. Five years later he lost his elder brother Harry, who caught a cold which developed into pleurisy and ended fatally. His eldest brother, James Frederic, had passed as a doctor in 1852 and joined the service, being attached to the 28th Regiment, with which he served through the Crimean War. On peace being concluded, he was offered and accepted a medical appointment in the then East India Company's service, and went to India shortly before the outbreak of the Mutiny. He was attached to the Highland Brigade under Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, and placed in charge of the Field Hospital during the siege and capture of Lucknow. When order was restored he was put in medical charge of the Residency at Bhurtpore, which he held until carried off by cholera in 1861. This left Robert the eldest surviving son, and on the death of his father in 1867 he succeeded to the estate, where he settled down and busied himself in country pursuits, taking an active part in the County management. He was for many years Convener of the Finance Committee of the County, and latterly made Convener of the Commissioners of Supply and Chairman of the Justices of the Peace, and also of the Heritors; and on the School Board Act being passed, was elected Chairman of the Livingstone Parish Board, an office which he still continues to hold. In 1871 he married the third daughter of Mr. P. J. V. Dudgeon of Manchester, by whom he has five sons and two daughters. Some years ago Lord Rosebery appointed him a Deputy-Lieutenant of Linlithgowshire in recognition of his public service.

Captain Steuart has always taken a deep interest in the work of the Stewart Society, of which he is president, and will preside at the Annual Social Gathering, which takes place in the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow, on 8th February.

THE HIGHLAND OFFICER.

(A Tale of Inverness.)

(Continued from page 24.)

"It is only I, Marion," said young Grant, smiling, "do not be alarmed."

"Colin, is that really you? What is the matter?" she said, anxiously. "What has caused you to climb the garden wall at this strange hour?"

"I know not," he said, "unless it be to see you once more. I hope I have not disturbed you?"

"To see me once more, Colin!" she repeated, surprised. "What can you mean by this strangeness all the evening? I thought you were on duty."

"So I am; but I run all the risk to come here; I could'nt help it; but don't think of it, Marion; I see you are safe and well, and I am happy; so go to bed, my love. Why do you sit up so late? I will be with you in the morning. God bless you!"

"God bless you, Colin! Bless you! Bless you!" she went on, kissing her hand, in answer to him as he prepared to leap the wall. "Remember we breakfast at nine." And, with many kind adieus, he sprang down and she closed the window shutters.

"Is'nt this altogether very odd of Colin?" said the alarmed young lady, to her sister, when they had left the window.

"Yes, it is—but love is a very odd thing, I see," was the other's reply; "but I tell you what, Marion, I hope you will be able to keep Colin Grant from night-walking, when you get him home to yourself."

"Oh! fy, Flora!" said the happy girl, playfully; and the innocent sisters retired to bed.

The young man made his way back to his duty, with a firm step and light spirits, though blaming himself for his folly; and laughing, within himself, when he thought what all his moonlight adventure had ended in. His thoughts were so much taken up, however, with anticipations of the important events of the new day, and his approaching happiness, that he could not spend any more of the night in sleep.

The morning of his wedding day soon dawned, calm and pleasant, and as it advanced, became even unusually sunny and inviting. His duty being over, and having yet two or three hours to dispose of, before the time when he was to breakfast with his bride, he wandered forth to enjoy the morning air, on the banks of the Moray Firth, betwixt the town of Inverness and Fort George. As he was returning back, and drawing near to the ferry, which is the usual crossing to the opposite shore of the Firth in Ross-shire, he found himself hailed by three of his brother officers, in their morning dresses, attended by the black servant of one of them, who seemed to be enjoying themselves in some party of pleasure, and who, bantering him on his solitary mood, on this his wedding morning, persuaded him to accompany them, and to spend an hour with them in their intended amusement, and his spirits being now high and flowing, as usual, forward the whole party went together.

Chapter III.

"Are you not going to get up, Mr. Balgownie?" said my landlady to me on the same morning, coming familiarly into my bed-room, honest woman: "the morning is perfect pleasurable; and don't ye remember, that this is the wedding day of the handsome Highland officer, that ye've been so raptured about. Ea! Mr. Balgownie, what would many a wealthy lady gi'e to be Marion Chisholm this blessed morning?"

"Ay, just so, Mrs. M'Pherson," said I, pulling off my nightcap, to assist my waking; "the ladies are always wishing for something, no doubt."

"Now just get up, Sir," continued the honest woman, coming near to my bedside, with a seductive good-nature, "and step down the street, and bring my daughter and myself all the news you can gather about the forthcoming wedding."

Accordingly, I forthwith bestirred myself; and having accomplished my morning's buttonings, I set forth to make my observations about the joyful house of the pretty bride; and by means of my snuffbox, and my taking manner, to cull the sweets, and be the happy bearer of the most authentic scraps of the circumjacent gossip.

The very first thing that refreshed my highly-favoured eyes was a full and distinct view of the bride herself, who had come to her front windows alone, and was looking forth, in the youthful joy of her heart, on this fine summer morning, over the open expanse of the Moray Firth, towards Fort George, and across to the purple mountains of Ross-shire: for the space before her house was not then built up, and the view was both extensive and delightful.

She came, as I said, to the window, with all the carelessness of innocence, and seemed to gaze on her native hills with the glowing admiration of a romantic maiden, while I stood looking up from the road beneath, delighted at the opportunity of contemplating her who was soon to be the bride of the youth who had so strongly atrracted my interest from the first moment, and whose wedding was now the talk of high and low in the whole place. She appeared more delicate in her form, and more

thoughtful in her look, than I had thought was the case from my previous observation. But the bust and the waist, as shown in her simple morning dress, were what I need not say much about now. I know when a woman is squeezed and put out of shape, perfectly well; but I know also what delicate grace nature sometimes offers to the eye of the painter or poet, who know what to look at and what to turn away from. The hair of the bride was fair, as is usual with the maidens of the north; but her beauty was altogether of a more delicate order. She saw me looking up towards her, and turned her light blue eyes down upon me for a little, with perfect modesty, and yet with perfect ease. I am proud, even now, of the look she bestowed upon me: alas! there is a species of pleasure in calling up the indelible impressions made by the fairest forms which we may have seen on the earth, although connected, perhaps, with the saddest events which our recollections may have to dwell upon, from our experience in an uncertain world.

I cannot tell what it was that impressed me, but a disposition to serious musing came over my spirit as I went along, thinking of the interesting form of the bride, which even mixed with my sympathetic pleasure in the consideration that this was her wedding day. As I thought of the long life that her fine Highland officer and herself might enjoy together, and the various scenes they might witness, until the ultimate termination of all earth's happiness;—by some peculiar association of fancy, the old Highland custom, of the young married woman beginning her duties, as a wife, by spinning her own winding-sheet, struck strangely and involuntarily upon my spirit, in my mixed meditations.

Some impulse, I know not what, impelled me to turn my steps, after passing the Cross, down Church Street, towards the ferry, although it was a way I seldom went. I passed the old church, an ugly, heavy pile, and wandered on towards the large burying-ground, called the chapel yard; and, as I passed on, I had observed some persons running up the street, and people coming out of the doors, and talking to them, with looks of consternation; but I was so absorbed in my meditations, at the time, that I took no heed. I had stepped into the burying-ground, which was open, and there being something at the time erecting by the wall, I mounted for the view, and was admiring the magnificent prospect all around; the two noble Firths on each hand, above and beneath the town, and the glorious mountains, and fir belts, and green hollows, and villas of Ross-shire, in front; when, casting my eyes down upon the ferry, and along the edge of the Moray Firth, I saw a crowd on the shore, and people running hastily from the town towards the water.

A sensation of horror, for which I could not account, smote upon my heart at the sight; for somehow, at that moment, the idea of some appalling disaster, and the image of the Highland officer, came anxiously across my spirit, and troubled my thoughts, as I stepped hastily down towards the Firth. By this time numbers were running from the town towards the water; and I perceived, by the shore being lined with people, that some one had been either just drowned, or was in immediate danger; but the looks of consternation and alarm of the people were even more than such an event, not uncommon at Inverness ferry, could have justified. But my own mind was not less affected when, as I got into the crowd, I found the Highland women, after their fashion, clapping their hands in lamentation, and stamping with their feet, while they exclaimed, "The bonnie captain! the handsome captain! Colin Grant, the young bridegroom!" while they pointed to the quiet waters of the Firth, with looks of impatient agony and horror, under which he now lay struggling in suffocation.

Presently a black man was seen running towards the shore, with several persons after him. This man, it appeared, was the servant of one of the officers, who now stood distractedly on the shore, half dressed; and who, after having tried every effort to save their companion, had, after the first alarm, sent for the man to dive under water, and, if possible, bring him up, the unfortunate Grant having sunk for the last time.

The servant, throwing off most of his clothes, and plunging into the water, was long lost sight of while diving for him; during which time the people, with which the shore was completely clad, stood waiting the result with distracting apprehension. The man came up to breathe; but, when it was observed that he was alone, a groan of impatient disappointment ran through the multitude. It was more difficult to find the unhappy youth than had been supposed; for, although the place where he had gone down was not generally deep, this part of the shore was full of holes made in the sand, which, when covered with the tide, as was now the case, made the spot highly dangerous. The man went down a second time. I could not believe my senses, as I stood contemplating the still and glassy surface of the clear waters, that beneath them lay, perhaps already a corpse, the interesting youth, whose bride waited for him to lead her to the altar this very morning.

At length a slight ripple appeared on the water, nearly in shore; and, presently, a black head bolted up, and then a white arm and

shoulder entwined in that of the African, while a thrilling shudder of feeling ran through the assembled crowd. A stroke or two of swimming brought the man, and the body which he bore, to the edge. Never shall I forget my sensations, nor the sympathetic murmur of the multitude, as the beautiful form of the lifeless youth was gradually brought out of the water in the arms of the black man, the head dropping back over his shoulder, the eyes closed, the face placid and mild, like a sleeping infant, and the ruddy white skin contrasted with the sable appearance of the blackamoor.

No symptom of life remained; the perfectly formed limbs, as white as marble, hung, in the loose nervelessness of apparent death, over the black man: but when the body was brought out upon the bank, and his brother officers, who stood distractedly waiting the result, and the near bystanders, saw the deathlike expression on that beautiful manly countenance, the murmur of horror, which ran through the whole, increased, until it burst forth from the women in a howl of lamentation.

It was now breakfast hour, and the happy family of the Chisholms were dressed, from the youngest to the eldest, and only waited for the centre of all their hopes and affections, the handsome Colin Grant. The time when he was to have come was now past; and Marion began to be impatient, and to listen for his knock, and then to turn her head often towards the window, with an anxious and flurried look. The old lady, her mother, who sat with parental pride at the table, with her daughters, exhorted Marion not to be anxious; saying complacently, that some trifling circumstance had doubtless occurred to cause delay; and mildly reminded the fearful girl, that young people often suffered from a foolish impatience.

The whole house soon became seriously alarmed; and Marion's restlessness and ominous dread increased every moment, until, as she continued to watch the clock, and thought of Colin's strange behaviour the preceding night, and of what the day was designed to bring forth, her impatience and nervous fears amounted almost to frenzy. She sent out messengers. She rose and watched at the window. She saw many people running down the street, as if some alarming event was going forward; and some stood still, as they passed, and looked up at the windows, and, on noticing her, clasped their hands together, and shook their heads, as if heart-struck at the sight.

(To be concluded.)

THE HIGHLAND HEATHER.—An interesting incident at the recent County of Sutherland Gathering in Glasgow, was the presentation by the chairman, Mr. J. M. Sutherland, of a buttonhole of heather to each person present.

RED ROWANS.

In the heart of the toiling city,
'Mid the ceaseless hum of the mart,
Where the thoughts of each busy schemer
Lie far from his dreams apart;
With never a sigh to the old days
Of innocent childhood's glee;
For the rattling chink of the tempting gold
Sounds too loud for such thoughts to be.
Came the cry of a poor, pale maiden,
With her ripe red berries laden;
Till into the toiler's scheming
Old days came gently stealing;
Crying,
"Fresh Rowans Red! O, Rowans Red!
And it's O, for a spell the witch-flowers breathe,
Please buy my Rowans Red."

Stilled was the red gold's rattle,
And the pen was laid aside;
With the master-plan of battle
To fight and win with pride.
No more the tense, hard struggle,
Or the city's aching strain;
For a wave of impassioned longing
Swept through the schemer's brain.
From the cry of a poor white maiden,
With her ripe red berries laden;
Till, loud on the heart-strings ringing,
Came the boom of the North Sea stinging;
Crying,
"Fresh Rowans Red! O, Rowans Red!
And it's O, for a sight of my native land,
With its trail of Rowans Red."

Back to the Nor'-land winging,
And the call of the distant West;
Skye with its mist-wreaths clinging,
And the snow on Ben Nevis' crest.
Heather lying red on the moorlands,
And white in the secret dells;
Till the tear of a lost remembrance
Wells, from a heart held fast in spells.
And the cry of a poor child-maiden,
With her ripe red berries laden;
Reached through the toiler's scheming,
Where her witch-flowers held him dreaming;
Crying,
"Fresh Rowans Red! O, Rowans Red;
And it's O, for a sight of the Highland burns,
With their crown of rowans red."

London. ALICE C. MACDONELL of Keppoch.

THE COUNTY OF SUTHERLAND GATHERING was held in the Charing Cross Hall on 10th December. Mr. James Mead Sutherland, Hon. President, in the Chair; there was a large attendance. The Chairman delivered an eloquent address, in which he gave a most interesting account of the recent visit which he paid to Sutherland as Chief of the Stratnaver Fairy Circle (of which he was founder), and the most enthusiastic meetings which were held in the various districts. Illustrative of this tour, he exhibited nine albums containing over a thousand photos of this romantic land. Mr. Sutherland also referred to the excellent benevolent work performed in London and elsewhere by the "Fairy Circle," two leaders of which, Misses Hay and Nightingale, accompanied the chairman to the gathering. He also touched upon the valuable work performed by the Association, in relieving cases of destitution in the city. Addresses were delivered by Ex-City Treasurer Alex. Murray, D.L., J.P., and Bailie Arch. Campbell; and Mr. John Mackay proposed the usual votes of thanks.

CHA'N 'EIL TLACHD SAM BITH MU'N TIGH.

THE following translation of the well-known song, "There's nae luck aboot the hoose," is by the late Rev. Alex. Macgregor, Inverness—the "Sgiathanach" of Gaelic literature:—

SEISD.

Cha 'n 'eil thlachd sam bith mu'n tigh,
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd no sealbh;
Gean no gàire cha bhi stigh.
Is fear-mo-thigh' air falbh.

'S am bheil làn-chìnnt gur fior an sgéul
Gu 'm bheil e fallain, slàn?
Bhur cuibhle tilgibh uaibh gu grad;
Cha 'n àm gu sniomh an t-snàth.
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd, &c.

An àm gu sniomh no obair so.
Is Cailean dlùth air làimh?
A nuas mo bhreacan, 's théid do'n phort,
Gu 'fhaicinn tighinn gu tràigh.
Cha'n 'eil tlachd, &c.

Greas, sguab dhomh taobh an teallaich glan,
'Phoit shomalta cuir air,
A chòta Domhnach do dh'Iain beag,
'S a frogan sròil do Cheit.
Cha'n 'eil tlachd, &c,

Am bróg biodh dubh mar airneagaibh,
An stocaidh bàn mar shneachd,
Gach aon ni 'thoileachadh mo chiall,
'S e 'm faicinn briagh a thlachd.
Cha'n 'eil tlachd, &c.

Tha dà chearc reamhar anns a' chrò,
A bhiadhadh mios a's còrr;
Grad-shiomh am muineal 's cur air doigh,
Gu cuilm dha 's blasda sògh.
Cha'n 'eil tlachd, &c.

Is cuirnnich bòrd gu h-eireachdail,
Le h-eilein a's le dealbh,
'Chur furain failt' air fear mo ghràidh,
A bha cho fad air falbh.
Cha'n 'eil tlachd, &c.

O, fair an so mo bhoineid dhomh,
Mar sin is guin de'n t-siod';
'S do bhean a' Bhaille 'n innis mi
Mu Chailean 'thighinn gu tir!
Cha'n 'eil tlachd, &c.

Mo bhròg an biorach cuiream orm,
Mo stocnais fiamh-ghorm fann,
A los gu 'n toilich fear mo ghaoil
'Sheas fior 'n a ghaol gun fheall.
Cha'n 'eil tlachd, &c.

Gur binn a ghuth, gur mìn a ghlòir,
Mar àileadh 'anail caoin;
Tha fuaim a' chos 's e tighinn a steach,
Mar éun-cheol àit nan craobh.
Cha'n 'eil tlachd, &c.

Gach fead-ghaoth fhuaraidh gheàmhradail,
Mo chridhe tròm a chraidh,
Air séideadh seach', 's e tear'nt' am ghlaic,
'S cha dealaich—ach am bàs.
Cha'n 'eil tlachd, &c.

Ach 'd e chuir dealachadh am cheann?
'S maith dh' fheudt' gur fad' e 'n céin;
An t-àm ri teachd cha 'n fhac aon neach,
An t-àm tha làthair 's leinn fein.
Cha'n 'eil tlachd, &c.

Biodh Cailean slàn 's làn thoilicht' mi,
Cha 'n iarr mi'n còrr gu bràth;
'S ma bhios mi beò air son a leas,
Gur sona mis' thair chàch.
Cha'n 'eil tlachd, &c.

An e gu 'n cluinn mi 'ghuth a ris!
Gu 'm faic mi 'ghnùis gun smal!
'S ann 'tha tuineal inntinn orm,
'S mi 'n impis dol a ghal.

Cha 'n 'eil tlachd sam bith mu'n tigh,
Cha 'n 'eil tlachd no sealbh,
Gean no gàire cha bhi stigh,
Is fear-mo-thigh' air falbh.

CROM-AN-FHÀSAICH.

CLUICH LUTH CHLEASAN.

CHRUINNICHMID air raon, no ann an taigh; shuidhemid an uchd a chéile, am fear bu mhomha 's bu chomasaiche 'na cheann, 's càch uile nan sreath 'na uchd.

Steach thigeadh Crom-an-fhàsaich, "Dideaga, Dideaga, Dia an so." An Ceannsuidhe.—"Failte ort fhéin a Chrom-an-fhasaich, cia ás an diugh a thainig thu? Crom-an-fhasaich.—"A m' fhonn, 's á m' fhearunn, 's á m' fhàsach fhein." An Ceann-suidhe,—"Dé chuir fonn is fearrunn is fàsach agadsa, is mise gun fhonn gun fhearunn gun fhàsach idir? Crom-an-fhasaich—"Mo chruas, mo luaths, 's mo làidireachd fhéin. Fiach a bheil aon gearan bàn bacach agadsa a dh' fhiachas mi?" Iarruidh an sin an ceannsuidhe air an fhear a's faigse do'n Chrom, eiridh. Ni e sin, agus toisichidh a ghleachd, gach fear mar a chiosnichear e suidhe e 'n leth-taobh. Mu bheir aon air bith buaidh air Crom-an-fhàsaich, thig easan gu bhi na Chrom-an-fhasaich an deigh sin, agus mar sin sios gu crioch na cluiche. Sid mar a dhionnsaichemid gleachd, nar balaich o chionn tri fichead bliadhna. A bheil e air a chleachd-adh an nis 's an am so 's a' Ghaelteachd, no bheil e air fhuadach mar a tha sinne ann an duthaichibh cian na talamhainn?

Mackay, Queensland. D. BEATON.

[FIOS freagairt do Dhòmhull, 's mar an ceudna do na càirdean a tha mu'n cuairt air. An latha dh' fhàg Dòmhull Dearbhaig, b'e sin an latha; mu dha-fhichead pearsa, eadar bheag is mhòr a' triall gu cladach, 's Gilleasbuig Mac Pheadrais air an ceann, leis a' phiob a' seinn, "Mo chùl, mo chùl, mo chùl ri Muile." Mu'n d' ràinig e ceann a' bhaile b' fheadar dha a' phìob a phasgadh. B'e sin an sealladh! Cha robh fear, no bean no paisde 'sa' bhaile nach robh a silleadh nan deur gu frasach, a' fàgail beannachd aig gach aon a bha triall. A thaobh seann chleachdainnean agus chleasan a bha cumanta ri linn Dhòmhuill an Dearbhaig shearg

is chrìon iad. Air an latha diugh cha 'n eil cliamh mònadh, no srathair no sumag, no corainshachdaich ri fhaichinn 's a' sgireachd. Cha 'n 'eil sniomhadh no càrdadh, cha 'n fhaicear brat no plaide air leaba. Na h-uile snathain aodaich Gallda. Cha 'n 'eil figheadair, no tàillear 'san àite; cha 'n 'eil caman ri fhaicinn aig Nollaig no aig Caisg. Cha 'n 'eil àtha no muilleann; an còrr nach do shearg, chaidh am fuadach. Cha'n 'eil a h-aon do na seann eich Mhuileach seann no òg, 'san dùthaich. Tha pòrr ùr do gach ni againn a nis. Caoraich an àite nan daoine 'sa Chillmhòir ann an Atha-an-tuim, 'sa' Choireachan 'san Druim-na-croise. Cha 'n eil gearadh feumhann ga dheanadh, cha 'n 'eil bàta an Dearbhaig an diugh ach a h-aon. Nach b'e an dà latha e seach na làithean o chian! Cha 'n 'eil ach Beurla shios is shuas, air a measgadh le Fraingish. Cha 'n 'eil cuinneag, cuach, measair, meadar, no nogainn ri fhaicinn ann an tigh an diugh, cha 'n fhaicear coran air an achadh-bhuana, gach dias air a ghearadh le speal, cha 'n eil fraoch siomain a dol ni's mò. Cha 'n eil tubha chamhlaich air tigh an Dearbhaig an diugh, so còr an àite.] J. C.

COMHAIRLE AN T-SEANA-GHIULLAIN.

Ma 's fhoir na seana-ghiullain 's e 'n gliocas a tha 'g an cumail o phosadh. Cha 'n 'eil iad a' faicinn nighinn oig sam bith gun choire no faillinn air chor-eigin. Tha e coltach gur gann a bhiodh iad riaraichte le te leis gach buaidh a's subhailc a dh' ainmich Solamh 's na Ghnath-fhocail. Bha fear dhiubh a' toirt comhairle air fear a bha 'sealltainn air son mnatha, e a dh' fheuchainn am faigheadh e te a bhiodh coltach ris na tri nithe a leanas, agus *gun i bhi coltach riu* :—

1. I bhi coltach ri Uaireadair mor stiopaill—riaghailteach 'n a gluasad; ach gun i bhi coltach ris an Uaireadair mhor, le a teanga 'bhi ri 'cluinntinn thar a' bhaile.

2. I bhi coltach ri Mactalla—i 'fhreagairt an uair a rachadh bruidhinn rithe; ach gun i bhi coltach ri Mactalla, anns an fhacal mu dheireadh a bhi aice daonnan.

3. I bhi coltach ris a' creutair a tha 's an fhaochaig—gun i bhi ach ainneamh ás a tigh-comhnuidh fhein; ach gun i bhi coltach ris a' chreutair sin, air bheag suim do gach ni ach na bha i 'giulan air a druim.

THE GREENOCK GAELIC CHOIR has appointed Mr. D. C. Walker as its conductor, and the choir is now under the patronage of the Greenock Highland Society. The Society has a class for Gaelic instruction, attended by over 100 pupils.

THE HIGHLAND EMIGRANTS.

SLOW o'er the mountain proud rises the misty shroud,
Greyly the dawning beyond them is breaking,
Hearts throb in sorrow at thought of the morrow
Which exiles the brave, their dear homeland forsaking.

Mhnathan a ghlinne so,
Mhnathan a ghlinne so,
Mhnathan a ghlinne so,
Togaibh a's eiribh.

Ho! from the misty glen, sons of the moorland men,
Rouse ye, the boat rocks, the tide-cliffs refrain it,
Come not like crim'nals tried, come in your ancient pride,
Tyrants may trample but laws cannot chain it.

Rise tearful mountain maid, ne'er shall thy tartan plaid
Worn be by serf, though thy fond heart be aching,
Yet dawneth Freedom's day, yet shalt thou see its ray
Shining o'er Scotland while tyrants are quaking.

Nay, let not shame now descend on thy wrinkled brow,
Thou with the aged step falt'ring and weary,
Yet shall thy widowed head find its last resting-bed
Far from oppression's noon, desolate—dreary.

Seen have we freedom sold—purchased by English gold,
Grim desolation claims cots for the burning,
Flint hearts of arrogance, cold have ye looked askance
Widow and orphan's cry pitiless spurning.

Why 'yond the billows roar thus seek we Freedom's shore,
Fortune pursuing o'er prairie and ocean?
Sons of the Highlands we, ne'er shall we bow the knee
Filial to lordling with cringing devotion.

High raise the spreading sail, flapped by the mountain gale,
Sweet from the den where the banshee is wailing;
Farewell! oppression's skies, blending our voices rise
Singing thy coronach, on as we're sailing.

Mhnathan a ghlinne so
Mhnathan a ghlinne so
Mhnathan a ghlinne so
Togaibh a's eiribh.

Edinburgh. MURDOCH MACLEAN.

THE FAMILY OF MACGREGOR, GREGORY, GREGOR, GREG, GREIG.—Mr. Wm. H. Gregg, Flo., U.S.A., intends publishing, next year, an exhaustive work entitled, "Essay on the Ancient and Mediæval History of Scotland, with special reference to the Greg, Greig, Gregor, MacGregor, and Gregory family of Scotland." Mr. Gregg has devoted many years to the study of the subject which he elucidates, and takes serious exception to the conclusions arrived at by several of our modern historians, whom he considers most prejudiced in their treatment of early Scottish history. To ensure exact representations of quotations from the oldest writers in Scottish history, Mr. Gregg has adopted the novel method of reproducing the passages in electrotype, so that no mistake can be made in the text. The work will be a most important contribution to our national history.

PERTH GAELIC SOCIETY.—The session of this Society was opened last month, when the Chief, Mr. John A. Stewart, read an interesting paper on "An Old Rannoch School and its Management in 1820." The fees were sixpence per annum, and the total revenue of the school was £2 8s. The teacher's salary was augmented by grants made by certain Highland and Gaelic Societies in Edinburgh and Glasgow. One of the scholars at that school was some years ago Lord Provost of Perth.

THE DRAMATIC CLAN FIGHT AT PERTH IN 1396:

Its Origin and the Clans concerned.

By W. C. MACKENZIE, F.S.A., Scot.,
Author of "A Short History of the Scottish Highlands."

THE celebrated clan fight at the North Inch of Perth in 1396 has proved a standing puzzle to Scottish historians, its origin and the identity of the participants being alike obscure. The Mackintoshes, the Macphersons, the Davidsons, the Shaws—all of them branches of Clan Chattan—and the Camerons have been variously associated with the incident, the conflict of opinion as to their several connexion with Wyntoun's "Clachin Yha" and "Clahynnhe Qwhewyl," being truly remarkable. And the cause assigned for the fight has likewise led to much controversy, for the two factors in the mystery are interdependent. Given the circumstances of the incident, it is easy to find the key to the identity of the participants.

A careful examination of the accounts of the fight makes it clear that it was the outcome of certain events which belong to the realm of history. In the second half of the fourteenth century, the

PREDATORY HABITS OF THE CLANS

situated near the Highland border were a source of much concern to the Central Government; and in 1384, an Act of drastic severity was passed for the suppression of *Katherani*. It is not difficult to believe that the operation of this Act served to give coherence to the bands of caterans thus faced by a common danger, and indirectly contributed towards depredations on a larger scale, and with more serious results, than had previously been experienced. Chief among the leaders of these bandits were the sons of the Wolf of Badenoch, who followed closely in the blood-stained footsteps of their notorious father.

In 1392, two of these sons, Duncan and Robert Stewart, together with a band of Duncansons (Robertsons) and other clans, chiefly from Athole, entered Angus and devastated the district. Walter de Ogilvy, Sheriff of Angus, with Sir David Lindsay of Glenesk (who, according to Wyntoun, had sent a spy to watch his Highland neighbours) Sir Patrick Gray and others, attacked the raiders at Glenbrierachan, but were defeated with the loss of sixty men-at-arms; Ogilvy himself, with several of his companions, being likewise among the slain.

It is not difficult to show that the Perth fight was the direct outcome of the Angus raid.

Wyntoun, the earliest and contemporary narrator of the former incident, gives no hint of its cause. Bower is not much more illuminating, though he states that the combatants were "wretched caterans." The Book of Pluscardine, however, (compiled by Maurice Buchanan in 1461), shows clearly that the Perth fight was the sequel to the Angus raid. It says: "A short time before, these savages had ruthlessly slain the son of the Earl of Buchan (*sic*) with many other nobles, as also the Sheriff of Angus, who were defending the goods of the country in the field. *Accordingly*, by means of the Earl of Crawford and other nobles of the land, the arrangement foresaid was made, and also carried into effect, so that in the end, all of both parties were slain, with the exception of seven (the other accounts say twelve); five of the one party, and two of the other, escaping alive."

George Buchanan (who cautiously refrained from naming the clans concerned) is no less clear as to the connexion between the raid and its sequel. After describing the raid, he states that the Earl of Crawford was sent by the King to disperse the marauders, which he succeeded in doing most effectively. "But" (I quote from Aikman's translation) "the turbulence of this restless race being prevented from breaking out upon the Low country, raged more violently among themselves at home. In particular, there were two of the most powerful families, whose deadly hatred was displayed by acts of the most atrocious cruelty, and as they would neither determine their differences by law, nor submit to the arbitration of friends, Thomas Dunbar, Earl of Moray, and David Lindsay—his father being dead—Earl of Crawford, were sent by the King to quell them." Buchanan then goes on to describe the proposal made to the two clans, which, he states, the two noblemen resolved upon in order "*to accomplish by policy what would have been hazardous to attempt by force.*" He gives the following as the conditions of the contest, viz.:—"That thirty combatants, chosen from each side, armed with swords only (he differs here from earlier writers) should decide the contention before the King, *the vanquished to have a pardon for all past offences, and the victors to receive an honourable reward from the Sovereign and his nobles.*"

To understand the full significance of the last sentence, it is only necessary to state that an Act of Parliament, passed in 1392,[1] directed the Sheriff of Aberdeen to put to the horn the participants in the Angus raid. The two clans whom the King's envoys addressed were thus outlaws, and the promise of a pardon for the vanquished and rewards for the victors were obviously needful bribes to make the proposal attractive, or

[1] Acts of Parl., vol. 1, p. 579

even acceptable. On the other hand, it is equally plain that the main object of the King and his advisers was to provide an easy and inexpensive means of paying off scores of four years' standing. An excellent opportunity was provided of substituting for the nugatory process of outlawry, the effective method of mutual butchery by means of a gladiatorial combat.

It is altogether improbable that the intervention by the Crown was instigated by a desire to put a stop to the inter-clan disturbances, for, with the view of weakening the clans, the policy of the Scottish kings at this period was to foster, rather than discourage, internecine

FEUDS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

It is possible that there was a subtle relation (*lex talionis*) between the number of men selected—thirty on each side—and the sixty men of Ogilvy's force who were killed at Glenbrierachan; but it is at any rate certain that the chosen warriors were the doughtiest fighters of their respective clans. It was obviously intended that none of the combatants should escape uninjured, for they were forbidden to wear defensive armour of any kind. It was, in short, a barbarous method of dealing with barbarous subjects. It seems, however, to have proved effective, for, according to Bower, "from this time, and for a long season, the North enjoyed peace, *nor were any more incursions of the caterans as before.*"

The foregoing explanation of the Perth fight, besides possessing the merit of historical authority, appears to be far more reasonable than assumptions, unwarranted by known facts, of a judicial combat to decide a question of precedency, or the issue of an ordinary clan feud. We have now to see which of the clans concerned in the Angus raid sent their champions to Perth, and this is rendered easy by comparing the names given by Wyntoun and his successors, with those mentioned in the Act of 1392.

Wyntoun's Clan Yha (the termination was made to rhyme with "twa") is called Clan Kay, or Hay, or Cay, in subsequent accounts. Let us identify this clan first. In the Act of 1392, its leader is named "John Ayson, Yr.," *i.e.*, M'Aodh, M'Ay, or M'Kay. It must at once be premised that the name has no connexion with the Clan Mackay of Strathnaver, for it is quite clear that the latter had no lot or part in the affair. Who then were Clan Ay? Their leader (as appears in all the accounts from Bower onwards) was one Shaw, Wyntoun's "Scha Farquharis Sone." A Mackintosh MS., said to be dated 1500, states that Shaw Mackintosh, the undoubted progenitor of the Shaws of Rothiemurchus, was put in possession by the Mackintosh chief, of Rothiemurchus (which the Mackintoshes had held from the Bishops of Moray since 1236), for his valour at the fight on the North Inch. Now, the name "Ferchard M'Toshy" appears on record in 1382,[2] and there is not much room for doubt, taking all the circumstances into consideration, that Shaw, son of Ferchard, who headed the Clan Ay at Perth, was, in point of fact, the son of the Mackintosh chief; and that the Clan Ay were allied to, or included with, the sept of Mackintoshes who are known to have settled in Athole.[3] The Aysons were of Tullimet in the parish of Logierait, Athole, and afterwards of Arthurstone, Cupar-Angus.[4]

After 1396, the M'Ays (or some of them, who may have settled at Rothiemurchus) adopted the name of Shaw as a secondary clan name, and were subsequently known as the Shaws of Tordarroch, in Strathdearn, where they migrated in 1468, remaining there for three centuries as wadsetters under Mackintosh, and in time acquiring in heritage the davach of Wester Leys. In 1609, their chief signed the Bond of Union between the various branches of the Clan Chattan confederacy, "for himself and taking the full burden of his

RACE OF CLAN AY,"

showing that the clan had attained the distinction of being recognised as a distinct sept of Clan Chattan. Some of the Tordarroch Shaws moved into Ross-shire about the beginning of the seventeenth century, settling chiefly in the neighbourhood of Tarradale. They signed themselves M'Cay and Mackay, and the M'Cays of the Black Isle are of the same stock. The present representative of Clan Ay is Mr. C. F. H. Shaw-Mackenzie of Newhall, Resolis, Ross-shire.[5]

But who were the Clan Quhewyl mentioned by Wyntoun, or (to use the simpler form of subsequent writers) Clan Quhele? Here again the Act of 1392 comes to our assistance. For it includes "Slurach" (a name which is perpetuated at the present day by the surname "Slorach"), his brothers, "and the whole Clan Quhevil" in the list of persons outlawed for their share in the Angus raid. The leader of Clan Quhele at Perth was one Gilchrist MacIan ("Wyntoun's Christy Johnesone") whose relationship to "Slurach" is uncertain. The Clan Quhele appears as a clan only three times in history, viz.—on the two occasions already

[2] Acts of Parl., vol. 1, c. 33, Supp. 18.

[3] Acts of Parl., vol. 3, p. 467.

[4] Register of the Great Seal (1424-1513, p. 284) 1580-1593, p. 768).

[5] Fraser-Mackintosh's *Minor Septs of Clan Chattan.* The author being apparently at a loss to account for the origin of the clan name (Ay), gives as the progenitor of the MacAys one Adam, son of James, the second Shaw of Rothiemurchus. But the equation of "Adam" with "Ay" is an impossible feat.

noticed, and again in 1594[6], when they figure as "Clan Chewill" (sandwiched between the names of Clan Chattan and Clan Cameron, thus proving their non-identity with either) in a punitive Act of Parliament directed against certain "vickit thevis and lymmaris," of whom a list is given. Thus, on all three occasions, they are represented as a clan who had earned an evil notoriety as law-breakers.

During and after 1594, the clan name appears at intervals in the Privy Council Records of Scotland, as applied to individuals. In 1594 it figures as "MacQueill"; in 1602 as "Queill"; in 1611 as "MacQuilla"; in 1613 and 1624 as "McQuhaillie"; and in 1631 as "MacQueill" and (?) "McWeill"[7] (the last form appears also in the "Chronicle of Fortingall," under dates 1524 and 1542). The origin of the name is certainly not Gaelic, nor, probably, Celtic. It may be Danish (Dan. *Quæle*, to plague or torment, a most appropriate derivation for so turbulent a tribe!), though, in that case, we should hardly look for the *habitat* of the clan in Athole, where, beyond doubt, they were settled. A charter dated 28th February 1603 confirms Alexander Menzies in his possessions, which include the twenty shilling lands of "Nether Mewane" *olim per quondam Donaldum M'Queill occupat.*[8] The modern name of Mewane is Moulin, adjoining the parish of Logierait, where, as we have seen, the MacAys were settled. Thus the two clans were "next-door neighbours," which is quite sufficient to account for their quondam friendship and their subsequent enmity. Both parishes are near the border of the ancient district of Angus, which is another significant fact in relation to the plan formed for weakening their vitality. According to the Black Book of Taymouth, Sir Duncan Campbell, who died in 1631, "conquesit" (acquired), the thirteen merklands of Drumnoquheill and Drumquhassill in Athole,[9] which he gave to his son. The first of these place-names appears to relate to the name of the clan now under discussion.

Who the modern representatives of

THE MACQUEILLS

may be it is difficult to say. The most probable explanation of their disappearance from history is, that, as a clan, they gradually sank into obscurity, and became "broken" and landless men, who, like the proscribed Clan Gregor, took the names of the clans under whose banner they sought protection. Lacking the vitality or the numerical strength of the MacGregors, they were absorbed by their protectors, finally losing their identity, and becoming, as a clan, extinct, though, as we have seen, the name lingered in isolated cases until the 17th century.

It does not fall within the scope of this paper to attempt to reconcile the contradictory traditions of the different branches of Clan Chattan as to the share taken by their ancestors in the Perth fight; but the association of Clan Ay with the Clan Chattan probably accounts for the variance. It may be remarked, also, that Boece calls Clan Quhele Clan Quhete (an error in transcription probably) which may have led Bishop Leslie and many subsequent writers to render the name Clan Quhattan or Chattan. Leslie, however, was the first to correct Bower's statement that the Clan Quhele were the victors (Wyntoun prudently forbore to say which side won), and he mentions that the sturdy smith-saddler of Perth, Scott's 'Hal o' the Wynd,' was the eleventh man on the side of Clan Ay who escaped death. His descendants, in point of fact, are said to be the Gows (Smiths), one of the minor septs of Clan Chattan.

[In my "Short History of the Highlands," I have adopted one of the various conjectures which have been made on the above subject, but in a forthcoming second edition, I propose to make the text correspond with the version set forth above, which, in my opinion, is the correct solution of the mystery.

W. C. M.]

PICTS AND PETS.

DEAR SIR,—By a printer's error which escaped detection, the isle (or peninsula) of *Luchruban*, off the Butt of Lewis, appeared in my paper on this subject as *Lochruban*. The error, insignificant though it seems, quite obscures the meaning of the word, which has no reference to a *Loch*, but is, in point of fact, the equivalent of the *luchrupáin or luchorpáin*, the pigmies of Irish legend who are complementary to the *famhairean* (Fomorians) or giants.

These "pigmy" and "giant" legends contain the kernel of significant ethnologic facts, for they relate to the pre-historic short and tall peoples, minified and magnified respectively by the exaggeration of tradition. Yet it is necessary to discriminate, for the people who were "pigmies" physically were sometimes "giants" as well, in respect of their supposed magical powers.

That the *luchrupáin* of the Celts were a short, pre-Gaelic race (whether Finnic or Iberic, or a blend of both), admits of no reasonable doubt. It would be interesting to know whether any of your Highland readers can supply local "pigmy" traditions. By communicating them to the *Celtic Monthly*, they would be doing a service to Scottish ethnology.—Yours faithfully,

London, E.C., 17th Dec. 1906. W. C. MACKENZIE.

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[6] Acts of Parl., vol. 4, p. 71.

[7] The name Waltus de Whele or Wele appears on record in 1368 ("Rotuli Scot.," vol. 1, p. 925). The nearest modern equivalent of Wyntoun's "Qwhewyl" is "Whewell."

[8] Register of the Great Seal (1593-1608, p. 502).

[9] Black Book of Taymouth, p. 25.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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DECEMBER, 1906.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

September issue completed our Fourteenth Volume, which makes the "Celtic Monthly" one year older than any previous Highland Magazine. Subscriptions for Volume XV. (4/- post free) are now overdue, and should be remitted at once to Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

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BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CELTIC."

Volume XIV. of the *Celtic Monthly* can be had, tastefully bound in cloth, gilt title, for 5s., post free. In the hope that more of our readers may be induced to order the bound volume, which contains only perfect parts, we have decided this year to reduce the price of the complete volume to 5s., post free to any part of the globe. At this cheap price, readers who are in the habit of binding the monthly parts will find it more satisfactory to order instead an attractively bound copy from our office. We can also supply the back volumes from Vol. V. to date at the same low rate, 5s. per vol. To be had from Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr DONALD M'LEOD, ONT., CANADA.—We are obliged to you for your interesting letter, and are delighted to learn that our friend, Mr. John M'Leod, whose rendering of Gaelic songs is perhaps only equalled by that of his talented brother, Mr. Roderick M'Leod of Inverness, has already become such a favourite among the Gaels of Winnipeg and district. We miss him very much in Glasgow. Please convey our hearty greetings to him. Yes, the new edition of "Sar-obair nam bard Gaelach," is in Gaelic, a reprint of the first edition. We have posted you a copy, as desired.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING FROM THE ISLANDS.

By Rev. DUGALD M'ECHERN.

The Ocean glows with gold and fire
While sinks the Hebridean sun;
The Old Year dies: I take my lyre
And sing to thee, beloved one!

To-night the children of the wave
Hold Oidhche Challuinn as of yore,
And every joy that youth can crave
Makes bright the shiels of Arnagore.

Nay! *thou* art absent, Oighrig fair!
Lost Hogmanays I call to mind,—
The snowdrift, and thy yellow hair
Tossed by the Hebridean wind.

A good New Year!—good as the old
Which joined us on this island strand,
Whose glory was not fame nor gold,
But that I held thee by the hand!

Oft by this rolling wave I trace
Thy name. The dunes, the wild sea-grass,
The Ocean,—all have added grace,
Are holy since they saw thee pass.

I loved the old year, for it gave
Thy gracious presence to my sight,
And when the sun with gold did lave
Thy hair, my spirit too was bright.

But when the shaft of sorrow flew
And pierced thy snowy side, it sped
Until it reached my bosom too
And furrowed there as deep a bed.

Like some dear form of loveliness
Enfolded in her shroud of white,
On whose dark lips our kiss we press
Then hide her beauty from the light,

I bury the old year 'neath her snows
For evermore,—not to forget!
The withered leaves of summer's rose
Within the vase are fragrant yet.

From th' ocean fails the gold, the fire,
Sunk is December's latest sun,
A tear is trembling on the lyre!—
Goodnight, goodnight, beloved one!

Isle of Coll.

Mr HUGH NICOL, ONTARIO, CANADA.—A copy of Dr. K. N. Macdonald's splendid "Gesto Collection of Highland Music" has been posted to you, as desired. We trust it will reach you before Christmas, and do duty at a Highland celebration on that evening. We have passed on the verse beginning "Tha bainne aig na caoraich againn" to our friend "Fionn," who will doubtless be able to give some useful information on the subject. We are glad to have the assurance that you enjoy the *Celtic* so much that its contents are "devoured," and that it brings you the "scent of the heather." The heather is the only bloom that will ever scent the pages of the *Celtic Monthly* so long as John Mackay is responsible for the literary fragrance of its contents!

CLAN MACDONALD SOCIETY.—Mr. John Mackay, Editor (*Celtic Monthly*), delivered a Lecture to a large gathering of the Members of this Society on 17th December, on "The MacDonalds of Kintyre and the Massacre of Dunaverty, 1647," for which he received the hearty thanks of the Clan.

THE MACKENZIES OF KINTAIL AND SEAFORTH, 1290-1905.

It will be interesting to readers of the "Celtic," and for natives of Ross-shire scattered over the Colonies, to learn of the recent inauguration of the new up-to-date Sanatorium and Hospital for the County. Through the princely munificence of the present Seaforth and his Lady at Brahan, there is now rising there, an erection, that promises to be one of the greatest blessings and boons that suffering humanity in any district could receive, namely, a fully equipped Sanatorium, for the prevention and cure of consumption which has ever been the scourge and untimely end of many a promising young life in the North.

The generous donors are not only at the sole cost of building and fitting up, but are providing for the future endowment of this institution, which, placed as it is in the centre of the County, and within sight of the home of the Seaforths, there could be no more fitting memorial set up of those ancient chiefs and clan, whose six centuries' connection with the North is historical.

The occasion may therefore serve as a text for a short article in the "Celtic" on the history of the clan MacKenneth. Of the earlier origin of the Kintail MacKenzies, there has, for generations, been some dispute. Many MSS. records by clansmen and others, at different periods during the past 300 years, are extant; there are historical proofs in national records as well as researches by more recent antiquarian experts. For the present article, however, one may be guided by the writings of the well-known clan historian of Inverness, himself an enthusiastic Mackenzie. Dr. Carruthers, of the *Courier*, had been given, some years before his death, the opportunity of going over the records at Brahan. There is also the volume by Sir W. Fraser, the historian, of the Cromartie branch of the clan, so if we start at that much disturbed period in Scottish history, where King Robert the Bruce was known to be aided by the Mackenzies, both at Largs and Bannockburn, it will be sufficient evidence that the name and family under review are quite entitled to be called *ancient*—for, through all the centuries since, many members of the house of Kintail have taken their share in Scottish history and its battles—at Flodden, in the wars of Montrose, in the rebellions of the Stewarts, of the '15 and '45, the Kintail chiefs and their followers were to the front—while at Waterloo, in India, the Crimea and South Africa, members of the family and clan had no small share in the strife. In other walks of adventure, travel and colonisation, the name has also left its impress in distant lands, among the snow and ice of the great North-West—in the plains of India as in the South of Europe at the Crimea, where, on the landing of the Highland Brigade and Seaforths of that day, it was found the MacKenzies had been there before them. In the eastern frontier wars of our own day too, the present Seaforth took no undistinguished part, and now that he has returned with honours to the ancestral home, it is hoped that both he and his will be long spared, and able to serve his country and clan, in a more peaceful way than his ancesters were called on to do.

Without entering, therefore, on the debatable ground as to whether the family took its early rise from the Irish stranger Fitzgerald, who was with Alexander at Largs and the defeat of King Haco of that day, we may assume as more likely that the name was of more local origin, and that there was a connection with the dominant Chiefs of Ross, who then almost reigned in the North, and on whose decline in power and possessions a generation or two afterwards, the MacKenzies of Kintail took their place and possessed the County, including the Island of Lews, from the Atlantic to the Moray Firth.

I. Coinneach (Kenneth) was known to be the son of Angus, and connected with the Earl of Ross, he died in 1303, succeeded by his son.

II. Ian MacKenneth, the first who adopted the patronymic of MacKenzie, died in 1328, and was succeeded by his son.

III. Coinneach, known in the North as "Kenneth of the Nose" (*Na Sroine*), his face displaying an unusual protuberance, was killed in local skirmishes with the Earl of Ross, and was succeeded by his son.

IV. Murchadh Dubh, or "Black Murdo of the Cave," who, when a youth, was sent out of the way of his family foes—the Earls of Ross. On his attaining age he could hold his own, and by his boldness and daring recovered some of the possessions in Gairloch and Lochbroom, which, in his father's time, were lost. He was established as Chief in Kintail, and acknowledged in his rights by the King, Robert II.; he died in comparative peace in 1375, and was succeeded by his son,

V. Murchadh Na Drochaid, or "Murdo of the Bridge," this name being got from an accident happening to his mother before his birth. He got his first Charter from the Crown, was present at the famous battle of Otterburn, and enjoyed security from the local raids in the Castle of Island-Donan; he died in 1375, succeeded by his only son.

VI. Alastair Ionraic, "the Just," was looked on by the now-spreading clan as the best of his race. His prudence and sagacity kept him from the frequent battles and feuds of the Lord of the Isles. He met King James at Inverness, and was further established in possessions and lands

formerly held by the Earls of Ross. From him descended the Gairloch branch—he came to reside in the low country, died there in 1488, was buried in the Priory at Beauly, and succeeded by his son,

VII. COINNEACH A "BHLAIR." This name was given him for his prowess and victory in the Battle of Park, between the MacKenzies and MacDonalds of the Isles, Kintail being married to a daughter of that house, whom he very unceremoniously sent home, out of which incident this bloody battle was fought almost within sight of the then residence of Kintail at Strathpeffer. He appears to have been a favourite of the King, James the IV., by whom he was knighted, and by his second marriage had sons, from whom many of the branches of the county MacKenzies have sprung. His death is fixed about 1491, having been Chief for a very few years, and was succeeded by his son.

VIII. COINNEACH OG was taken prisoner with some others to Edinburgh, from which two of them escaped, but he was killed by accident in 1497; and was succeeded by his half-brother,

IX. JOHN OF KILLIN, the first of the family not succeeding in direct descent. His title was for a time disputed by his uncle, of Gairloch, "Hector Roy." Both Kintail and Gairloch were present with the King on the fatal field of Flodden, where many of the clan fell. He appears to be a great favourite of King James, as well as a Councillor of Queen Mary. He died in peace after a long life of strife, and was succeeded by his only son,

X. COINNEACH NA CUIRC, who appears to have led a more peaceful life than his forebears, but by marriage and otherwise added to the possessions and powers of the family. He seems to have been also favoured by Queen Mary, whom he attended at Inverness. He took the distinctive name of "Na Cuirc" or "Skian Dubh" from his aptitude at carving with the knife and other tools; he died in 1568, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

XI. CAILEAN CAM, or "One-eyed Colin"; he also became a special favourite with the young King, James the VI., who wished to give him a title, which was declined, but the King gave grants of many additional possessions. There were many local feuds and skirmishes, and much bloodshed with the Munros and MacDonalds of Glengarry. He died in 1594, and was succeeded by his son.

XII. KENNETH, first Lord MacKenzie of Kintail. The King gave the title along with considerable rights over the Island of Lews. This island then become a constant source of war and bloodshed with Glengarry and others; he died young in 1611, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son.

XIII. COLIN RUADH, second Lord of Kintail, was a minor at the death of his father; his uncle, the redoubtable Sir Rorie of Coigach, was appointed tutor to Lord Colin. This Sir Rorie was the first of the Cromartie branch, and proved a firm and strict trustee over the extensive territories of the Lord of Kintail, including the Lews, which was now peacefully secured to the MacKenzies. After many bloody conflicts with Glengarry and loss of his lands in Ross, peace was declared between Kintail and the MacDonalds. Lord Colin was also a favourite of King James, who raised him to the peerage as Earl of Seaforth and Viscount Fortrose. He lived at Fortrose in great state, built the Castle of Brahan, since the residence of the family. He died in 1633, and was succeeded by his brother,

XIV. GEORGE, second Earl of Seaforth, who fell on very troubled times; personally, he was a friend of Charles I., whose efforts to crush the Scottish Church were frustrated by the wars of Montrose and the Covenanters. Seaforth wished to be on the winning side; he was on the one side at Inverlochy and on the other in Morayshire. Both his strong castles at Brahan and Island-Donan were seized, and he was compelled to retire to the exiled Court of Charles II. at Holland, where he died, 1561, succeeded by his eldest son,

XV. KENNETH MOR as third Earl of Seaforth. He was educated in Kintail, and like his father stuck to the fortunes of Charles. Seaforth was engaged at Dunbar and Worcester, where Cromwell defeated the Stewarts. He was imprisoned for many years until the restoration of the King, with whom he continued to be a great favourite, and was made High Sheriff and Commissioner for Ross. While on a visit to Paris his Countess was left in charge of the Clan at Fortrose, and the incident of the murder of the "Brahan Seer," under the lady's order, took place, which gave rise to the prediction of the fate of the family, thought to be so literally fulfilled on the death of the last direct Chief in 1815. The Earl died in 1678, and was succeeded by his son,

XVI. KENNETH OG as fourth Earl. He also stuck to the fortunes of Charles II.; was present at the Battle of the Boyne, returned to the Highlands, where, after promise of submission, not kept, he was sent prisoner to Edinburgh, released and again imprisoned; on liberation he retired to France, died in Paris, 1701; succeeded by his only son.

XVII. WILLIAM, fifth Earl, better known as William Dubh. At first he lived abroad, but joined the rising, led by the Earl of Mar, in favour of the Stewarts. He was present with

the Clan at the Battle of Sheriffmuir, followed James II. into exile, his title was attainted and estates forfeited, but was again in action with the Clan at Glenshiel in 1719, and after defeat escaped, even though it is said the celebrated Rob Roy was engaged in his capture. While in exile his Clan and people dealt faithfully by their Chief, and refusing to pay their rents and dues to the Government officials, they transmitted money regularly through the well-known adherent, Col. Donald Murchison, who made frequent journeys from Kintail to their Chief. Earl William was finally pardoned and returned home; died in peace in 1740, and was succeeded by his son.

XVIII. KENNETH, known as Lord Fortrose, a minor title of the family. He also fell on troubled times, and though retaining the Jacobite proclivities of the family, was more cautious, because less powerful than his immediate predecessors. He came a good deal under the eye of the well-known President Forbes, and while friends of the Clan, and even his lady were keen adherents of Prince Charlie, Seaforth kept out of active personal adherence, and was thus saved from the fate of some of his neighbours and clansmen, after the end at Culloden. He died in London in 1761, was buried in Westminster Abbey, and succeeded by his only son.

XIX. KENNETH, known best from his small stature as the "Little Lord." Owing to his father's loyalty after Culloden, George III. gave successive grants of title, created him in 1771 Earl of Seaforth, and to show his gratitude the Chief offered to raise a regiment for service among his own clan and people; especially numerous in it were the faithful MacRaes of Kintail; this first Ross-shire regiment was nearly 1000 strong, and led by their devoted Chief, departed for India; he died, to their great grief, on the voyage in 1771; having no male issue the line of George, second Earl, thus became extinct, and Earl Kenneth was succeeded as Chief by his cousin.

XX. COLONEL THOMAS MACKENZIE HUMBERSTON, who, by conveyance, previous to the death of his predecessor, succeeded to the estates and the command of the 78th, but not to the title, which became extinct. Col. Thomas only lived as Chief for a short period; he was killed at an early age in the Indian Wars, and, being unmarried, was succeeded by his only brother.

XXI. FRANCIS HUMBERSTON MACKENZIE, who was raised to the peerage as Lord Seaforth and Kintail. A man of remarkable character and ability, he, from early youth, suffered the great loss of hearing and almost of speech, as the consequence of an attack of fever. He was, however, elected to represent his County in Parliament, and, in other capacities, gave much service to the Government in the West Indies and elsewhere. He undertook among his people to raise another regiment, the officers in which were almost all kinsmen and of the Clan. A great patron of art and science, he gave aid in money and influence to rising men, both Sir Thomas Lawrence and West, Presidents of the Royal Academy, being among them, and their work is still represented among the pictures in the collection at Brahan. By none were Lord Seaforth's talents recognised more than by Sir Walter Scott, whose "Lament" for the last of the "Chiefs of Kintail," is almost a classic in Scotland, while his reference to the sad loss of the four promising sons of the Chief, is no less touching, recalling the very singular predictions of "Kenneth the Seer," already alluded to in these notes. Lord Seaforth died in Edinburgh in 1815; was succeeded in the estates by his daughter,

XXII. THE HON. MARY F. E., then the youthful widow of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, and on her way home from India; Lady Hood held a high place in social and literary life before going abroad, and few ladies were so fitted to fill the place she had to occupy on her return, as head and representative of a great Clan; she married a cadet of the House of Galloway, who assumed the Clan name and served his country in civil life, both at home and abroad; he died in 1843, and the lady in 1862, succeeded by her son,

XXIII. KEITH WM. STEWART MACKENZIE. In early life he served in the army, and was for a long period Convener of his native County; died in 1881, and succeeded by his only son,

XXIV. Col. J. A. F. STEWART MACKENZIE, the present head of the House, whose distinguished military career in India it is quite unnecessary to refer to, but the hope may be again expressed, that a long life of usefulness lies before him in the peace and quiet of his native County, and the home of his ancestors.

Trans Solway, Dec., 1906. A. B.

MR. WALTER MACNICOL, VICTORIA.—Thanks for five years' subscription to the *Celtic*. Although "getting near the seventies," we trust you will live to renew your subscription on, let us say, other six similar occasions. We are cheered by your kind references to the magazine, and take the liberty of quoting two sentences: "Accept my compliments for the excellent way in which you maintain the reputation of the dear old *Celtic*. I always look forward with pleasure to its coming, and although I have unfortunately forgot the Gaelic, and cannot read the effusions in that language (to my great loss I admit), still I enjoy the magazine immensely, and am always glad when it comes to hand." Editors are only human after all, and friendly messages such as these are a great encouragement in carrying on, at considerable sacrifice, a purely patriotic work.

JOHN MACDONALD, THE LOCHABER BARD.

By Rev. Allan Sinclair.

(*Continued from page 27.*)

From Invergarry, John and his men wended their way to Inverness, by the direction of Lord Macdonnell, who would have their action endorsed by magisterial approval. A local tradition records an anecdote of this journey, illustrative of the stern satirical character of our poet. The man who carried the creel with the heads, on arrival at the Inn of Cluanmore, in Glen-Urquhart, threw it carelessly off, whereupon there was a rattling of the heads. John exclaimed on hearing it "*Ud! ud! nach còrd sibh! nach còrd sibh! 's gur cloinn chàirdean sibh!* (What! won't you agree—won't you agree, you being so near akin?)—a saying that passed into a proverb among Highlanders. "*Mar a thuirt Iain Manndach ris na cinn, nach còrd sibh, 's gur cloinn chàirdean sibh!*"

The restoration of the Stuart dynasty in the person of Charles II. was the realisation of the bard's dearest wishes. He schemed for it; he fought for it; he sang for it, and now that it is an accomplished fact, he is jubilant over it:—

Bho 'n bha sheanns oirnn a chluinntinn,
Ged bu teann a bha chuing oirnn,
Gu'n do thionndaidh a chuibhle mar b'àill leinn.

The event assured to him his small, but to him valuable Laureate emoluments, which, during his subsequent expatriation by the murderers of his chieftain kinsmen, were his sole reliable support. It also relieved him from the toil, dangers, and anxieties of the campaigning life which he constantly lived during the unsettled years that preceded the Restoration. On various grounds the event was a bright spot in the life of our bard. Accordingly, the Revolution of 1688, so fatal to his favourite dynasty, brought into play afresh all the old energy both in action and song. In his poem on William and Mary we have all the former fire—the old bitter, biting, indignant sally and satire in full play. William he compares to the recreant Absolom, and anticipates for him a similar fate, the wish, no doubt, being father to the thought:—

Bha mac aig Righ Daibhidh
'S bu deas àill air ceann sluaigh e.
Chaidh e 'n aghaidh an athair
Am fear is measa ga bhuaireadh.
'Nuair a sgaoileadh am blàr ud.
Thug Dia pàigheadh a dhuais dha.
'S o'n bu dhroch dhuine chloinn' e,
Chroch a choill' air a' ghruaig e.

Accordingly, when in 1689 Viscount Dundee took the field in behoof of the fallen dynasty he found in John Lom one of the most active and enthusiastic coadjutors. All his powers of persuasion and his talent for song were now, as ever, exerted in the cause, and advanced in years as he must have been, he accompanied the Lochaber men to the field of Killiecrankie—Rinrory, as the Highlanders say. Their march, their successive encampments, and their prowess in the field are given by him in his best style in his "Latha Raonruaraidh." The fall of Dundee he laments in tender, tearful strains, foreseeing, as by a sort of inspiration, the disastrous consequences to the cause he had so much at heart:—

Ceannard an àigh, gu'n do thuit thu 'sa bhlàr,
'S bu sgathach do laimh gus an d' thainig an uair,
'S e do bhàs a Dhundé, dh'fhag mis' fo throm lighe,
Chuir toll no mo chridhe, 's dh'fhag snigh'air mo ghruaidh.
Bu bheag airson d'éiric, na thuit de na béisdean,
An cogadh Righ Seumas ge d' dh'éirich leinn buaidh;
Ach sgabadh nan cuileag, air muinntir Righ Uilleam,
Tha sinne fo mhulad, ge d' chuir sinn iad uainn.

In another song, commemorative of the same action, he describes both the manner and the time of Dundee's death. The common account is that Claverhouse fell at the close of the battle; that the fatal bullet struck him under the arm as he waved it to urge forward a division of cavalry to complete the rout. John Macdonald's account reverses all this; and present as he personally was, and therefore conversant with the events of the day, we must give great weight to his testimony. According to him, Claverhouse fell at the commencement of the action, not at the close of it:—

A shàr Chlabhars nan each,
Bu cheann-feadhn' thu air feachd,
Mu chreach leir "an tùs gleachd" mar dh' éirich dhuit.

As we see from the next stanza, he was struck, not under the arm, but in the pelvis, when, as tradition says—to use the modest language of Scripture—he was, like Saul in the cave, "covering his feet." In this posture, which the exigencies of the moment compelled him to assume, the lower part of the body was necessarily divested of his proof armour, and the fatal bullet did its work. So says our poet:—

Bu lasair theine dhoibh d' fhearg,
Gus an d'éirich mi-shealbh,
Bhuail am peileir fo "earball t-éididh thu."

The tradition that his body was stripped and left naked on the battlefield is also corroborated by the following stanza of the same song:—

Bu mhor cosgradh do làmh
Fo aon chloguide bàr.
S do chorp "nochduidh geal bàn gun eideadh air."

If we then accept the testimony of our bard, the story that he was buried in Athole vault in full armour is a supposition, or an invention of partisanship, to hide the truth as to the fate of his remains. We are not to suppose that all the soldiers and camp followers even of his own

army knew him so as to recognise him among the dead. There is, therefore, great probability in the averment that Claverhouse was stripped of his raiment and armour by the hovering harpies of this well-fought field, and that his remains were consigned to the dust with those of the common soldiers of both armies.

The fate of his wife, who survived him, is somewhat singular, and is as follows—She was the daughter of William, son and heir of William, Earl of Dundonell. After the death of Claverhouse she married Viscount Kilsyth, like her first husband, a strong partisan of the House of Stuart. Subsequent to the defeat of Sheriffmuir they fled to Holland, where two years after (1717) she and her infant son were smothered by the falling of a roof. Their remains were embalmed, sent to Scotland, and buried in the family vault at Kilsyth, where, strangely enough, they were accidently discovered within recent years in a state of perfect preservation. Students from the University of Glasgow, actuated by curiosity, opened the vault, long out of use for burying purposes. One of them, seeing a coffin with Lady Kilsyth's name and the date of her death, removed the decayed wooden lid, and on lifting the leaden covering underneath, found her body and that of her child as entire as the day they were entombed. "Every feature," says Dr. Rennie, "nay, the very shroud is as clean and fresh and ribbons as bright as the day they were laid in their coffin. It would not be easy for a stranger to distinguish with his eye whether Lady Kilsyth was dead or alive."

Of the history of our poet subsequent to the Killiecrankie campaign we know but very little, either from tradition or from the productions of his muse, though we may rest assured he moved on the old lines, and was energetic and loyal as ever in behoof of his favourite dynasty. His elegy on the death of the chief, Alastair Dubh Macdonnell of Glengarry, shows that he survived the battle of Killiecrankie twenty-five years. Alastair Dubh of Glengarry fought at Sheriffmuir, and lived for some time thereafter, so that John Lom must have died at an advanced time of life; in all probability when he was over a hundred years of age. When he began life James sat upon the Throne of England, and when he departed this life George I. reigned, so, besides Cromwell, he lived long enough to see seven monarchs swaying the sceptre, and the last of the seven, the representative of the dynasty, destined permanently to supplant that which it was his life-long effort and wish to consolidate.

Although, as we see from several of his productions, John Lom was capable of powerful emotion, yet his poetry is not the poetry either of feeling or pathos. His muse was exerted almost exclusively for political and warrior ends, which accounts for, if it does not excuse, a certain element of savagery which pervades some of his productions, as "An Ciaran Mabach" and "Latha Innerlochaidh." Nor does he appear to have studied euphony, nor are his measures always exact, unless we are to suppose them affected in the course of oral transmission, which is quite possible. But for command of language, vivid, graphic description, power of satire or praise, as suited his purpose, few of our Highland poets have equalled him. His poetry also shows extensive knowledge of history, politics, and Scripture, and as is seen from his song against the Union, he was not only conversant with politics in general, but even with the individual opinions and proclivities of the actors in the drama of his time. How he acquired such information, living as he did in a remote locality, is a marvel. It shows, however, what can be done by a master mind, under even unfavourable circumstances.

He was married and had a family. One of his sons inherited a considerable measure of his father's poetical talent. The Keppoch family, of which he was a cadet, were notable for their bardic gifts. "Gilleasba na Ceapaich" and "Colla na Ceapaich" were bards as well as chiefs. Julia of Keppoch (Sile Ni-mhic-Raonuill) was a poetess not much inferior to John Lom himself. He is buried in Tom Aingil, in Brae-Lochaber, where, until lately, the people showed his grave to the curious.

Na shineadh an sud fo na pluic,
Tha gaol an Leomhainn 's fuath an Tuirc.

The late Dr. Fraser-Mackintosh erected a handsome monument over the remains of the bard.

[THE END.]

THE LIVINGSTONES OF MORVEN.—There has recently passed away in Glasgow one who might be regarded as an historic link with the past. We refer to Miss Christina Stewart Livingstone, a native of Barr, Morven. Along with her brother, Robert, and a sister, both since dead, the deceased came to Glasgow some fifteen years ago. She was a second cousin of Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller; and no one saw her brother but remarked his striking resemblance to his illustrious relative. Miss Livingstone, who was over eighty years of age, was also a great granddaughter of "Dòmhnull Molach," who saved the banner of the Stewarts of Appin, at Culloden, by wrapping it round his body. A picture of the ancient banner, and an account of the life of "Donald of the Bratach," and his exploit in carrying it from the Field of Culloden, appeared in a recent volume of the *Celtic Monthly*. The banner was exhibited at the first gathering of the Clan Stewart in Glasgow. Miss Livingstone was buried in her native parish, and with her has passed away the last of the ancient Livingstones of Morven.

CHIEFTAINSHIP AND THE CLANS.

By Wm. J. Thomas.

(Continued from page 217, Vol. XIV.)

The prowess of the Scottish Pict as a warrior overshadowed that of the Irishman as a saint. From an early date we find him occupying a prominent place, accorded to him for the brilliant intensity of his sanguinary talents. It may be that the dawn of history sheds the feeblest of rays on the economic conditions under which the common people laboured, but on the Pict himself, the reflected lustre is sufficiently clear whereby to denotate, with some degree of accuracy of outline, the silhouette of his civilisation. So far as known, the Pict was never an ignoble factor in shaping the destinies of the Scottish nation; his martial energies gained for him a distant respect at times when his intellectual talents would have failed. Hence the capacity he showed for war and his success in battle can have been due solely to the existence of a cohesive group larger and more powerful than the Fir Bolgian village-community. The basis of Pictish society must have been the tribe.

Of his ability to teach the art of warfare from its theoretical as well as practical side, there is abundant testimony. In the olden time it was part of the Irish nobleman's education to study the science of soldiership (*suithi inmilti*) under Pictish tuition, for Scotland was famed then as now for producing a particular breed of Pictish military and literary warriors whose equals were not to be found elsewhere. Excluding the great Cuchullin or Ferdiadh who studied in Skye, there were others known to fame who, like Brian, went oversea and learnt the art of warfare with such a hero as Senoll, son of Onga, in the north of Alba, till they became leaders in every art of valour and prowess (*Aided Crimthend*). In *Mag Mucrime*, it is the heroic Scottish Picts who inspire the Irish Gaels at a critical moment with their own more martial instincts. "The foot of the Gael was tied to the foot of the Pict so that the Gael might not run away." Again, in *Táin bó Fraech*, they appear as dauntless freebooters with no moral will to control their innate longings after the property of others. Says Fraech's mother: "Not fortunate is thy journey. It will cause great harm to thee. Thy cows have been stolen with thy three sons and thy wife, and are at the Range of the Alps (in Scotland); three of them are in northern Albin with the Picts." "But tell me what I shall do," said Fraech. "Thou shalt not go to look for them," says she. "Thou wilt not give thy life for them; thou shalt have other cows from me." Likewise in the Vita S. Wilfridi, they are courteously criticised as "the bestial people of the Picts who, with a ferocious mind, despised the subjection of the Saxons, and threatened to cast off them the yoke of slavery." Gildas and his contemporaries have also little to say of a complimentary nature about the Scots or Picts. Too many "doleful expostulations" had to be sent to the Romans, and later the Saxons, to allow of any Briton taking a charitable view of his wild northern neighbours, and consequently the Pict and the Scot were defamed in everything save warlike ferocity. Welsh opinion of the Picts was not elevated in tone. "Of the Gwyddelion Picts there shall be five chieftains of the character of evil-doers and of a murderous generation:"—

> "Pump pennaeth dymbi
> O Wyddyl Fichti;
> O bechadur cadeithi,
> O genedyl ysgi." (W. Arch. Myvyr.)

Another authority, Sir John Prise, garrulously writes: "The Irish Picts, which the Brytains called Y Gwydhyl Phictiaid, did overrunne the ile of Môn (Anglesey), and were driven thence by Caswalhon Llawhêr, that is, Caswalhon with the long hand, who slew Serigi their king with his owne hands at Lhan y Gwydhyl, which is the Irish church at Holihead." Finally, taking a representative classical writer like Dio Cassius to round the quotations, we are told they dwelt in waterless (?) wastes, having neither forts nor cities; in short, they were a race of shepherds, hunters and warriors with no inclination to live by the cultivation of the soil and the fruits of settled industry.

Considered, therefore, from the standpoint of Indo-Fir-Bolgian economics, the power which the Picts so long and successfully asserted over a large part of the country, was due to the flourishing of the tribal régime among them. Hunting and fighting being their chief end in life, it follows they had no system of agriculture and consequently no village-community. Concomitantly they were a flesh—and not grain—eating race. The tribe alone was the binding unit of Pictish society, and, as the tribal economy never possesses a fixed domicile, it is natural to believe that with the appearance in early Scotland of the Pictish tribe, the Pictish pastoral shieling would simultaneously have come into being. Of this there is linguistic evidence in Ross-shire at the present day, the place-name of *Airidh nan Cruithneachd* showing indisputably the former existence there of some Pictish tribe and Pictish shieling. Concluding, therefore, the economic argument, we would adjudge the Scottish Pict to have belonged to a civilisation which was in the advanced tribal stage of society, and not to the previously ubiquitous village system. And, as the Celts are known to

have reached the tribal stage in Gaul before they landed in England and spread over these countries, the Pictish tribe must have been an off-shoot from a larger Celtic civilisation. The Pict was therefore a genuine Celt with a genuine Celtic civilisation, and must also have spoken a language having Celtic affinities only.

Dealing with the philological argument, we assumed with the noted Pictish and "non-Aryan" scholars that the Picts were "pre-Aryans"; that is, their language we would require to classify under one of two great linguistic groups into which the languages and dialects of Neolithic and sub-Neolithic Britain are divided: *Indo-Silurian* (Basque-Kolarian), and the later (and more important group as regards Celtic history and antiquities in Great Britain), *Indo-Fir-Bolgian* (Dravido-Bantu). As Prof. Rhys. has felicitously shown: "the non-Aryan origin of the Picts is warranted by facts of another nature, namely, those of speech, but the question is rendered philologically difficult (!) by the scantiness of the remains of the Pictish language." The remains referred to are, in reality, more than sufficient to determine the place of the Pictish language and its non-relationship with the preceding groups; nevertheless, the onus is left with the Pictish critic to decide from the following examples under which group he will place them. If they are the proverbial "dwarves, fairies," and other queer humanities who built the great mounds, "Pictish" brochs and stone-circles, their language will naturally fall under the Indo-Silurian division; while, if considered historically, as part of the Indo-African intrusion from Spain, it will fall under the Indo-Fir-Bolgian division. The examples adduced are selected for their absolute consonantal accuracy, and for the huge extent of their territorial range. They require no question marks after them to lend their doubtful support, and are merely a few of the first-fruits of the laws of Indo-Fir Bolgian Comparative Philology, to which the present essay is one of a modest series of forerunners. We would therefore recommend that the usual Celtic philological custom be not observed here, If a word begins with a vowel, to prefix a P and prove the word Aryan, or suffix a P and prove it Pictish, may be appreciated as typical Celtic humour, but not as scientific criticism. Some, at least superficial, knowledge of Dravido-Bantu and Kolarian languages and dialects is essential for the linguistics of Neolithic Europe, and along with a general acquaintance with savage languages for semasiological purposes, will complete the scientists' equipment for the anthropological, ethnological, historical, and theological criticism of ancient and modern Anglo-Celtic texts and logical diversions.

The Picts spoke a pre-Aryan language, which we assumed to belong to the Indo-Fir-Bolgian group; excluding therefore, the more important grammatical considerations, their vocabulary requires to contain the following philological bases:—Kēryū (Ind. Sil., pōla), *white*; kâma (Ind. Sil., mērta), *iron*; bētt (I. Sil., ânta), *goat*; kœlœ (I. Sil., Bōrē), *hill-summit*; pē (I. Sil., aitha), *cliff, rock*; mârâ, *forest* (I. Sil., ēbu, *pine-tree forest*); kâ (Ind. Sil., ērū), (a) *people*, (b) *village*, as in Glaschu or Deschu ("Southern Dog!"), Sorcha, Auld Reekie, and a few thousands of others (Pict, "pet," *farm*); âvu, *mother*; âlph, (a) *corn*, (b) *rent* (dial., olph, elph and ulph); ânâ, *torrent of water*; âtī, *sky*; bâ, *place, locality*; bœta, *great*; bēlē, *royal, sacred*; kânâ, *meadow*; kâncâ, *ravine, defile*; kând, *black ant*; kētu, *field*; kētt, *dog*; kētân, *little*; kâvân, *monkey*; ĕnkū, *house*; ænæ, *district*; lūnth, *pillar*; mūnth, *eye*; lâlæ, *fire* (Pict, iod); lârâ, *pond, lakelet*; jūvâ, *salt*; nāel, *black*; mūlâ, *a plain*; phâze, *new*; sinu, *red*; sīlu, *cold*; ūsâ, *full of, abounding in*, common in Mediterranean island-names, used adjectively like the Ptolemaic island-names of the West Highlands, with the exceptions of Ilouâ (*Islay*, equal to fr. *root* pī *to drink*!) and Iouâ (*Iona*, equal to Lat. *pius*!).

(*To be continued.*)

SCOTTISH HISTORY IN OUR SCHOOLS.

Urgent Need of Reform.

IN 1904, when the Convention of Royal Burghs was about to meet, the attention of its Preses, the Rt. Hon. the Lord Provost of Edinburgh (Sir Robert Cranston), was called by the Scottish Patriotic Association to the gross abuse of our National Names in many of the books used in our Public Schools, and to the wide-spread need for having Scottish history taught more thoroughly, as well as taught from fair and accurate text-books. The Preses, on examining the proof laid before him, felt that the case justified, and indeed looked for, immediate action. He accordingly brought it before the Convention; and moved the appointment of a Committee to look thoroughly into the matter and report. He said that a great many books published in London had been coming into use in Scottish schools, in which the words "England" and "English" were used instead of "Britain" and "British." School Boards should insist on having the term "British" used where it ought to be "British," and should exclude books where this rule was not attended to. They were not going to have Scotland wiped off the map. The motion was adopted by a unanimous vote of the Convention. In the year following, the Committee presented the

results of its investigation, which were so startling, that it was decided to make a strong Representation on the subject to the Scottish Educational Department. A representation was accordingly prepared and forwarded by the Agents of the Convention to the Marquess of Linlithgow, K.T., Secretary for Scotland, and Vice-President of the Department, with the following preamble :—

"At last Annual Meeting of Convention the use of certain objectionable History Books in the Public Schools of Scotland was under consideration; and, after discussion, it was resolved to make the present Representation to your Lordship, urging that steps be taken to see that, in School History Books, dealing with British History prior to the Union of the Crowns of Scotland and England, a more adequate and accurate presentation be given of the important events in Scottish History; that these events should be presented from an authentic Scottish standpoint; and that, in books relating to British History after the Union, the words "British" and "Britain," not "English" and "England," be used whenever the United Kingdom or its affairs are referred to.

OBJECTIONABLE SCHOOL BOOKS.

"The Convention, after careful inquiry, begs respectfully to submit the following Representation :

I.

With regard to our National Names, although historical accuracy and the express terms of the Treaty of Union between Scotland and England require that the United Kingdom shall be called by its united name, this provision is, in many of the History Books used in Scottish Schools, disregarded. Great Britain is called "England"; the British Throne is called the "English Throne"; the British Flag is called the "English Flag"; the Imperial Government, the Parliament, the Ambassadors and Consuls, the Currency, the Army, Navy, etc., all of which are British, not English, are yet described as English. Scotsmen, too, whose heroism or genius has shed lustre on the land of their birth are called "English," with similar inaccuracy and impropriety. The famous Scottish Explorer, David Livingstone, is called an Englishman; James Watt and Adam Smith are called Englishmen; Sir Ralph Abercrombie and Sir John Moore are described as English Commanders; and the 93rd Highlanders as "English Troops."

These flagrant errors, inexcusable in School Histories, are not mere casual slips. In a number of the books examined by the Convention Committee they are offensively repeated again and again. In "Nelson's History of England," Royal School Series, 132 such errors occur within 51 pages; in the "Oxford and Cambridge History" 112 occur in 35 pages; in "Ransome's History" 234 occur within 92 pages. In "Oman's History of England," published by Arnold, and within 235 pages, similar errors are found to the number of 658; while in the "Britannia History Readers" the wrong terms occur nine times in a single page—page 176 in Book II.—where the accurate terms are not to be found even once. These books are all in use in Scottish Schools, and are representative of many more.

II.

In most of these books, the proper terms "Britain" and "British" are more or less frequently used concurrently with the objectionable ones. But School Histories ought to be accurate, and it is discreditable that they should ever be found misusing the national names. Still worse is it to have this misuse repeated so constantly that scholars become more familiar with the improper terms than with the right ones, insensibly acquiring from this misuse the false notions of their country's constitutional position in relation to England, or South Britain, which these misused terms suggest. None of these school-books confound Prussia with Germany; why should they confound England with Britain?

III.

The treatment given in many of these books to the express stipulation in the Treaty of Union with regard to the name of the United Kingdom, calls for special attention. A fact of such importance in the history both of England and Scotland as the fact that when the Union took place England ceased to be an independent kingdom and merged along with Scotland into a new kingdom under the name, not of England but of Great Britain, is a fact which the history books should bring out clearly before the minds of the scholars. If this were done, it would let scholars see why the terms "Britain" and "British" are afterwards used; and would also let them see that these terms should be used, not occasionally but always, when the United Kingdom, and not England alone, is referred to. Instead of this being done, the Article prescribing the united name for the United Kingdom—which is the very first Article in the Treaty—is, in several of the books objected to, deliberately kept out of sight, even when other Articles in the Treaty are specified. In some of the other books which do refer to the first Article, the reference is no sooner made than the obligation which that Article carries with it is treated with indifference. More than one of these books, indeed, begin to call the United Kingdom "England" in the very page which states, as one of the terms of union, that it has henceforth to be called not "England" but "Great Britain." Thus the false idea is conveyed to the scholar's mind that England remained a kingdom after 1707, into which Scotland merged.

IV.

This false impression is deepened by the fact that while the history of Scotland is made to terminate with the Union, that of England, which should terminate at the same point, is, in many of these books, carried on without change of name, and made to include the whole history of the United Kingdom and the British Empire to the present day. Thus the scholar is led to believe that Scotland at the Union became a part of England, instead of being correctly taught that the separate history of England as well as of Scotland came to an end with the Union, and that the history that follows is neither a history of England nor a history of Scotland, but a history of the United Kingdom and the British Empire.

V.

Even when a proper title, such as "British History," is given to a book professing to give the history of Scotland as well as England, Scotland, in the case of the books objected to, receives neither fair nor adequate treatment. It is looked at from a purely English standpoint; its history is dealt with in a casual and fragmentary way; and is referred to mainly where, and mainly because—as with the War of Independence—it affected the contemporary history of England. Great events in Scotland's history, such as the Reformation and the Covenanting struggle—event of world-

wide influence—are, if not ignored, touched upon in a perfunctory and biassed manner. The "making of England" bulks everywhere; the making of Scotland nowhere. The history that attracted the attention and won the admiration of the world is shorn of its greatness and dignity; its honours, by being described as "English," are taken from Scotland to add to the glory of another country to which they do not belong; and Scotland's history, thus belittled, is made to appear as a mere series of episodes in the history of England.

Thus, through many of the books from which our young people should be learning the history of their country, they are receiving defective and inaccurate views of it; and are being thus deprived of the inspiration and power that a true history of Scotland is fitted to give, and that did so much to make the Scottish people what they are.

"In view of these important facts the Convention, representing over 2,923,000 people, being upwards of two-thirds of the entire population of Scotland, appeals to the Scottish Education Department to secure, in the teaching of history in Scottish Schools, fuller justice to Scotland and to historic truth.

"The Convention respectfully craves the Department that it instruct School Boards throughout the country that in the teaching of history only books chosen from amongst those that are free from the defects and errors above mentioned, be used in the Board Schools of Scotland.

Signed and Sealed on behalf of the Convention by

ROBERT CRANSTON, KT.,
Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Preses of Convention.

Edinburgh, 19th July, 1905."

In due time the Agents of the Convention received the following important reply from the Secretary of the Scottish Education Department:—

Scottish Education Department,
London, 4th August, 1905.

Gentlemen,—Adverting to your letter of the 19th ultimo, addressed to the Secretary for Scotland, I am directed to state that my Lords are in agreement with the views expressed in the Representation that it is matter for regret, in the interests of historical accuracy, that errors such as those to which attention is called should be of not infrequent occurrence in several of the school books at present in use in Scotland. In particular they regret that the facts relating to the Treaty of Union and its effects, as set forth in sections 3 and 4 of your Representation, should not be accurately stated.

In view of the importance of the matter, my Lords propose to direct their Inspectors to make special inquiry as to the treatment accorded to these national questions in the text-books, which they find to be actually in use in schools, and where, without raising pedantic questions, they find such treatment to be either inaccurate or seriously inadequate, to report the circumstances to their Lordships for their further consideration.

As, however, the selection of school-books is primarily a matter for the local educational authority, I am to take this opportunity of suggesting to the members of the Convention of Royal Burghs that it may be well that they should themselves communicate directly either with the Scottish school authorities or with the publishers of historical text-books as a matter in which they are so warmly interested.

My Lords will be glad to be favoured with additional copies of the Representation (50 in number) if you can find it convenient to supply them.—I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

(Signed) J. STRUTHERS.

It will be seen from this reply how much the rectification of the serious abuses set forth in the Representation depends upon action being taken by the School Boards.

The Scottish Education Department, however, took action itself not only in issuing instructions to the Inspectors, but further, in sending to the English Board of Education a communication on the subject, in which the following paragraph occurs:—

As there is reason to believe that many of the text-books referred to are in use in schools in England, his Lordship (the Scottish Secretary) would be glad if the Board of Education can see their way to take the matter into consideration and give such instructions as they may see fit, with a view to securing, in the text-books in common use in schools under the jurisdiction of the Board, reasonable accuracy of expression in matters which concern the history of Scotland and the relation of that country to England.

To this the following reply was received:—

Board of Education,
Whitehall,
London, S.W., 17th August, 1905.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Struthers' letter of the 8th instant, I am directed to state that the Board are in general agreement with the views expressed in their Lordships' reply of August 4th to the Convention of Royal Burghs of Scotland, a copy of which was enclosed in your letter.

So far, however, as text-books in use in English schools are concerned, the Board do not feel that it would at present be desirable for them to issue such instructions as are contemplated in your communication with a view to securing a greater accuracy of expression in matters relating to the history of Scotland and the connection of that country with England. I am to point out that a general discretion in the choice of text-books is left by the Board to the various Local Education Authorities and governing bodies who are responsible for the conduct of schools, and I am to suggest that it would be advisable that the Local Education Authorities should, if it be thought desirable, be approached by the framers of the Representation, with a view to effecting the purpose indicated.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) E. K. CHAMBERS.

To the Secretary, Scotch Education Department,
Dover House, Whitehall, S.W.

From this reply it is evident that, while the English Board is not prepared to deny that the History Books used in their schools misrepresent Scottish history and Scotland's position in relation to England, they do not feel called upon themselves to take any action in the way of getting these misrepresentations brought to an end. Their reference, however,

to the Local Authorities shows, as the Scottish Board's reply also shows, the great responsibility that lies on these Authorities, and the call there is for their taking action in dealing with the gross abuses which have been brought to light, and getting them rectified in the interests of justice, historic truth, and even of international good feeling.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following song was composed by the late John Munro, a native of Sordale, parish of Criech, Sutherlandshire, where he was born in 1791. He was for many years an accountant in Glasgow, where he was held in much esteem among Highlanders. The song was composed in 1825, when a visit to his native home was in prospect. He died at Glasgow in November 1837. He composed several songs—two of which are given in the "*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry.*" The one now submitted contains some fifteen verses, but I only give those translated by Mr. L. MacBean, Kirkcaldy.

FIONN.

O, theid sinn, theid sinn.

(WE'LL GO, WE'LL GO.)

Key D. *Moderato.*

: m . s	l : r	d' : m . m	s . , f : m . r	d : m . s	l : r	d' : m . , d	r : —	r

Chorus—O, théid sinn théid sinn le sùgairt agus aoidh, O théid sinn, théid sinn deòn - ach,
We'll go, we'll go, with rejoic - ing and with mirth, With song and heart - y cho - rus;

: m . s	l : r	d' : m	s . , f : m , r	d : t . d'	r' : d' . t	l . s : f . m	*Fine.* r : —	r

Verse—O théid sinn théid sinn thairis air an t-Sruidh, Gu muinntir ar daimh is ar n - eòlais.
We'll cross the Forth and the rivers of the North, Away to the land that bore us.

: m . r	d : d	d' : —. d'	r' . , d' : t . , l	l , s . —: s	l : r'	r' : —. , m'	r' : —. d'	l

Ged bha sinn bliantan fada, fada bhuath, Am Baile Chluaidh a chòmhnaidh,
Tho' we abide so distant from their side, Where turbid Clyde is pouring,

								D.C.
: t	d' . , d' : d' . , r'	d' : t . , l	s . , f : m , r	d : r . m	l : s . m	l . , s : f . , m	r : —	r

Car tumul beag gun tréig sinn air gairm is gun téid sinn, A dh' fhaotainn an gràidh is an còmh - radh.
We'll seek again our dear ones, and spend our time in hearing, The evil and good of their story.

Gu'n toir sinn cuairt a rithist do'n taobh tuath,
Is theid sinn ruaig do Dhornoch ;
Is chi sinn Droit-an-àigh is fa comhair air gach taoibh
Na caistealan, na pàircean, 's na lòintean.
O, théid sinn, théid sinn, &c.

Is chi sinn an caol, air am faca sinn, le gaoith,
Na bàtaichean aotram a seòladh,
Is chi sinn na beanntan a gleidheadh sneachd 's an t-samhradh
Is chi sinn na h-aimhnichean bòidheach.
O, théid sinn, théid sinn, &c.

Is chi sinn na ghlinn, mu'n ait 's an d'rugadh sinn
'S am bitheadh sinn aotram gòrach ;
Is chi sinn na coilltean, le aighear is toil-inntinn,
'S am bitheadh sinn a cluinntinn nan smeòrach.
O, théid sinn, théid sinn, &c.

We'll see each ben and bonnie, bonnie glen,
And come again to Dernoch ;
We'll see the well-known ridges, and where the famous Bridge is,
With castles and green plains before it.
We'll go, we'll go, &c.

The Forth we will see, where the ships used to be,
When the outer sea was stormy,
The high snow-capped mountains, the waterfalls and fountains,
And streams from the mountain-side pouring.
We'll go, we'll go, &c.

We'll see the wood, in silent solitude ;
The vale that we were born in ;
We'll see the bonnie brae, and the dells we used to play in,
In childhood's gay young morning.
We'll go, we'll go, &c.

J. S. AINSWORTH, M.P.

The Celtic Monthly:

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J. S. AINSWORTH, M.P.

We have much pleasure in giving a portrait of the Member for Argyllshire, Mr. John Stirling Ainsworth, who, since his return in 1903—on the death of the late Mr. Nicol—has endeared himself to his constituency by his courtesy, and prompt attention to its wants.

Mr. Ainsworth is the second son of the late Mr. Thomas Ainsworth, The Flosh, Cleator, Cumberland, and Mary Lawrie, eldest daughter of the late Rev. John Stirling, D.D., who was Moderator of the Church of Scotland. Mr. Ainsworth was born in 1844, and educated at University College School, and University College, London. In 1879 Mr. Ainsworth married Margaret Catherine, a daughter of the late Robert Reid Macredie. His residences are Ardinaiseig, Loch Awe; Harecroft, Gosforth, Cumberland; he is a landowner, is interested in iron ore mining in West Cumberland, and is chairman of the Cleator & Workington Junction Railway. He is a magistrate for Cumberland and Argyllshire; served the office of High Sheriff for Cumberland, and commanded the 3rd V.B. Border Regiment—a position from which he retired a few years ago. On his Highland estate by the beautiful shores of Loch Awe, he devotes much attention to the breeding of prize cattle, and takes a deep interest in agriculture. He first contested Argyllshire against the sitting member, Mr. Nicol, in 1900, when he was well supported, but failed to secure the seat. On the death of Mr. Nicol in 1903, he again stood as Liberal candidate, his opponent being Mr. Charles Stewart, a cadet of the Stewarts of Appin. Mr. Ainsworth was returned by a large majority. Three years afterwards a general election took place, when Mr. Ainsworth again came forward, his opponent being Mr. A. Clark Hutcheson, of Eriska. The constituency, by an overwhelming majority, declared in favour of their tried representative, Mr. Ainsworth. He is a clear, fluent and eloquent speaker, with a good hold of public questions. He devotes much attention to local affairs, being a member of the County Council. Courteous to a degree, he is much respected by the people of the County, of all political opinions, while his attitude to the people on his estate is quite paternal.

Mr. Ainsworth takes a deep interest in the Gaelic movement, and has attended several of the Mòds of An Comunn Gaidhealach.

Fionn.

THE SHEALING SONG.

When the cry of the cuckoo is heard from the craig,
Then the milk from the kye will be flowing,
And we'll leave low Glen Spean, and up to Loch Treig,
And his bonny green shealings be going.
On the birk comes the leaf at the glad cuckoo cry,
And green braird to upland and hollow,
Comes bloom to the hillside, and warmth to the sky,
And to the still lochan the swallow.

And we'll toil at the cheese and the butter sae fine,
By the hill-flowers made fragrant and yellow,
While the bare-footed bairnies in pleasant sunshine,
Will be pu'ing the blaeberries mellow.
And there, when the gloamin' fa's lonesome and lown,
Unseen the wild stag will be belling,
While louder the voice from its dark hollow down
Of Alt-coirie-essan is swelling.

Then Donald, from ranging by balloch and ben,
Where the mists and the ptarmigan hover,
Comes driving the milking goats down to the pen,
Where Morag is waiting her lover.
And they sing, as she milks, and when milking is o'er
Lang and late on the braeside they'll daunder,
And baith bid good-night at her ain bothy door,
Ilka day growing fonder and fonder.

But lang ere the hairst with its yellowin' corn
Ca's us doun to our hames by the river,
Will Donald and Morag the sure word have sworn
That makes their twa hearts ane for ever.

I. C. S.

THE HIGHLAND OFFICER.

(A Tale of Inverness.)

(Continued from page 44.)

At length a knock was heard at the door—a single knock: it was the lieutenant's servant: he entered the house with a wild and horror-stricken countenance, that made all within afraid to ask him what woeful tidings he was the bearer of. But yet their impatience was dreadful; and all he was able to articulate was the broken exclamations of Highland admiration and attachment, of "My master! my beautiful master! my gallant Grant! But he'll maybe come alive again. He *maun* come alive, and be marriet yet. It canna be, that my master is dead—dead! He *will* come alive, and be marriet to Miss Marion Chisholm! Oh! alas!" and the poor fellow screamed about the house in his distress, while every one was now in a state of absolute distraction.

After some time they were able to get out of the incoherent servant, that his master had been persuaded by some of his brother officers to bathe with them in the Firth, at a place called the Longman, below Kessock Ferry; that he had gone in with reluctance, and after the others, but being once in, remained swimming about, and seeming to enjoy his bath, in the clear element, long after the others had gone to the bank. He was not far from the shore; and at length a brother officer called to him hastily to come out; for some apprehension struck him, from the manner in which the youth seemed to struggle in the water. He called again, and the other officers joined in begging Grant to swim out; but by this time he began to lie motionless on the water, and in an instant after sank quite out of sight.

An alarm was quickly given; but horror, at the bare idea of anything happening to their favourite Colin Grant, seemed to paralyse his comrades; they were afraid to venture in to his assistance, and were only able to shout distractedly for help; and, in particular, for the black servant, who was known to be an extraordinary swimmer. Those who remained behind, keeping their eyes fixed upon the water, suddenly observed poor Grant's head rise up! They shouted with hope: the youth gave a gasp or two, as he looked towards the shore, but seemed to be stupified; for, after a moment, throwing up both his arms, he sank again, and totally disappeared.

All that the servant could add to this intelligence was, that after the body had been brought out by the black man, the surgeon, who was by this time in attendance, and to whose house he had since been taken, had given considerable hopes of recovery. "And he *must* come alive!" exclaimed the man; as if he would threaten heaven, if his master was not restored! "He *shall* come alive! for I'm to march wi' him myself to the hills of Cromarty; an' he'll march yet, an' his bonnie bride'll get him hame to herself! Och! och! ha'e patience ladies!" and the man raved about the house, and ran out like a madman, to ascertain the ultimate fate of his beloved master.

In the midst of this scene of distraction, a carriage stopped at the door, and the mother of Colin Grant was announced, who had at length come to Inverness, in high spirits and dressed in her richest, to be present at the wedding of her favourite son. She entered the house with an air of Highland state; but she gazed round her with astonishment; for, instead of the congratulation that she had anticipated, every one seemed to avoid her. Even the looks of the servants presented an appearance of dismay; and low sobs and exclamations reached her ears from a distance, as she waited to receive the embrace of the bride.

"What means all this? what is the matter? where is my son? what have you done with Colin Grant?" successively exclaimed the lady, while no one had the courage to relate the dreadful tidings.

In a moment she rushed up stairs, and found the whole family in a state not to be described, excepting the bride, whose look of calm despair, as she sat alone in the shade of the window-curtain, was the most appalling sight of the whole.

It is not in the power of language to describe the horror and grief of the unhappy lady, when she was at length informed of this fearful event; but still Mrs Chisholm endeavoured to support herself and her distressed circle by holding out sanguine expectations, that the efforts of the surgeon would be successful, in the resuscitation of the beloved youth; and messenger after messenger was despatched to bring tidings to the family.

The first messenger brought hopes: the second brought hopes augmented. The third was the bearer of more cheering still; and the perseverance of the medical men in their endeavours was thought an additional ground for increased hope; but the suspense, during these intervals of consolation, was most intolerable, and became so dreadful at length to the unhappy bride, that it required main force to prevent her rushing out to the house where her beloved lay, in the hands of those who still thought to revive the spark of life, before the spirit had fled for ever.

A long space of time elapsed before another message arrived; but that message was final: for the three persons who had been sent arrived together, accompanied by several of the officers of the regiment, with the sad tidings that all

was over! and that, after a perseverance in efforts which nothing save the reluctance to admit that Colin Grant could be lost to the world, would have justified, he was, with many despairing gestures and exclamations, totally given up to death and the grave! and all returned to their homes in moody and melancholy silence: for still the thought seemed too horrible to entertain, that the handsome bridegroom officer, their dear Colin Grant, was never more to be seen parading with his company, or walking through the streets of Inverness.

Chapter IV.

There are some occurrences which take place in this uncertain life, upon which even description is wasted. No one can tell what passed in the house we have been speaking of for four days after this terrible event; nor what were the sufferings of the bereaved bride, while Colin Grant lay a corpse in Fort George; for thither the zeal of his brother officers had removed him, on his being pronounced beyond hope of recovery, on that ill-fated morning. Even the town of Inverness seemed unlike the same place. A dull silence hung over the deserted streets, and the people went about their avocations sad and thoughtful, as if the whole neighbourhood was suffering under a public calamity.

Without the town, at Fort George, where the remains of the youth lay, an unusual silence and gloom prevailed over the garrison; the officers, old and young, as they passed under the window, looked up with a moralizing sadness, lamenting the uncertainty of youthful prospects; and the solitary sentinel, as he paced to and fro on his brief walk, and listened to the roaring of the surrounding sea, pondered moodily on the fate of the regiment's pride, now lying a cold corpse above him, which only waited the melancholy morning when, with the sincere lamentations of genuine attachment, it was to be consigned to the dust.

Little did I think, when I made up my mind to tarry for a time in Inverness, that I should be a witness of the funeral of the brave Highland officer who at first caught my attention—and such a funeral! the like has not been seen in the incomparably situated town of Inverness from that day to the present. The whole of the battalion followed Colin Grant to the grave, as well as all the gentlemen of the neighbourhood; for consternation and sorrow seemed to have affected every heart. Nearly the whole road from Fort George into Inverness, a distance of ten miles, was lined with people early in the morning, waiting the approach of the funeral; and what was strangely painful, the procession was obliged to pass the very door of the broken-hearted bride.

I saw the whole sad business myself! I observed the long line of the military as they approached the crowded streets of the town. I heard the first solemn roll of the muffled drums, in the outskirts, as they drew near, and the slow wailing sound of the funeral dirge: and the single stroke, at distant intervals, on the great drum, seemed to smite home to every heart among the multitude, as it echoed through the streets and from the hills above. There was a dead and tacit silence all round: the procession moved so slowly, and with so little noise that you might have heard even a whisper, during the intervals between the melancholy sound of the drum and the doleful Highland air, which, being a strain of peculiar wildness and Celtic character, would have excited tears, even on a less sad occasion than the present.

Forward, at length, approached the men of his own company; who, with muskets inverted, were to fire over his grave. I almost feared the effect, when the coffin and pall, on which were laid the bonnet and feathers, with the sword and sash of the young man, drew near the house of Marion Chisholm, for the people sobbed aloud on every side of me, and the tears stole down the cheeks of even the hardy soldiers who followed in the sad procession; but when the corpse came quite opposite the door of her who was to have been his bride, the roll of the drum at the very moment, while every eye was turned toward the window, so electrified the crowd, which was chiefly composed of females, that a spontaneous howl of sorrow burst from each heart, which echoing through the street drowned the funeral strain of the band, till it subsided into the *ulaloo* of the original Highland Coronach, or cry for the dead; which was kept up the whole way, until the corpse arrived at the place of interment.

The effect of this, and of the whole scene, on my nerves, I shall never forget, as the corpse of Colin Grant moved on towards the Cross of Inverness. The wail of the women's voices in the Coronach, rising in the air, sounded down the street, and, receding in the distance, mingled with the murmuring strain of the pathetic Highland air from the band, which lingered on the ear in its sadness. The indistinct sound of the muffled drum struck to my very heart; in short, the whole scene so affected me that I melted, in spite of myself, in sympathetic sorrow with those who wept on every side of me, and sobbed, like a child, in genuine grief for the hapless and early fate of my handsome Highland officer. I looked, as every one else did, at the closed windows and death-like appearance of the house where Marion Chisholm dwelt. What passed within, on this sorrowful morning, is almost too sacred, and almost too

painful for me to narrate.

Ever since the period when Marion first learned the fate of her expected bridegroom, the grief which, in all the other inmates of the house, particularly in Colin's mother, had shown itself in loud lamentations, seemed in her to have had quite a different effect; for she neither spoke, nor complained, nor did a tear moisten her eye. But she could not be prevailed on to move from the seat, in the recess of the window, where she was first discovered. During the five nights on which he lay a corpse, she neither undressed nor went to her chamber. She scarcely uttered a word; but, wringing her hands in bitter anguish, she kept constantly repeating, "When I am dead be sure you lay me by the side of my bonny Colin Grant."

The roll of the funeral drum was now heard; and, as the music approached, her countenance assumed an expression which those round her could not bear to look at. She rose from her seat in the rear of the house, and was with difficulty prevented from springing out, and throwing herself on the coffin; and her expressions of hopeless grief and maiden sorrow are not to be repeated. She, after some effort, sat down again, as the sounds went off again in the distance, and listened nervously, with her face buried in her hands; for, when the corpse had reached to the principal burying-ground of the town, called the Chapel Yard, and the clergyman began to read the English burial service, a silence more solemn than before reigned in the hushed and mourning town. During this interval there appeared something awful in the manner of the unhappy girl. But it was interrupted by a truly startling and impressive sound. It was the first volley of musketry that was fired over Colin Grant's grave, which, from the stillness which prevailed, seemed unusually loud, awakening the poor girl from her trance. She started up, and, looking wildly around her, inquired what noise it was. "But I know now," she said, smiling to herself, "they are firing guns over my Colin's grave. It is right that they should do him honour. He should have lain beside me, by my own side, and in my own arms, if he were not dead. Hah! there again!" she screamed, yet more wildly, as the second volley was fired, and reverberated off among the hills. "*Now* you will lay me beside my sweet Colin Grant, will you not?" and she grasped the hands of her sister and her mother, who stood weeping beside her. "There! there! the third and last!" she screamed: "it is all over now! now it dies away among the mountains—hark! Oh, my poor heart!" then laying her hand on her heart, she fell down senseless into her distracted mother's arms.

They laid her back upon the sofa, and watched over her. But she moved not; it seemed as if the last shot over her lover's grave had been the signal for her heart to break. In vain they listened to catch the sound of her breath, her spirit had fled for ever! Her heart beat not. She was no more!

I could not help lingering in Inverness, that I might become a witness also of the funeral of Marion Chisholm, which took place on the fourth day after the former. All the officers of the thirty-second followed her to the grave; and she was laid, by her desire, close to the side of her Colin Grant. That was another day of weeping and lamentation; but, as far I could learn, the ulaloo of the wild Coronach for the dead, has never been heard in the streets of Inverness from that day to this.

I left Inverness, on the same evening, with a sad and sore heart, and not without many painful reflections on the uncertainty of human prospects. I am glad my narrative is concluded, for much grief is distressing and oppressive even to the recollection.

(Concluded.)

THE SUTHERLAND CLEARANCES.

Wark-on-Tyne, 5th January, 1907.

DEAR SIR,—The musical page of your last issue contains a Gaelic song by my late uncle, John Munro, Accountant, Glasgow, together with a happy rendering of the same in English.

Permit me to point out a printer's mistake in the first line of the 4th stanza of the latter, which rather obscures the meaning.

It should read "*The Firth* we shall see," etc., viz.: the *Dornoch Firth*—not the "Forth."

The enclosed, by the same author, under the pseudonym of an "Old Strath-Naver Man," may be of interest. The harrowing accounts of the Sutherland Clearances now appearing in your Journal induce me to place it at your disposal.

All that I have heard or could gather regarding John Munro savoured of "Whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report." He was patriotic and philanthropic in a high degree, and his early death was deeply regretted.

G. R. FRASER.

An Old Strath-naver Man's Ballad.

(Composed on the occasion of opposing a certain Nobleman being nominated as Patron of the Glasgow Northern Benevolent Society.)

Tune—"*Who'll be King but Charlie.*"

I.

WHEN I was young, a thoughtless lad,
Along the banks of Naver—(1)
Soldiering was then the trade,
That got us lands and favour!

"Come Angus, come Ronald, come Ivor and
Donald,
No men on earth are braver;
If you but list, the lands then trust
Are yours!" said Factor Shaver.

II.

It was our fate, to take the bait,
Laid out by Factor Shaver,
With coats of red, to fire and blood,
We sped from Shin and Naver! (1)
Yes, Angus and Ronald, and Ivor and Donald,
To Ireland went to save her;
The Croppies fled, with wounds and dread,
No corps than ours was braver!

III.

When peace came round, our lands we found,
By Donnan, Shin, and Naver;
Where our forebears, for thousand years,
Had crops, and flocks, and favor!
Then Angus and Ronald, and Ivor and Donald,
Had mutton and beef of flavor,
Had sheep and wool, and pantries full,
And dainties sweet of savor!

IV.

But soon, alas! it came to pass,
That sheep got high in favor;
The Lady Grand, that claim'd our land,
Was led by Factor Slave-her!
Then Angus and Ronald, and Ivor and Donald,
Who'd fight and die to save her;
In sad dismay, were forced away
From Donnan, Shin, and Naver!

V.

This then the promise of the land,
Was broke by Factor Shaver;
His rude command, none could withstand,
Or plans, his wealth to favor!
Though Angus and Ronald, and Ivor and Donald,
Might say the lands of Naver,
Were theirs deserved, as long preserved,
By their forefathers' valor!

VI.

Theories ready to dupe our Lady,
Were broach'd by Factor Crave-her;
To his command, she did attend,
To heartless plans he drave her!
Poor Angus and Ronald, and Ivor and Donald,
Distress'd, perplex'd, did waver;
While Factor Greed, with reckless speed,
Seiz'd on the best of Naver!

VII.

Factor *Vaults*, with Jezebel faults,
Has never lost her favor,
Nor Factor *Lake*, who wrote and spake,
That sour of sweet did savor;
While Angus and Ronald, and Ivor and Donald,
The men the lands that gave her,
Must now give place to Southron race, (2)
Not better yet nor braver!

VIII.

Far worse than Egypt's wasting plagues,
Wrought dismal desolation,
Glens, straths,—yes, parishes at once,
Were swept of population!
Yet Angus and Ronald, and Ivor and Donald,
Thus brought to faint starvation,
Were told that now, without a plough,
Their state was exaltation!

IX.

The Factors cramm'd them on hard moors,
Unfit for fir plantation,
Where neither sheep, nor hen could keep,
Itself from bleak starvation?
Where Angus and Ronald, and Ivor and Donald,
Sunk deep in degradation,
To Highland race, a foul disgrace,
As paupers on the nation! (3)

X.

Yet finest land, is left to stand,
Quite in a state of nature,
Without a dyke, or drain, or plough,
Or trace of human creature!
While Angus and Ronald, and Ivor and Donald,
Men of strength and stature,
Are languishing without a plough,
On moors of grimest feature!

XI.

Twenty thousand 'long the shores, (4)
'Mongst rocks and moors are starving,
Without a prospect any more,
To rise by their deserving!
While trampled o'er, they're by a score,
Who all the power reserving,
Of hoarding princely wealth in store,
As clear to all observing!

XII.

Some went down to Glasgow town,
Got on—though some are weavers—
But suiting best, the more went west,
To chase the elks and beavers!
Where Angus and Ronald, and Ivor and Donald,
Who did their best endeavour,
Got to their feet, with crops of wheat,
Far off from Factor Shaver!

---

(1) Donnan, Shin, Naver, three principal rivers in that County.

(2) Those expatriated from that County were never excelled as a brave, loyal, and religious people, yet, in exculpation of the inhuman cruelties perpetrated in regard to them, Mr. Lake would insinuate that they were but an indolent, hypochondriac race, fitted only for being "Hewers of wood, and Drawers of water," to the imported "Southrons."—Truly may we say of the present inhabitants of the Northern Metropolitans, that they are but a degenerate or "Cross-breed" race, when such an author is their mis-representative.—See Loch *on the Improvements of these Estates*, London, 1820.

(3) No allusion is intended here to the enormous prices said to be exacting now from these wretched Cottars for the meal and potatoes, which, from the *Laird's* speech in the House of Lords, they were considered to have received last year as a charity—as to this, the Curious are referred for information to that intelligent gentleman, Factor Blunderbuss.

(4) Those located on the sterile moors of Dornoch and elsewhere along the coast, have been represented, by hired Scribes, as now in an improved condition, but on a visit to his native land, the Old Strath-Naver Man was much moved at seeing the wretchedness and degradation to which these Cottars are now reduced, and on leaving the place for ever, dropt a tear on the green sod that covers the ashes of the habitation of his fathers, said to have been burned over their heads by commands of Factor Vaults.

OLD HIGHLAND NAMES.—At the annual gathering of the Tiree Association in Glasgow held recently, Mr. Niall Dairmid Campbell, who presided, expressed regret that the old Celtic names were not being perpetuated in Highland families. Why, he asked, should Finovala, which meant fair-shoulders, be altered into Flora? And really, fashion has a strong influence in regard to names. Some 30 years ago a boy named Donald, after his father, changed it to Daniel as soon as he was a year in the south, and in like manner Roderick was changed into Richard. Now we find that the boy whom we knew as John has become "Iain," while James has been developed into Hamish.

SGEULACHDAN.

An Gobhainn agus am Ministear.

Is minic a bha guaillean teine ann an sgornan gobhainn, agus bu ro thaitneach leis a smàladh as le uisge ni 's treasa na uisge fionnair an tobair. Air là àraidh chòmhlaich gobhainn na sgireachd am ministear, agus thachair gu'n robh an rathad-mòr rud beag cumhann dha; gidheadh, chuir e failte air a' mhinistear, a thubhairt ris, "O Sheumais, Sheumais, tha mi ro bhrònach 'fhaicinn gu'm bheil thu air tòiseachadh air do sheann cleachdadh a ris, dh' aindeoin nam bòid a thug thu gu minic seachad. Ciod a dh' éireas duit, a dhuine thruaigh, agus ciod a tha thu 'cur romhad a dheanamh de 'n bhallachan gille so agad,—brogach glan, tapaidh, gleusda gu'n teagamh?" "Ma ta, a mhinisteir chòir, tha mi 'cur romham a dheanamh dheth nì nach urrainn thusa, ged is duine-uasal, fiosrach, fòghluimte thu, a dheanamh, dhe d' mhac féin." "Ciod sin, a Sheùmais, innis domh, innis domh air ball, ciod sin?" "Ma ta, le'r cead, a mhinisteir," ars' an gobhainn le fiamh-'ghaire, "tha mi 'cur romham duine a dheanamh dheth mòran ni 's fearr n'a athair!"

Thig beo gu subhailceach.

Bi-sa bochd, agus buanaich ann, oganaich, an uair a ta muinntir eile mu'n cuairt duit a' fàs saibhir trid foirneirt agus foill.—Bi-sa gu'n inbh, gu'n chumhachd, am feadh 'sa ta sluagh eile ag éiridh suas air slighibh sleamhuinn na h-eucorach. Fuiling gach àmhghar a dh' éireas o mhealladh-dòchais, agus gnàthaich foighdinn, an uair a ta cuid eile a' dol air an aghaidh gu goileamach, miodalach, seòlta! Paisg thu féin suas 'n ad' shubhailc féin agus na cùm comunn ach ri fior charaid, "oir sgriosar companach nan amadan." Iarr t-aran laitheil, agus air a shuarraichead, bi tàingeil, toillichte leis. Ma dh' fhasas tu aosmhor, liath, air an t-slighe urramaich so, dean gairdeachas, agus do'n Ard-Righ thoir fior thàingeileachd do chridhe!

Donnchadh Dubh.

Bha Donnchadh Dubh ro chomharraichte air son gach ìnnleachd a ghnàthaicheadh leis chum e fein a chuideachadh ann an còir no 'n eucoir. Cha bhiodh ni sam bith a dhìth air Donnchadh, 'nam biodh e idir far an ruigeadh a làmhan air. Là de no laithibh bha muc mhòr, reamhar aig Cailein Bàn, duine bochd aig an robh bothan-tighe goirid o thigh Dhonnchaidh Dhuibh. Smuainich Cailein gu'n robh an t-àm aige a' mhuc a mharbhadh agus a shailleadh. Ach cò a thàinig an rathad ach Donnchadh Dubh, a bha deas gu deagh chomhairle a thoirt do Chailean mu 'n t-seòl air an ullaicheadh e gach ni mu 'n mhuic. "A nis, a Chailein," deir Donnchadh, "cha 'n 'eil aon mu'n cuairt duit am fad 's am fagus, aig nach 'eil deagh-fhios gu'n do mharbh thu a' mhuc mhòr an diugh, agus thig iad as gach ceàrn agus cùil a dh' iarraidh chriomana a dh' fhaicinn am bheil an fheoil maith reamhar; ach 's e so a ni thusa, Chailein, gabh a' mhuc agus tilg 's an allt i rè na h-òidhche. Cruaidhichidh an t-uisge fuar an fheòil, agus ni e glan i, agus freagarrach air son an t-salainn. Ma thig neach sam bith chum do thighe 'sa 'maduinn a dh' fhoighneachd mu 'timchioll, thoir do mhionnan gu'n do ghoideadh i, agus an sin cha bhi dùil aca ri mìr di fhaotuinn." Rinn an duine bochd, amaideach, mar a dh' iarradh air, agus thilg e closach na muice 's an linne goirid o'n tigh. Thàinig Donnchadh Dubh anns an oidhche, an uair a bha Cailean bochd 'n a chodal, agus ghoid e a' mhuc air falbh as an allt. Air an ath mhaduinn, air do Chailean 'fhaicinn mar a thachair, thug e gu grad tigh Dhonnchaidh air, agus dh' innis e dha gu 'n do ghoideadh a mhuc gu'n teagamh sam bith. "Ro cheart, ro cheart, a Chailein, abair thusa sin, agus mo làmhsa nach eagal duit." "Ach, tha mi an da-rìreadh, a Dhonnchaidh, gu deimhin agus gun teagamh dh' fhalbh a mhuc." "Dh' fhalbh, dh' fhalbh, ro cheart, ro cheart, dìreach abair thusa sin, a Chailein, agus cha'n eagal duit." "Eisd rium, a Dhonnchaidh," agus e a' lasadh suas le gnè chorruich, "éisd rium an uair a tha mi, air m' onair, a' cur an cèill duit gu'n do ghoideach a' mhuc co cinnteach ris a' bhàs." "Sin e dìreach, a Chailein; 's e sin a' cheart ni a dh' iarr mi ort; thoir thusa an còmhnuidh t'fhocal gu'n dc ghoideadh a' mhuc, agus cha chuir na coimhearsnaich dragh sam bith ort; cuimhnich sin a Chailein, agus dean do ghnothuch gu ro mhaith." Cha deanadh e feum 's am bith do 'n duine bhochd smid tuilleadh a labhairt; dh' fhalbh e gu brònach dhachaidh, agus ghléidh 'us dh' ith Donnchadh Dubh a' chreach! S.

COMUNN CHLOINN DHUGHAILL.

Nach truagh an nochd 's gun mi 's a' Chomunn,
Chridheil, aoidheil, shunndach, shomalt,
Guidheam buaidh leò, mòran comain,
'S air gach aon dhiu saod 'us sodan.

Guidheam buaidh leo, so i 'n t-slàinte
Olam suas i á cuach strachdte,
De'n stuth rioghail, phrìseil, àghmhor,
Cha'n i gruid bu deoch do'n Ghàidheal.

Guidheam buaidh leo 'us toil-inntinn
Ceòl 'us aighear, puirt 'us plob'reachd,
'S pailteas siùcair bhi 's an ti ac',
"Buaidh no bàs" snaoim chruaidh an sinnsear.

Clann mo ghaoil-sa mhuinntir Lathurn',
'N nochd bu mhian leam bhi 's an talla,
An Dun-éidean mòr nan flaithean,
Breacan Dhùgha'll bhi dlù san fhasan.

D. MacDhughaill.

A MAN OF DREAMS.

"The green land's name that a charm encloses,
It never was writ in the traveller's chart,
And sweet as the fruit on its trees that grows is,
It never was sold in the merchant's mart."
"*A Ballad of Dreamland.*"—*Swinburne.*

FROM the moment when he was first laid in his mother's arms, and she looked into the depths of his infant eyes, the mother knew her son to be a dreamer.

During his infancy he seldom cried; he would lie in his rough cradle in the little shepherd's hut on the hillside, which was the home of his parents, and gaze into space with eyes which seemed to see far into realms unknown to those around him.

When he was old enough to go to the little school in the strath below, he was still the dreamy, quiet child with the eyes of a seer. His mother, with the tender instinct which only mothers have, perceived almost from his birth that he would never be rude and strong as were the other children she had borne, and she folded him the more tenderly in her heart, feeling that he must be shielded as her husband, Neil the shepherd, shielded and cared for the weakling lambs of his flock.

He did little at school, although books were his delight; but let him, when his daily tasks at home and at school were over, take a book from his father's scanty store, and lying on the brae where the burn rippled over the stones, read and dream in the long summer evenings, and the height of his happiness was reached.

It almost seemed as if he scarcely belonged, by any right of kinship, to the people about him; and the village folk, with that rare and subtle instinct for the strange and supernatural, which is the birth-right of the Gael, felt this, and through time came to look upon him as in some mysterious way set apart from them and from the ordinary concerns of their lives. And in the Gaelic they called him the "Man of Dreams."

Oftentimes, when he would be sent to chop wood or to do other trivial tasks about the shieling, he would fall into a deep reverie, sitting with raised head and looking with strangely-seeing eyes into the far distance. At such times Neil the shepherd would often be rough with him, but his mother never ceased to be otherwise than gentle and kind, no matter what his faults or failings might be.

And so the time wore on; his few years at school were over, and he became a shepherd like his father. He had a passionate love of Nature; in all her moods he was at one with her. The gorgeous sunsets he sat and watched on the brow of the hill; the stormy tempests of the winter months, the wide gleaming whiteness of the countryside when the snows fell, entered into his soul and became a part of his nature.

Who can tell what dreams were his on those quiet summer evenings, as he lay on the grassy hillside and watched the crimson banners of the dying day rising and fading in the west? For his soul was the soul of the poet, and the true poet sees and feels and dreams unlike other men.

At times great thoughts would be his, and he would feel that he had within him the power to move men, though how that power was to be manipulated he could not have told.

One day as he passed through the clachan he saw a sweet, dark face, and a slender, graceful figure; gentle, dark-blue, black-fringed eyes looked into his, and from that hour life was changed for him. He would wander for long, when he could find time, about her familiar haunts, and at last, one day, he found courage to hand her, with a shy smile, a posy of wild flowers, culled from many a shady mountain nook.

By day and night she haunted his dreams; she was his first remembrance in the morning, and his last at night, when he laid his head upon his rough pillow, tired out with his long day in the fresh mountain air.

And gradually his love crystallised the dreams of his life into poetry, and as he guarded his sheep his brain would be busy weaving melodious verses in the ancient tongue of the Highlander. Then his slight scholarship came to his aid, and through time he committed his poems to paper.

One day, as he was singing some of his verses to an old Gaelic melody which had in it the sound of winds and waters, of infinite sadness and long farewells, the minister of the church in the strath below which his parents attended, passed, on his way to the sick-bed of a woman who lived far up on the hill. Alasdair did not notice him at once, as he first came into view within a few feet from where the singer sat, the mountain-path at that point being hidden by a rocky knoll, but when he did see him, the song was stilled upon his lips. But the minister, a good and kind man, a lover of books and a scholar, gradually, then and at other times, gained from Alasdair the information which he sought, that the sweet words he sang were his own.

So the fame of the shepherd-poet went throughout all the country-side, and the dreamer had come into his own at last. From that time onwards he had the books which his student-soul had craved for for so many years, the minister and others both giving and lending to him the coveted volumes.

But, like all dreamers, he left action to other people; and while he dreamt his dreams and sang his songs, secure in the belief that love so great as his must be returned, and content to live in the hope of a future of love and joy, without taking any steps to make that future sure, a young man from a village some miles beyond the hills on which Alasdair watched his flocks, was winning the heart of the maiden whom the poet loved.

For her feeling for the poet, never more than a fancy, was gradually fading before the robust strength and manly wooing of the stranger lover. Through the idle words of a woman in the village, Alasdair first heard of the threatened death of his hopes. He had hidden his love from the eyes of all men, as he thought, but love is seldom hid from the prying eyes of friend and enemy, and it almost seemed as if the woman took a malicious pleasure in causing him pain. And his pain was deeper than it was in the power of the ordinary man or woman to imagine or feel; it was to him as if the very wheels of his life were suddenly stopped.

So, instead of acting, and trying to win back the girl's wandering fancy, he went back to his lonely toil, and to suffering such as rent his whole being with agony.

Long nights he lay sleepless; long days he wandered on the hillsides; but found no relief for his hurt. Now and then he would hear of her, and of the man, now her accepted lover, and all he heard but tore the wound open afresh. One radiant morning in early summer dawned, and it was her wedding day. Like one in a dream he went about his work, almost void of power to suffer, his heart numb and cold.

Throughout the long months of pain he ceased to compose his poems and songs, and almost a year after the marriage of the girl passed before his old power came back to him. Then, once more, and suddenly, like the glorious opening of the day, there rushed back upon his heart and brain the old dreams, and the old power of transmiting them into golden words, but they were throbbing now with a quality before unknown to them—the quality of infinite human sympathy, which suffering, bravely borne alone can give to human thoughts and deeds and words.

By the unerring instinct of her loving heart his mother divined his story; and although the subject was never once mentioned between them, their love for, and understanding of each other, grew deeper and stronger than ever before.

And so his life wore on; stormy winters, radiant springs, when the green fire throbbed through trees and shrubs and grass and heather, and awakened an answering throb in his heart; autumns when the woods burned crimson and yellow, and scarlet and russet and gold; summers of shine and shade, of waving trees and rippling waters; and still the dreamer lived his quiet life, undisturbed by the frets and jars of the world without.

But he had loved once, and he never loved again. Still, other and different loves came to him; the love of the little nephews and nieces who thought their shepherd uncle the dearest and the best of them all, for none other could tell them such beautiful stories or sing them such wonderful songs; and one or two warm friendships which he formed. But still the dark-eyed girl (now the mother of little boys and girls with her eyes and smile) remained the one love of his life. It may be easy for men of other nations to forget, but the love of the Gael becomes part of his being, and though seasons change, and death and misfortunes come, he is never able to root the image of the beloved from his heart. Through time his father died, but his mother lived on until she became so frail that she could not leave her bed. But she lived always with the son who was her dearest, and the affection of the mother and son became a by-word round about. So he grew to be middle-aged, and then to feel the encroaching weaknesses of old age, but still he sang his Gaelic songs and tended his sheep, until at last the summons came from the Beyond to the old mother; and as he closed her eyes he felt that his best friend was gone. Then, some years after her death the voice came to him through the darkness which told him to make ready for the long journey. And just before the end came he rose up in his pallet bed and stretched out his arms to the sunset gilding the loch, which could be seen from the open door, which his pallet faced, and, with a smile which seemed to the watchers to be caused by the sight of a vision and a glory denied to them, he fell back and died. But to those who had seen his last smile it seemed as if he had at last beheld the realization of his dreams. And when they turned away from burying the Man of Dreams in the little God's acre on the brae-side, within sound of the tiny wavelets breaking on the shingly shores of the loch, they felt that his life had not been lived in vain, for out of his dreams and sorrows had been born deathless songs to be a people's heritage.

M. T. MacGregor.

Mr. John Cameron, Minn., U.S.A.—Thanks for renewal of subscription and your cheery note. If we get a few more such letters we will be tempted to double the price of the *Celtic*! Our correspondent says:—"I never had a dollar's worth of anything that I enjoyed so much as your *Celtic* for the last year. It is really worth much more than the small price you charge."

OWER LATE.

It was Sawbath night, no lang sin,
I'd dune wi' a' my work;
The bonnie bells were ringin' oot
Tae ca' the folk tae kirk.

But the cantie hearth was cosy,
An' loud the kitty's purr,
I thocht, it no a nicht ava
For the likes o' me tae stir.

Sae doon I sat afore the fire,
The kitty on my lap;
'Twas just the day, 'twas just the hoor
Tae tak' a wee bit nap.

I hadna sleepit verra lang
Whan a' at ainee I heard
The bells ring oot that angry-like
That a' my banes were stirred.

It seemed tae me they dieved me through,
Maist like a cannon ba',
An' I heard them say, as plain's cud be,
Auld wumman, cam' awa'!

I up an' gaed—I cudna help—
I daurdna bide tae pit
Even a bannet o' my heid,
Or shoon upo' my fit.

For aye the bells kep' puin' me
That I ran wi' a' my micht,
Till last I cried, wi' weary tears,
"I'll no win there the nicht!"

Then sudden-like they stappit short,
An' hame I turned again,
Whan—there's the kirk nae farther aff
Than ye cud fling a stane.

Sae I thocht, "It's no that often
Sae far as this I win,
For a' the wee bit distance noo
I might as weel gang in."

I ran an' ran; but as I ran,
The wee bit distance grew,
Till whan I stood afore the kirk
My heart was i' my mou'.

I jist gied ae bit glint aroon'
An' drapped upo' the stair,
I cudna help but sit an' greet
Baith lang an' loud an' sair.

For the great kirk door was fastened,
For a' my fecht tae win,
I saw I'd surely cam' that late
I didna like seek in.

For I heard the soonds o' sarvice,
An' I didna daur provoke
The anger o' the meenister
An' a' thae prayin' folk.

I sat my lane upo' the stanes,
An' grat my weary fill,
Then up an' gaed my lang wey hame
A' sad an' sick an' chill.

For my hairt was fu' o' feelin's
I hadna felt till noo
O' mony a thocht o' idle hoors
An daein's I maun rue.

I thocht gin it had been the nicht
I'd gaen tae Heaven's gate,
I'd hae nae hame tae gang till *then*
Gin I'd won *there* ower late.

For what wull coont the guid we *thocht*
We *wad* dae by-an'-by,
Gin we're no' ready whan God's voice
Sall ca' us tae the sky?

MAVOR ALLAN

TRANSLATION.

GOLDEN GLOAMIN'.

[By R. TANNAHILL.]

The midges dance abune the burn,
The dew begins to fa';
The paitricks down the rushy holm
Set up their evening ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While flitting gay the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends her lay;
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the ling'ring day.
While weary yieldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fold their silky leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell;
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crown the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

FEASGAR OIRDHEARC.

[Eadar. le FIONN.]

Gur mear na cuileagan mu 'n allt,
'S an dealt a' tuiteam dlùth;
'Chearc-thomain anns an lauchair uain'
Ri fuaim 's an fheasgar chiùin.
Nach cluinn thu oran an lòin-duibh
'S a ghuth cho bòidheach binn;
Mu 'n tùr tha 'n gobhlan-gaoithe clis
Ag itealaich gu grinn.

Fo bhrat nan speur th' air dhath an òir,
Tha 'n smeòrach aig a dàn;
'S am bruth-deargan le cheilear àrd,
'Cur dàil 'an ciaradh là.
Tha 'bhuidheag bhochd a' caoidh 's a ghéig
A h-àl, a reub luchd-foill;
'S an dreathan-donn o phreas gu preas,
Ri cleasachd anns a' choill.

Nis dhuin an ròs a bhilean mìn
Chrom lus-bhan-sìth a cheann;
Tha lus-na-meala 's beithe ùr
Cur faile cùbhr' 's a' ghleann.
Roghnaicheadh càch an lùchairt mhor
Le 'gòraiche 's mi-chéill
'S e m' annsachd féin gach gean gun ghò
Tha 'n glòir a chruinne-che.

Mr. HUGH NICOL, ONTARIO, CANADA.—Pleased to hear the "Gesto Collection of Highland Music" reached you safely, and that you consider it "a gem. I don't think there is anything to equal it in the town. The music has *spirit*, the songs have both *soul* and *body*!" Our gifted friend the compiler, Dr. K. N. Macdonald, would, I am sure, like to shake you warmly by the hand for that handsome compliment to his *magnum opus*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION AND THE GAELIC MOD.

JUDGING by the correspondence which is at present taking place in the Highland press on the affairs of this Association, there is no doubt that *An Comunn Gaidhealach* has fallen upon evil times. Within the last few years several pushful persons, whose personalities had been previously quite unknown in Celtic circles, managed to get themselves elected to the executive of the Association. Gifted with phenomenal loquacity, they succeeded in making business which hitherto could be adequately considered in an hour or two, drag out five or six weary hours, devoted usually to the most ridiculous and trivial motions, often relating to questions which had been discussed and settled years before. But to the newcomer everything must be new! The executive meetings for the last few years have been a truly distressful experience, three or four individuals, who seemed wound up like animated gramaphones, occupying almost the whole time of the meeting. It must also be admitted that the advent of ladies of oratorical gifts into the executive has not proved an unmixed blessing, one or two somewhat undignified performances which they forced upon the Association being a subject of humorous comment among Highlanders generally, and a source of annoyance to members. An average executive meeting of the Association has now developed into such a painfully protracted argumentative entertainment that many members contemplate its meetings with a shudder.

When these eloquent gentlemen first interested themselves in the affairs of the Association, they found its finances in a fairly flourishing condition (had it been otherwise doubtless they would not all have found much to interest them in the *Comunn!*) and by their reckless extravagance they have already succeeded in making the Association nearly bankrupt. The last balance sheet was a fitting memorial to their reckless financial management. And now, to recoup the depleted exchequer, someone has conceived the brilliant idea of a great Celtic Bazaar, which we are solemnly assured will result in the acquisition of a fabulous sum for the Association! We will see what we will see, but if any sort of harvest is reaped, we can imagine what a grand splutter the loquacious gentlemen will have in the spending of the proceeds!

That two such prominent Gaels as Mr. Henry Whyte (Fionn) and Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane, Elderslie, have declined to join the executive, and have denounced its policy, is sufficient proof of the sad state to which the affairs of this national organisation—which they helped to originate and carry on successfully for fifteen years—have now degenerated.

It is asserted that the Oban branch captured too many offices at the last general meeting in Oban. These gentlemen, who by contributing the handsome sum of 9d. per head on their membership to the funds of the Association, have secured the voting rights of a £2 2s. or 5s. member, cooly instituted a new system of election which resulted in the exclusion from office of a number of the oldest and most valued members (several being life members, and one being a generous contributer for years to the prize funds) the vacancies being filled up with their own nominees, some of whom have never attended a Mod. Indeed the names of two or three do not actually appear even as members in the last printed list, so that their election is quite illegal!

One of the many noteworthy incidents of this meeting was, that an almost clean sweep of all Mackays from the list of office-bearers was effected, although there are more representatives of that clan on the list of members than any other name, and they have on occasions contributed a third of the total sum given in prizes at the Mod. The electors spared one Mackay, possibly because he was not a Sutherland man!

It seems to us the time has now come when a little wholesome publicity would benefit the interests of the Association, as it seems to have gradually drifted into the hands of men who, judged by their past performances, have not secured, and do not deserve, the confidence of their countrymen.

MR. JOHN DOW, DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.—Your interesting letter, and picture post card with photo, to hand, for which many thanks. When you come to Scotland to visit the old family home on Loch Katrine side, do not forget to look up the Editor of the *Celtic*. We have many competitions in Glasgow for Pipe Music and Highland Dancing during the winter, and are pleased to learn that you were to have one at the Exhibition at Christchurch during the Exhibition. Your remarks regarding the *Celtic* are too flattering. We are receiving at present so many complimentary letters from distant lands, that we are seriously beginning to believe that the *C.M.* is not only the oldest Highland Magazine that ever existed, but also the most popular! We take the liberty of quoting a sentence or two of Mr. Dow's eulogium. "I have many an agreeable perusal of your splendid *Celtic Monthly*, and if spared, hope to get it for many years to come. It inspires many happy thoughts when one hears of the dear Highland homeland, which I hope to visit before long." If the *Celtic* fosters among our countrymen abroad a love for the land of the heather, our efforts are well rewarded.

PIPERS IN THE INDIAN ARMY.

SIR,—Looking through the *Celtic Monthly*, I see several articles on the Pipes and Piping, but I have not, as yet, noticed any mention made of Piping in India, more especially in the native regiments. Some of your readers may be surprised to hear that a large proportion of the Infantry regiments of the Indian Army have Pipe Bands, especially those recruited from Northern India, and the North-West frontier. I enclose two photographs, which perhaps you may see your way to reproduce in the *Celtic*, of the Pipers of the 72nd Punjabis stationed at present here. This fine regiment is composed of Sikhs, Pathans, and Punjabi Mohamedans. The Pipers are all Pathans, who being true hillsmen, take very quickly to the pipes. Their Pipe-Havildar (Sergeant) is an excellent player, and a former pupil of the late Pipe-Major

Pipers of the 72nd Punjabis (Camp by Mandalay Hill).
Pipers of the 72nd Punjabis (On the March).

M'Callum, of the Royal Scots. They all thoroughly enter into the spirit of the music, be it march, strathspey, reel, or lament, and even one or two play Piobaireachd a little! As will be seen in the photograph, the cross plaid is worn, in the case of this regiment; it is simply a large cashmere shawl, but in many other regiments, plaids of the true "breacan" are worn, fastened with the ordinary Highland brooch. The Ghurkas, however, adopt the entire highland dress, with the exception of the kilt!

The natives who make the best pipers are Pathans, Ghurkas, Punjabis, and Beluchis, all

of whom, you may observe, are hillsmen, and, moreover, possess rude pipers of their own!

All the pipes, and piping materials are got out from well-known makers at home.

In most cases when a Sepoy becomes a piper, he trains his sons to be pipers also, and his sons' sons, and so on! the idea of an hereditary calling still existing in the East. Thus we may almost say that hereditary piping, long dead in the Highlands, is being revived, partially at any rate, by the hillsmen of Northern India!

Again, many pipers retiring on pension, buy their pipes, and take them back with them to their mountain homes. In this way, piping is, without doubt, spread among the numerous clans inhabiting the lower slopes of the Himalayas, and I have been told that it is astonishing in what out of the way places our national instrument may be found!

I am, etc.,

IAIN H. MACKAY SCOBIE.

Upper Burma,
December 15th, 1906.

"HIGHLAND PIPER," from painting by R. R. M'Ian.

PERSONAL NAMES.—The matter of personal names is more difficult than that of place-names, for the simple reason that individual taste gets a wider scope in devising and bestowing them. Sir Henry Piers, writing in the year 1682 to Anthony, Lord Bishop of Meath, gave the following account of Irish soubriquets:—"They take much liberty, and seem to do it with delight, in giving of nick-names; and if a man have any imperfection or evil habit, he shall be sure to hear of it in the nick-name. Thus, if he be blind, lame, squint-eyed, grey-eyed, be a stammerer in speech, be left-handed, to be sure he shall have one of these added to his name." Mr. Moore's Manx examples are striking enough—Craue Mooar, "big bone." Yn Cass Veg, "the little foot"; Dooiney Lheeah, "grey man"; Illiam Beg y Vrandy, "Willie of the Brandy." The Manx registers also contain such expressive appellatives as "John Crideen, smile"; "John Kneal, grumble"; and "William Preston, joy."

THE CLOSED ROOM.

A Story of a New Year's Eve.

By JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

THE Clachan was as quiet as usual, yet a vague sense of something out of the common routine, a subtle unrest, seemed to pervade it. The two young ladies making their way to the post office, kept by the occupant of the little "general shop," felt the influence, for the women who nodded to them from the open doors of houses had a mysterious air of mystery or expectation in their manner.

"What can be up to make the people stand idle like that?" Christina M'Lean, the laird's daughter, wondered, but her friend, Amy Horton, was English, so she could not give an answer. But as they stood in the shop they saw three soldiers in grey overcoats pass, the men's white gaiters showing that they belonged to a kilted regiment.

"What a number of men are on furlough just now! it is because of the New Year, I suppose," said Christina to the man behind the counter.

"I don't think it will be that, Miss M'Lean, there will be a deserter they are after. They will have to find him though," the man at the counter answered, his face darkening. Christina flushed; she knew of several Clachan lads who had enlisted.

"Who is the man?" she asked.

"I don't know, Miss; they've never said," the man answered, looking rather uneasy.

It was the last day of the year, a bitterly cold one. The frost was intense, the road rang like iron under the feet, but the red sun shone through the wooly mist; there was no hint of snow. As the girls walked briskly back to the old house of Glen Ivor, Christina's sympathies were all with the man who was being looked for.

"I wonder who it is," she said with a sigh.

"Why, what can it matter to you, Criss? he is not your son or brother," cried Amy, impatiently."

"He is *somebody's* son or brother, perhaps some girl's sweetheart," said Christina, softly.

"Well, he's not yours; and he should not have deserted the colours," retorted Amy. "Probably the fellow is a ne'er-do-weel. Bother! here is my shoe-string loose again, please stop, Criss, till I tie it."

They were beside a heap of road-metal piled under a clump of evergreens in the hedge. Amy set her foot upon the stones and proceeded to tie her shoe leisurely.

"We had better not mention the deserter to mother," remarked Christina, suddenly. "Remember the story I told you about our maid Flora."

"Oh, I remember, but I can't say I pitied her very much. Our English maids are not so sentimental as to die of broken hearts." Amy was a very up-to-date young person, scorning love and lovers, a champion golfer and hockey-player.

"This string is enough to make one use language," she cried, tugging angrily at the shoe-lace. "But I say, Chris! are you still determined to try that spell in the barn? you'll get a fright, I think—best give it up."

"It takes more to frighten me than you think—the barn is full of hay and straw, it may rustle, but that will not terrify me. I'll go punctually at midnight, and so won't have any waiting before I try my luck," laughed the Highland girl. "Only don't mention it to any one; lots of our friends still believe in spells, you know. But won't you try too, Amy?"

"Thanks, I don't intend to qualify for becoming a member of the Psychical Research Society,' said Amy, as she rose and shook out her skirts "Now come along, Chriss; this beastly knot is managed at last."

"What a dreary place this is—a very suitable one for a witch's tryst!" she continued, looking at the dark clump of bushes and the pile of road-metal.

"Yes, but come along, we are late, and the darkness will soon fall," said Christina, and they quickened their pace to reach Glen Ivor by daylight.

The ancient mansion was to be gay that evening, the first time for many years. Christina was not only the one daughter, she was, alas! the only child of the stately old pair who lived there—the only one since that dreadful day when Malcolm M'Lean had gone out in the morning, strong, handsome, happy, and ere night, had been carried home with all his splendid, brave young manhood crushed out of him for ever. As the girls ran up to Christina's room to dress (Amy shared her friend's for the night) they passed a closed door not far from their own. Amy glanced at it, and Christina answered the unspoken question in the girl's eyes.

"Nobody has that room, that was Malcolm's always," she said in a low tone.

They helped each other to dress for the grand evening party, and two fairer types of their respective countries it would have been hard to find—Christina, tall, fair, blue-eyed, and auburn-haired; Amy, small, dark, richly-coloured as her own English rose. Amy chattered volubly as she brushed out her dark locks, and Christina was laughing at one of her quaint attempts to speak in Gaelic, when the deep bay of a dog made them both start. Christina turned pale.

"That was old Morven; he has never given

tongue like that since—since *that* day," she said, with a scared look.

"Doesn't he bark like other dogs? Mastiffs generally bark and howl at times; at least our one does," said Amy, surprised.

"I know they do, but Morven, though he now and then whines, has neither barked nor howled since Malcolm died. He was with my brother that day, and has never been the same since," said Christina sadly.

"Somebody has been teasing him," said her friend. "Probably some of the coachmen or drivers who have brought people here."

"No; they will all be in the farm kitchen, not near his kennel. He is kept beside the barn, quite away from the servants' quarters. Oh! Amy, it is a warning of evil coming. I feel it is." Christina was trembling, her lips were white.

"Nonsense, dear?" said her friend, soothingly. "Why should you fear the bay of a dog when you are brave enough to try a spell? Oh, Chris, you are absurd."

Christina went to the window and peered out. The farm buildings were behind a high ivy-clad wall. She could see nothing; the gate in the wall, leading into the farm-yard, was closed. She came back to the hearth, looking strangely moved.

"If he had done that just once before I should not have minded so much," she said; "but to be silent so long! Oh! it fills me with dread. I *do* take it as a warning."

"Well, don't go to the barn, then," said practical Amy, rather curtly. She was quite angry at the idea of a warning. "I am sure the dog will bay again before long."

But he did not; after that one loud, eager bark he was silent, and the girls, tired at last of listening for the sound that never came, descended to the room where the guests were assembling fast. And soon, in the gay bustle and amusement of the evening, both had so completely forgotten the events of the earlier hours that when they met about eleven o'clock outside the drawing-room door, neither had a thought for aught beyond the fun and frolic of New Year's Eve.

"I'm going out now!—don't say a word if any one asks where I am," whispered Christina, and Amy nodded, silently laughing.

"I'll not wait for you!—I'm too busy. But you can come for me when you've finished," she said brightly as they separated, Christina to seek the lonely barn, Amy to rejoin the dancers.

Like many ancient Highland mansions, Glen Ivor House was roomy and rambling, its numerous additions necessitating new doors or passages opening into the hall. From one of these doors a young man came out just as Christina ran past; a pleasant-faced young fellow with frank grey eyes.

"Why, Chris! where are you off to in such a hurry?" he demanded, laughing.

"Oh, Allan, don't stop me! I'll return in a few minutes," she answered, scarcely pausing.

"I'll wait for you here—the next dance is mine," and she nodded with a smile as she ran off towards the back entrance, leaving him leaning against the tall old clock.

Allan was the laird's nephew, he was heir of the entailed estate. Mr. M'Lean hoped that he would be in course of time his son-in-law, and matters seemed progressing towards that end. Allan and Christina were fond of each other's company. The young man was fonder of his cousin than he himself was aware of, and he thought as he waited for her that he had never seen her look so sweet as she did in her black lace and pale pink roses. The minutes passed, it was almost a quarter of an hour since she had gone, when a light, swift step returning caught his ear. Christina, panting with haste, pale as death rushed up to him, almost falling into his outstretched arms.

"Chris, dear! what is it? What has frightened you?" asked the young man, anxiously. He saw she was terribly agitated, but his question seemed to recall her senses.

"Allan! Allan! I must tell you,—I dare not wait; every moment is precious. Listen!" she panted in a terrified whisper, and drew his head down for a brief space. Then as a burst of laughter came from the drawing-room the two retreated into the dark passage behind.

Shortly afterwards some one turned out the hall lamp, there was a sound of steps ascending the stairs, and in a few minutes the lamp was re-lighted. Christina looked into her cousin's eyes, her own bright with tears.

"Oh Allan! dear Allan! you are the best man I know," she whispered with a curious catch in her breath, as though she longed to weep. His answer was to take her hands in his, and hold them tightly for a minute. Then he opened the drawing-room door for her to enter. But he did not follow her in, he passed out to the wide gravelled space in front of the house, and lighting a cigar strolled up and down before the windows. Once he looked up at two of those above, Christina's own, and that black closely shuttered one near it, and he sighed as he went on.

"Poor fellow! how can I ever take his place and he was as generous as she is," he muttered under his breath.

It was very silent outside, the music could not be heard. The frost was keener, but the snow had not come. Far away some lights twinkled on the hillside; others were keeping

the New Year's Eve as well as the Laird. He stopped his promenade at last, and after another rapid glance around and above, betook himself indoors.

A lively country dance was in progress—the "Triumph." Amy was being led down the centre, two of Allan's friends, Hector Innes and Norman M'Neil, on each side, laughter was ringing out merrily, the elders were smiling as they looked on, when there came a sudden interruption. The door was opened to reveal three men in military overcoats standing in the hall, a crowd of servants, half frightened, half curious, in the background. Instantly the dancers stood still, the music stopped. One of the soldiers came forward a few paces, giving a military salute.

"What is the meaning of this visit?" demanded the master of Glen Ivor.

The sergeant touched his cap again.

"We're on duty, sir—after a deserter. We traced him to the Clachan, and one of your men reported having seen him lurking among some bushes by the road skirting your land. Another saw him near your watch-dog's kennel. We have searched all the out buildings without result, now we are bound to search the house. Very sorry, Mr. M'Lean, but duty's duty, and it has to be done." The man spoke with a sort of dogged civility that showed he meant to obey orders at any cost.

For answer, Colin M'Lean swept his glance over the group of servants behind the soldier, it was to them he spoke, a ring of contempt in his stern voice.

"And which of my servants was it that acted such a mean and cowardly part?" he asked. "The man who lowers himself to be an informer is despicable indeed. I am a loyal subject of the Sovereign, but the wretch who betrays a fellow-creature to certain punishment is worse, in my opinion, than the culprit himself. Only in cases of murder or atrocious crime, can such betrayal be vindicated. Again I say that if any of you have done this thing you are no longer in my service." His words rang with manly scorn, before which the scared servants slunk away in silence, none daring to raise a voice in protest. Then Mr. M'Lean turned to his unwelcome visitors.

"You are at liberty to search, sergeant, we will offer no opposition, I myself will lead you over the house. But your man is not here." He spoke calmly, and the Sergeant once more saluted respectfully.

Christina, Amy, Allan, and his two friends, Hector and Norman, stood together a little apart from the other guests, as Mr. M'Lean led the way upstairs. No one followed the laird but his wife. Amy was eagerly recounting to the two young men beside her the incident of the knotted shoe-lace, and the pause by the heap of stones, while unseen by her and her listeners, Allan had taken his cousin's hand in a firm, reassuring clasp.

"The man was hidden in the hollies," Amy was declaring, when a piercing, agonised scream rang through the house, and every one rushed to the stairs, Christina and Allan foremost. Breathlessly they mounted, the girl white as a ghost, the man cool and resolute, albeit his heart beat with sledge-hammer strokes. At the top of the stairs a piteous sight met their eyes. Mrs. M'Lean, her face haggard with pain, weeping, sobbing hysterically, stood, her back against that closed door, barring entrance to those who would desecrate the chamber of her loved and lost.

"Not there! not there!" she cried frantically, "Oh men, are you monsters of cruelty that you must enter here when every step you take will be on a mother's heart? Have you no pity in your own?"

The soldiers stood, their impassive faces a strange contrast to the awed, scared ones of the guests. Colin M'Lean put his arm round his distracted wife and faced the searchers. He was perfectly calm, though his quiet tones had a tremble in them.

"Sergeant, that door has never been opened for four years and a half; never once since my only son was carried out in his coffin. He was a soldier too, though not, thank heaven, a mere machine as some are. No one can enter that room, the key of its door is in my possession, in a place only known to my wife, my daughter, and myself." He looked steadily at the three men who still waited.

The sergeant wavered; Allan M'Lean spoke from the background where had anybody cared to look they would have seen two hands meet and clasp each other tightly, the strong, sinewy fingers of a man's hand, the slender, trembling ones of a girl.

"I was smoking outside half-an-hour ago; the window of that room was shuttered as usual. No one could get in from the outside, even if they could climb the bare wall," he said, with scornful emphasis.

The three men drew aside; the sergeant turned to the laird respectfully.

"We'll take your word for it, sir," he said. "You will understand we were doing our duty, and could not help ourselves."

"I understand perfectly, sergeant," the laird answered courteously. "Now, as you have had a cold march from the clachan, if you and your men will go to the kitchen, you can rest and have supper before you leave. Allan, lad, see to this for me."

The soldiers saluted and went downstairs, but it was Hector Innes who marshalled them to the kitchen; a look from Allan had brought him to the front as the company trooped back to the drawing-room.

"Chris, dear, can I do any more just now?" Allan asked his cousin in a low tone. She shook her head; she could hardly speak.

"No, only wait," she murmured brokenly. "Oh, poor mother? she will never forget, and I must tell her. Allan, don't leave me yet, stay here."

She passed into her mother's room quietly, a new expression on her fair face. Mrs. M'Lean, the violence of her emotion spent, lay back in her chair by the fireside, her husband holding one of her thin hands in his. Christina knelt down by her mother's side, and drew the dear head close to her own, with the deep, silent sympathy so sweet to note in the young. For a little while she held her mother in that close, tender embrace; then she spoke softly, with an infinite, pitying tenderness. The words came slowly at first, then flowed with a rapidly increasing emotion, as if wrung from her very inmost soul. Mother and father had alike started with exclamations of horror at her first sentences, but as the girl became more earnest they listened, silent indeed, but with excitement as great as her own.

"Mother! father! it is Willie Murray, the laddie Malcolm befriended and was so fond of. He was coming to Malcolm. He did not know that Malcolm was gone from us for ever. How could I send him away? It was for Malcolm's sake that I did it; *he* would have done it, I feel sure, and I think he must know and be pleased that I saved the laddie. He is not bad; only impulsive. Oh! mother dear, father, tell me that I have done right, for Malcolm's sake."

Her mother did not speak, and the girl resumed almost passionately.

"Willie is not bad, only hot-tempered, Malcolm always said so, and he knows the boy best. Think of it, mother dear; the laddie heard that *his* mother was dying; his sergeant had a spite at him; reported him for some small offence. He was confined to barracks for it, he would get no leave did he ask it. He loved his mother, he broke his arrest to see her. He came here to seek Malcolm's help,—in South Africa he had never heard of our boy's death. It was Willie that reared Morven for Malcolm, the dog recognised him, and was overjoyed; Willie hid beside Morven's kennel till I discovered him. He will give himself up once he has said farewell to his mother. Allan helped me to conceal him; he will get Willie away once the house is quiet. He will arrange it all with Hector and Norman. Oh! tell me that you are not angry: that I have done right." She broke off with a wail that seemed to rend the mother's stony, anguished silence. Mrs. M'Lean caught her daughter to her heart.

"Colin, my husband! let us thank heaven for giving us this brave, noble lassie, as true and faithful as the son 'who is not,'" she said, her eyes alight with holy gladness, and the laird's answer was to clasp wife and child in his sheltering embrace.

It was two hours later; all the company had gone save the guests staying in the house, Allan M'Lean, Hector Innes, his sister, Norman M'Neil, and Amy Horton. In the Glen Ivor dining-room they stood grouped with the laird, his wife and daughter round a tall young fellow in uniform. He was very pale, but cool and collected, and his dark eyes had a wistful look in them. As those wistful eyes for a moment met Amy's, a great wave of remorse, of shame, of utter humiliation swept over the girl, she felt herself a poor creature beside her friend, Christina; she knew instinctively that the young soldier had heard all she had said—heard and judged her heartless.

"Now, boys, get the trap ready, and Allan, I'll have the letter for you when you're ready," the laird said, and the three young men hastened away to obey orders. Mrs. M'Lean laid her hand on the deserter's shoulder.

"You'll go back to-morrow, Willie, and give yourself up," she said in her soft voice.

The lad—he was but twenty-three—took her hand in both his own.

"I swear before God that I will, Mrs. M'Lean," he said huskily. "Mr. M'Lean and Mr. Allan both advise it, and I gave them my word. They'll stand by me, and our Colonel is a good sort—he's not hard on his men. It is only Milligan, my sergeant, that grinds me down; he's after me, you know."

Allan entered briskly, he was in driving coat and cap.

"It's all right, aunt," he said. "The sergeant and his men are gone; Mary took care to ply them well; they were pretty fellows and held a lot, she said," and he laughed. "Come along, Willie, the road is clear now."

"Here is the letter to Colonel Menzies; he was a friend of my boy's, and I've explained all to him," said Mr. M'Lean, handing the letter to his nephew. "You'll go with Willie, Allan." Allan nodded; the others pressed round Willie Murray, as Mrs. M'Lean helped him to don a grey ulster and soft cap.

"Heaven keep you, laddie!" she whispered brokenly. "These were my boy's, they will keep you warm, and I give them to you for his sake. Go, girls, and see him start—you too,

Colin—I will stay here."

The house-party stood on the door-step to see the departure, Amy, shame-stricken, in the rear. Allan and Willie mounted, and the former had gathered up the reins, when from the shadow of the great barn a figure started forward; the sergeant laid a firm grip upon the horse's bridle. Scarce knowing what he did in his amazement and wrath, Allan drew the animal almost upon its haunches, the spirited creature, a powerful chestnut, nearly knocking the sergeant over. But the man held on tenaciously, and the stern words, "In the King's name," rang out on the black night. Almost unconscious of his action, Allan half rose in his seat, his whip (one with a heavy knob) clubbed to strike the man down, but the blow never fell. From behind the group of terrified girls and dismayed men on the hall-door step a clear, sweet voice called out.

"Good night, Sir William! don't forget our dance at the Inverness Gathering Ball next Autumn." And only a critical ear could have detected the quaver in the gay laugh that followed the words.

The Sergeant's hand dropped from the rein as though the leather had scorched; he stood at the salute like a statue, as the horse skilfully recovered itself under Allan's easy control, and shot through the gates like an arrow into the road beyond. Amy had made her "*amende honourable.*"

SCOTTISH REGIMENTAL LITERATURE.

Compiled by ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE, Aberdeen.

(*Continued from Vol. XIII., Page 128.*)

SINCE the former notes appeared many obliging correspondents, including *Celtic Monthly* subscribers, have furnished me with notes for this useful bibliography. All these notes I have embodied in the present compilation. For the bibliography on "Highland Regiments" I am indebted to Mr. P. J. Anderson, Librarian, King's College, Aberdeen. Need I add the list is still far from complete. Many volunteer corps have issued separate monographs which have escaped the eye of one keen observer. Correspondents will oblige by sending full notes to me, c/o the editor of the *Celtic.*

1819.—Journal of a Soldier of the 71st or Glasgow Regiment, Highland Light Infantry, from 1806 to 1815. Edinburgh: printed for William and Charles Tait, 78 Prince's Street. Small 8vo., 232 pages.

1834.—The Black Watch, by Andrew Picken. London, 1834.

1838.—History of the Highlands and the Highland Clans, by James Browne. 4 vols. Glasgow, 1838.

1845.—Historical Record of The Black Watch (42nd Regiment), by Richard Cannon. London, 1845.

1847.—Recollections of Military Service, including some details of the Battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, by Thomas Morris, Sergeant, 73rd Regiment. Post 8vo.

1859.—Legends of the Black Watch (42nd Highlanders), by James Grant. London: published by George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., October 1859.

1876.—Historical Record of the 71st Foot (1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry), by H. J. T. Hillyard. London, 1876.

1882.—Narrative of the part taken in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, by the 79th Foot (1st and 2nd Battalions Cameron Highlanders), by K. S. Baynes.

1883.—History of the 91st Foot (1st Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), by H. G. Robley and P. J. Aubin. Cape Town, 1883.

1886.—Historical Record of the 72nd Foot (1st Battalion Seaforth Highlanders), by C. W. N. Guinness. Edinburgh, 1886.

1887.—Historical Records of the 74th Foot (2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry), by J. Macveigh, Dumfries. N.D.

1887.—Historical Records of the 92nd Foot (2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders), by J. Macveigh. Dumfries, N.D.

1887.—Historical Records of the 78th Foot (2nd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders), by J. Macveigh. Dumfries, 1887.

1887.—Historical Records of The Black Watch (42nd Regiment), by Jas. Macveigh. Dumfries, N.D.

1887.—Historical Records of the 75th Foot (1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders from 1881), by J. Macveigh. Dumfries, 1887.

1887.—"As You Were." By Sappers Trigger and Trench. Lithographed bazaar book (profusely illustrated) of the 1st Aberdeenshire Royal Engineers (Volunteers). F'cap folio. Andrew Gibb & Co., Lithographers, 3 Queen Street, Aberdeen.

1888.—Standing Orders for the 91st (Argyllshire) Regiment, by Colonels Anderson and Gordon. 8vo.

1888.—Third Lanark Chronicle. No. 1, December, 1888. Price 6d. La. 4to., double columned. No. 1 contained 32 pp. reading matter. This organ of the 3rd Lanark Rifle Volunteers was printed by Carson & Nicol, Glasgow. The last issue I have seen is No. 5, priced at 3d.

1890.—Seaforth Songs, Ballads, and Sketches with several illustrations by the author, by G. W. Anderson. Dublin: printed by R. Chapman, and published by the author, 1890.

1894.—The Valour Story of a Century: Battle Record of the Gordon Highlanders, by James Cromb. Dundee: John Leng & Co. 8vo., 68 pp.

1901.—Regimental Badges worn in the British Army One Hundred Years Ago; reproduced in facsimile from pen and ink drawings in the note book of a silversmith of that time: the regiments identified and their history added, by Edward Almack, F.S.A. London: Blades, East & Blades. 4to., 92 pp.

Mr. Almack is a painstaking antiquary, who has made the bibliography of *Aikon Basilike* his special province. Some time ago he purchased a manuscript (dated 1809) which belonged to H. Goetze, a silversmith, who made a business of furnishing badges for the regiments of the British Army. He has now edited this with great minuteness. The badges, particularly interesting to Scotsmen, are as follows:—

THE BLACK WATCH.—It is described, however, by the old silversmith, as that of the Gordon [*sic*] Highlanders. There is a separate badge for the 73rd Highlanders (now the 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch).

SCOTTISH RIFLES (CAMERONIANS, 2nd Battalion), originally the 90th Regiment, raised in 1794, by Graham of Balgowan, Perthshire.

HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY (2nd Battalion), originally the 74th Regiment, raised in Glasgow, 1787, under Sir Archibald Campbell.

ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS, formerly the 21st Regiment. It was raised in the reign of Charles II., and in the earliest list (1678) it is described as the "Foote Regiment commanded by ye Earle of Marre."

1902.—Volunteer Haversack (A). Contributions of certain writers to the Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade, the Royal Scots, with illustrations by Sir Noel Paton, James Cadenhead, D. Y. Cameron, and others. Privately printed. Crown 8vo.

1905.—With the 4th Battalion The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) in South Africa, 1900-1901. By Colonel Arthur Henry Courtenay, C.B., Commandant. Printed for the author by William Brown, Edinburgh. Issue was limited to 206 copies. Size, crown 8vo.

1905.—The Gay Gordons. The Story of the 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders. (Famous Regiment Scenes). By Wolmer Whyte. Published by John Dicks, London. N.D.

HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.

42nd Foot (1st Battalion Black Watch).
[Particulars of this and other Regiments treated of will be found in the following Works at pages stated.]
Stewart, i., 248; Browne, iv., 133; M'Kerlie, 10; Murray, 250; Keltie, ii., 324; Ross, 89; Richards, ii., 66; Farmer, 158.

71st Foot (1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry).
Stewart, ii., 110, 148; Browne, iv., 261, 283; M'Kerlie, 11; Murray, 288; Keltie, ii., 465, 479; Ross, 91; Richards, i., 252; Farmer, 192.

72nd Foot (1st Battalion Seaforth Highlanders).
Stewart, ii., 195; Browne, iv., 302; M'Kerlie, 12; Murray, 313; Keltie, ii., 534; Ross, 93; Richards, ii., 81; Farmer, 192.

73rd Foot (2nd Battalion Black Watch).
Stewart, ii., 213; Browne, iv., 309; M'Kerlie, 12; Murray, 191; Keltie, ii., 524; Ross, 93; Richards, ii., 81; Farmer, 192.

74th Foot (2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry).
Stewart, ii., 181, 232; Browne, iv., 296, 317; M'Kerlie, 13; Murray, 330; Keltie, ii., 519, 571; Ross, 97; Richards, i., 252; Farmer, 192.

75th Foot (1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders).
Stewart, ii., 239; Browne, iv., 319; M'Kerlie, 13; Murray, 199; Keltie, ii., 616; Ross, 101; Richards, i., 240; Farmer, 196.

78th Foot (2nd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders).
Stewart, ii., 245; Browne, iv., 320; M'Kerlie, 14; Murray, 352; Keltie, ii., 617; Ross, 103; Richards, ii., 81; Farmer, 194.

79th Foot (1st & 2nd Battalions Cameron Highlanders).
Stewart, ii., 277; Browne, iv., 349; M'Kerlie, 14; Murray, 380; Keltie, ii., 697; Ross, 105; Richards, i., 187; Farmer, 198.

91st Foot (1st Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders).
Stewart, ii., 286; Browne, iv., 354; M'Kerlie, 15; Murray, 212; Keltie, ii., 276; Ross, 111.; Richards, i., 71; Farmer, 206.

92nd Foot (2nd Battalion Gordon Highlauders).
Stewart, ii., 287; Browne, iv., 354; M'Kerlie, 16; Murray, 394; Keltie, ii., 756; Ross, 113; Richards, i., 240; Farmer, 196.

M.S. Collections. 2 vols., by John Malcolm Bulloch, M.A. In the Aberdeen University Library.

93rd Foot (2nd Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.
Stewart, ii., 311; Browne, iv., 363; M'Kerlie, 16; Murray, 419; Keltie, ii., 777; Ross, 115; Richards, i., 171; Farmer, 206.

The following are the works referred to in the above notes:—

1. Sketches of the Character, Manners, and Present State of the Highlanders of Scotland, with details of the Military Service of the Highland Regiments. By Major-General David Stewart.
2. History of the Highlands, and of the Highland Clans and Regiments. By James Browne.
3. An Account of the Scottish Regiments, with the Statistics of each, from 1808 to March, 1861. Compiled (by P. H. M'Kerlie) from the old regimental record books, and monthly returns of each regiment now rendered to the War Department. Edinbnrgh, 1862.
4. History of the Scottish Regiments in the British Army, by Major Arch. K. Murray. Loudon, 1863.
5. History of the Scottish Highlands, Highland Clans, and Highland Regiments, by John S. Keltie.
6. Old Scottish Regimental Colours, by Andrew Ross. 1885.
7. Her Majesty's Army, a descriptive account of the various Regiments now comprising the Queen's Forces, from their first establishment. 2 vols. London, N.D.
8. The Regimental Records of the British Army, by John S. Farmer. 1901.

EALASAID.

Le SEUMAS MUNRO.

Gu'n tugainn ionnsuidh bhearraideach
Air dàn a sheinn air Ealasaid,
Nion àillidh na beus ceanalta,
Leug-thàlaidh nam fear òg.

A gruag air fiamh nan ditheanan,
'Na dualaibh cuachach lìomharra
M' a guaillibh bàn, gu slodanach,
Mar chanach min an lòin.

A sùilean gorm-glan gràdh-theumach
Mar dhriuchd 'sa' mhaduinn àileanta
Air dearcaibh ùr na fàsaiche
Fo ghréin, a' deàrrsadh beò.

Beul guamach, cuanda, mealanta,
Air seinn nan duanag ealanta:—
Gur niarach fear a mhealas e,
'S do cheanaltas, le còir.

Geal-mhuineal mìn mar fharrusgaig
An ròis air ògan meanganach,—
'S e soillseachadh, mar chamhanaich,
Gu faileasach troi 'n t-sròl.

Uchd àigh nan tlà'-smuain gaolach
Paisgte suas 'am pourlainn chraobhaich,—
Leis an tàthlai'r sùil nan aosmhor,
'S bheir fo dhaorsa na fir òg.

Gur glan do shnuagh 's do ghiùlan;
Anns gach suairceas tha co-ionnsuichte:—
Gur tiunnail do aon diùc thu,
No do phriùnnsa,-'san Roinn- eòrp'.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

ONE of the most popular songs in the Gaelic language is "*Mo rùn geal dileas*,"—My faithful fair one—the air of which is sweet and simple. The history of the song is sadly interesting. It belongs to Islay, and refers to "some unhappy far-off time." I took down the history of the song many years ago in Gaelic from an Islay seanachie, Neil MacTaggart. I translate the narrative closely, and give a singable translation of some verses of the song.

FIONN.

MO RUN GEAL DILEAS

(MY FAITHFUL FAIR ONE.)

Key E♭. *Pathetically.*

{ .d : m.s | d' : r'.d' : t.l | s : m.d : m.s | d' : r'.d' : t.s | l :—. }

Seisd. Mo rùn geal dìl - eas, dìleas, dìl - eas, Mo rùn geal dìl - eas nach till thu nall?

Chorus. My faithful fair one, my own, my rare one, Return, my fair one, O, hear my cry!

{ .t :d'.f | m : s.m : r.d | r : m.s :d'.,l | s : m.d : r.,r | d :—. ‖

Cha till mi fhéin leat, a ghaoil, cha 'n fhaod mi, 'S ann tha mo ghaol - sa 'na laidhe tinn.

For thee, sweet maiden, I'm sorrow - laden: Without my fair one I'll pine and die!

Is truagh nach robh mi an riochd na faoilinn
A shnàmhadh aotram air bhàrr nan tonn;
Is bheirinn sgriobag do 'n eilean Ileach,
Far bheil an rìbhinn dh' fhàg m' inntinn trom.

Is truagh nach robh mi 's mo rogha céile
Air mullach shléibhte nam beanntan mòr,
'S gun bhi 'gar n-éisdeachd ach eòin an t-sléibhe,
'S gu'n tugainn fhéin di na ceudan pòg.

Thug mi còrr agus naoi mìosan
Anns na h-Innsean a b' fhaide thall,
'S bean bòichead t'aodainn cha robh ri fhaotainn.
'S ged gheibhinn saoghal cha 'n fhanainn ann.

Thug mi mìos ann am fiabhrus claoidhte
Gun dùil rium oidhche gu 'm bithinn beò;
B'e fàth mo smaointean a là 's a dh' oidhche,
Gu 'm faighinn faochadh 'us tu bhi 'm chòir.

Cha bhi mi strìth ris a' chraoibh nach lùb leam
Ged chinneadh ùbhlan air bhàrr gach géig.
Mo shoraidh slàn leat ma rinn thu m' fhàgail,
Cha d' thàinig tràigh gun mhuir làn 'na déigh.

O could I be, love, in form of sea-gull,
That sails so freely upon the sea,
I'd visit Islay, for there abiding
Is that sweet, kind one I pine to see.

O could we wander where streams meander,
I'd ask no grandeur from foreign clime;
Where birds would cheer us, and none would hear us,
I'd kiss my dear one, and call her mine.

In foreign regions I lived a season,
And none could see there with thee to vie;
Thy form so slender, thy words so tender,
I will remember until I die.

In fevered anguish, when left to languish,
No human language my thoughts could tell,
I thought, my dearie, if thou wert near me
To soothe and cheer me, I'd soon be well.

I'll ne'er contend with a tree that bends not,
Though on its tendrils rich fruit should grow;
If thou forsake me, I won't upbraid thee,—
The greatest ebb tide brings fullest flow.

The words were composed by young Maclean of Torloisg, Mull, probably two centuries ago. This scion of the Torloisg family, a fine young man of commanding presence, with beautiful golden locks, visited Islay as a cattle-dealer at a time when no regular fair or market was held in that island. The mode of purchasing cattle was for the dealer to travel from farm to farm, inquiring if they had cattle for sale, staying a night here and there, and in this manner he soon discovered where the comliest maidens lived. It was in this way that Maclean became acquainted with Isabel Campbell of Balinaby, a young and charming maiden, of loveliest form and most captivating appearance. Being an educated man of attractive manner, young Maclean was a welcome guest among the best families in Islay, and his company was eagerly sought after. As might be supposed, he was a frequent visitor at Balinaby, where he was hospitably entertained by the Laird and his wife, as well as by the lovely Isabel, who stole his heart away.

On a certain occasion Maclean visited Islay to purchase cattle, and he was not long in finding his way to Balinaby. When alone with the maiden on whom his affections were set, he was astonished to be told by her that he must cease his attentions, and, wondering, asked why so?

Her reply was—"My mother heard you came to the island the day before yesterday, and she told me that our love-making must cease, as my father would die were we to get married."

"Why," he replied, "did you not tell me so a year ago, when it would be easier mending matters than it is now?"

"I could not do so," was her reply. "I did not know it myself till now."

"Am I to understand that *you* have no objection to me?" he said.

"You are my choice of all men, and I would wed you to-morrow," she answered, "and it will be hard for me to cast you aside."

"My precious maiden," he replied, "you need not, and will not, cast me aside; I ask neither wealth nor

cattle with thee, I have my share of both, and will have more I trust. Make you ready, and come with me, and we may be married before they see us again."

"That will never do," was her reply, "and it is the most disrespectful utterance I ever heard from you; would you think so little of yourself as to run away with any maiden in that manner? Take courage, and exercise some patience, and I will do my utmost to influence my father and mother in your favour."

There was but little more said on this occasion. Next day they parted, and did not see each other again for three years. When Maclean got home he informed his friends of what had happened; indeed, he could not hide it, for he was downcast and sad. Some of his friends commended the maiden on her shrewdness and discretion, while others thought that he was foolish to be so downhearted over such a matter, and advised him to leave the country for a season. He took this advice, got ready in a short time, and sailed for the West Indies, where he remained less than a year. Returning home, he was not long in visiting his fair maid of Islay, from whom he received a hearty welcome. He spent a good part of the summer of that year purchasing cattle. The following summer he increased his purchases considerably—the total of his herd on that occasion numbering about one hundred and fifty head of cattle. Coming the way of Balinaby with this large herd, he sought a suitable opportunity, and said to his Isabel—"I intend speaking to your father to-morrow; I cannot delay the matter any longer. If I get his consent I shall be truly happy, and if he consents not I must cease my visits to Balinaby."

"Dearest of men," she replied, "do not be so rash and impatient. Take my advice and say nothing to him about the matter yet. Remember the Gaelic proverb that says that 'patience will secure assistance.'"

"I have waited patiently for three years," he answered, "and I can wait no longer."

"Very well," said Isabel, "such haste will soon end our pleasant meetings."

"But," said he, "I cannot think that your father is so hard-hearted as to keep us any longer separate."

"Take my advice and do not try him," was her only answer.

"I cannot leave the island," he replied, "without knowing his intentions, and learning my fate, for I promised my friends to have a definite answer for them on my return."

"Very well," she answered, "do as you please, but remember the proverb, 'pity those who won't be advised.'"

Next morning Maclean asked the Laird of Balinaby to accompany him to see the cattle he had purchased. When alone he told him of his love for his daughter, and asked him if he approved of his suit. The Laird stood motionless for a little, and then exclaimed—"I thought, although I received you as a visitor, you would never have the audacity to ask a wife from me. Better you had never mentioned the matter, for it is not so very long ago as to be yet forgotten, the last marriage between a Maclean and a Campbell, therefore a Maclean shall never get a daughter of mine."

Maclean listened patiently to this unpleasant reply, and when it was spoken he answered not a word, but gathered his herd and proceeded to drive them towards Port Askaig. When he got there his conduct was most unusual, for instead of waiting for a boat to ferry his cattle, he drove them out into the sea. Fortunately the tide was out, and the channel between Islay and Jura narrow, so that the cattle reached the other side in safety. No sooner did Maclean get the cattle driven into the sea than he prepared to follow them. When putting off his clothes the natives of Port-Askaig, who knew him well, observed his unusual conduct, but thought he was only under the influence of liquor, although he was not known to be of intemperate habits. They took care of him, thinking he would be all right on the morrow. They were sadly disappointed, for from that day to his death he continued a raving lunatic. He was confined, and it was during his confinement that he composed "*Mo rùn geal, dìleas*"—My faithful fair one—as well as several other Gaelic songs that are still known to the older generation in Islay.

MIRE CHATH.

SONS of the Highlands, bred on the heather,
If in your hearts be the spirit of old,
Hear ye the slogan, and gather together
'Neath the folds of the banner of red and of gold:
Your fathers set it in honor on high,
Stained red with the blood of the gallant and true,
Rouse ye and see that for ever it fly,
Unchanged in the glory they left it to you.

Of the land of our fathers, the strangers bereft us,
The tongue of the Gael, too, they tell us must go,
O'er the seas from the Homeland our kindred have left us,
Still the cheek of the smitten is turned for each blow,
The kilts of our regiments they'd change by an order.
Take the bonnet and plaid, tho' we've saved these as yet
Now the "Greys" are going southward over the border,
That Scotland's a nation her people forget.

And our Rulers forget—for in silence we meet them,
Tho' outraged our pride in our nation and name,
Dress, language and customs they'd take—if we let them,
But the Gael has awakened and turned him from shame:
He's roused and awakened—the dawning is near,
To "An Comunn" the clansmen are gathering fast,
In the bands of its brotherhood, unfaltering and clear,
Airson tir agus Teanga, we'll fight for at last.

Too long have we bartered, oh kinsfolk of mine,
Our birthrights for gold, and our honor for place,
Now the dawning is come, and the "Celtic" will shine,
To herald the waking of country and race,
The land and the language, for these two are one,
Hear, the slogan is calling from glen and from hill,
The land and the language—united—it's done,
And the Highlands are home to the Highlanders still.

W. CAMPBELL GALBRAITH.

LIEUT. IAIN H. MACKAY SCOBIE, UPPER BURMA.—Your interesting letter and photos of the Indian pipe band find a place in this issue, and will doubtless delight our many readers who finger the chanter. Perhaps we need not wonder so much after all at the fondness of the Indian hill tribes for the bagpipe, when we remember that our Celtic ancestors came from the East. This opens an abtruse question which we had better leave to the scientists to discuss! It is significant that they have "rude pipes" of their own. The old bagpipe of the Highlanders was a much less warlike instrument than the present pipe, the shrill notes of which are eminently suited for the battlefield.

Glad you enjoyed Mackenzie's "Short History of the Highlands" so much. Drummond's "Ancient Scottish Weapons" and Duncan Bàn MacIntyre's poems have been duly forwarded, and we trust they will reach you safely in Burma, that fair land of warm sunshine and rich colouring. We lately enjoyed(!) here a severe spell of frost and snow such as we have not had for several years.

Yours Faithfully,
Donald A. Cameron

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DONALD A. CAMERON, J.P., of Nokomai, New Zealand.

FIRST CHIEF, HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF SOUTHLAND.

New Zealand owes much of its prosperity to the Highland race. No matter what remote part of it you explore, you will find that men of Gaelic speech have been there before you, giving the hills, lakes, and valleys, the familiar place-names of their homeland, and making the visitor feel as if he were still in his native Scotland, only that the sides of the bens lack the purple hue of the heather, and the winds are not laden with the fragrant aroma of the peat. If you call at the great sheep stations and ask to see the owners, it is very probable you will find a Macrae from Kintail, a Macleod from Skye, a Mackay from Sutherland, or some other Gael with a homely Highland name. They have been, as usual, the pioneers of civilization, and wherever they have settled progress and prosperity attended their efforts. Someone anxious to perpetrate a joke at Scotsmen's expense, has said that if two Scots meet in a strange land they straightway start a Caledonian Society. This means that our countrymen are clannish and appreciate each other's company, and if we wanted an *apropos* example of this we would find it in New Zealand, for Scottish Societies, under various designations, flourish in all parts of the island.

There is a popular organization in Invercargill called the "Highland Society of Southland," of which the first chief was an enthusiastic Gael, Mr. Donald A. Cameron of Nokomai, a native of Lochaber, and one who, although over 50 years absent from the shadow of Ben Nevis, still speaks his mother tongue with the freshness and richness of youth. Although in his 72nd year, our worthy friend is at present spending a few months' holidays in the old land, and has braved Lochaber's snows as if they were one of the greatest delights of a pleasure trip. As this venerable Highlander's career is not lacking in interest to his countrymen, we have the greatest pleasure this month in presenting our readers with his portrait, in full Highland costume (taken twenty years ago, by the way), and a short sketch of his life. Our large circle of readers in New Zealand and all parts of the Australian colonies, will, we have no doubt, be delighted to procure copies of this fine portrait, and to learn that Mr. Cameron is enjoying the best of health, and wishes that his holiday were not quite so short.

Mr. Donald A. Cameron was born at Fort-William, 8th August, 1835, and was educated at the Grammar School there. At the age of fourteen he entered the employ of Messrs. G. & J. Burns, Glasgow, where he remained until the Highland steamers were acquired by Messrs.

Mrs. Donald A. Cameron.

David Hutcheson & Co. After two years' service with the latter firm, he sailed for Australia in June, 1854. Soon after arriving in South Australia, he took to sheep farming there, and also in Victoria. At this time he had the management of Mount Sturgeon Plains Station, the property of his uncle, Mr. Alex. Cameron, Jun., popularly known as the "King of Penola." In 1859, with two of his relatives (Angus Alphonse M'Donald of Reaby, Gore, Southland, and William Cameron, a son of the celebrated Lochaber stock-owner "Corrychoilie") he explored a large portion of the Wakatipu Lake District of the South Island of New Zealand, and Lochy River, Nevis River, Ben Nevis (7,000 feet high), and the "Devil's Staircase" were named after their prototypes in Lochaber and Glencoe; and also Mount Cameron (5,600 feet) on his own leasehold property.

For thirty years Mr. Cameron has contended against the rabbit pest, and has practically succeeded in conquering them over a very extensive track of country. He is now the last of the "Old Pioneer Settlers" who retains possession of his original holding in the Southland district. The others have passed away, changed their occupation, or succumbed to the disastrous effects of the rabbit invasion, but our friend never forgot that the motto of his clan was "a Cameron never can yield!"

He is descended from two famous branches of the great Lochaber race—on the one side from the Camerons of Glen Nevis, and on other from the Camerons of Letterfinlay or Muccomer—*Sliochd Iain-'ic-Mhartainn*—(formerly chiefs of the clan), the Dochnessie-men, who were the bulwark of Clan Cameron against the incursions of the neighbouring tribes.

On the 11th December, 1863, Mr. Cameron was married to Miss Margaret M'Donald, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, Victoria. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Archibald M'Donald of Campbellfield, near Melbourne, one of the pioneers in the Penola district of South Australia, and belonged to that branch of the Macdonells of Keppoch known to this day in the Braes of Lochaber as *Sliochd-an-Tighe*.

His elder son, Ewen, is by profession an architect. The younger, Alexander, is now in charge of the station and freehold property during his father's absence in Europe, and resides on the Glenfalloch Station, Nokomai, New Zealand.

Mr. Cameron has, at the age of 72, faced the dangers of sea and land, rounded Cape Horn, and has travelled alone over a great part of the British Isles, and hopes soon to return to his family in the land of his adoption, New Zealand, the "Gem of the Pacific."

EDITOR.

THE ATONEMENT OF MAISIE MACLEAN.

BY ALICE C. MACDONELL OF KEPPOCH.

"Lo, a gleam along the sky,
And a gloom upon the hill;
So around us, low and high,
Co-exist the good and ill.
Make the best of life, my friend;
All is chequered to the end."

From "The Afterglow."

HALF the troopers, "B" Squadron, Royal Scots Greys, lay the length of the Verandah outside the West Cavalry Barracks, Aldershot, in various postures, and stages of undress uniform. It was the afternoon of a sweltering day towards the middle of August, when the indomitable "Jocks" off duty fairly succumbed to the overmastering powers of King Sol, as they have never yet yielded to an earthly foe, their proud motto of "Second to None," being upheld in every engagement in which they have taken part, and as ready to be so upheld in the future.

Sergeant Patrick Adair just glanced at his recumbent and slumbering comrades, with a smile half amusement, half contempt, as he tripped down the staircase leading to the open yard in front, and facing the Wellington Avenue. Well groomed, well set up; in the neat "walking-out" dress of the gallant Greys, the cap set jauntily to one side, with its white waved welt, dark brown hair, grey eyes fringed with black lashes (a Celtic "hall mark,") a well bronzed face somewhat stern in repose, relieved by a smile of winning sweetness, as handsome a man as ever captivated the girls who love a soldier, and they are, I dare venture to say, in the majority; at least the nicest of them are. The descendant of "Conn of the hundred battles," combined with this, the indescribable charm of the Celtic manner, forming a personality, to say the least, interesting to most people.

"Helloa! Jock, where are you off to?" asked one of the 4th Hussars, as Adair swung down the avenue, his cane twirling carelessly in his right hand.

"Off to London lad, to see the sights," answered the sergeant, although he could hardly have said with truth *what* had induced him to ask for and obtain a week's leave, the ostensible reason given being matters of business. But in this, I grieve to relate, there was not an atom of truth.

Eight years had elapsed since Patrick Adair had joined the Royal Scots Greys at the Curragh of Kildare, one of the many gentlemen rankers that go to make up the troopers of this favourite regiment. Patrick Adair, to call him by his correct name of Conn O'Neill, was

the only child of Patrick O'Neill, head of the great firm O'Neill, Dillon & Co., solicitors, whose cherished scheme was to see his son established in his place before quitting this vale of tears and contradictions.

But, as Burns has it, "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley." Conn O'Neill had inherited all the warlike instincts of his mother's race, and nothing had delighted him more as a child than a visit he had paid with her on one memorable occasion to the Clonmacnois, there to gaze in wonder on the mystic ogham inscriptions, with the sacred scroll that adorns the ancient tombstones wrapped in the sublime silence and mystery of the centuries. It was with little effort that his Celtic imagination re-peopled the halls of Tara, hearing the sounds of the harp and the Druid songs echoing far over the hills and the waters; how he drank in all the wondrous tales his lovely young mother had told him of her clan, their battles and their victories; and when she left him, a boy of only twelve years, how dark the world had seemed to him without her. Much as he respected his father, no great love could exist between the cold man of business and his perfervid son. From his earliest boyhood the army had been the goal of his ambition. Over and over again his sympathetic mother pleaded that he might be allowed to follow his inclinations; his father would not hear of it. Afterwards, when there was no intervening influence to counteract the clashing of the two strong wills, and Conn had passed the age when he could have studied for a commission, he one day sought his father's sanctum to announce his utter distaste and inability for the legal profession, asking permission to enter the ranks and carve his own way upwards. A perfect storm of indignation met this proposal. So Conn, hoping to gain his end at last, allowed some time to elapse before renewing the subject. When he did return to the attack his stern father declared that if he intended to thwart him in such a long cherished scheme, he might do so, but never to show his face within these doors again.

"For your mother's sake," he declared at last, seeing his son's resolution was not to be shaken, "I shall present you with a cheque for £100; the last of my money you shall ever see until," he added with a sneer, "you repent of your mad folly, in which case I may see fit to receive you."

Stung to the quick, the fiery blood of the Celt leapt up in Conn's face. With flashing eyes and a haughty gesture he turned away, spurning the cheque which he considered only in the light of an insult, taking with him nothing but the little money that was his by right from his mother, her portrait, and the gifts she had given him, never to enter his old home again.

It was then that the Royal Scots Greys, happening to be stationed at the Curragh, received Conn O'Neill as a recruit under the name of Patrick Adair, his choice of the Greys being influenced by his mother's clan, as he considered himself more in the light of a MacDonald than an O'Neill. His promotion had been rapid, no "crimes," as they are called, however trivial, having soiled the whiteness of his sheet.

Never for a moment had he repented his choice of a profession. Adored by his comrades for his gay wit and genial disposition, he was fairly happy; only at times would the dark cloud settle on his spirits, sighing for the refinements of home life. Inside the barracks he did not mind so much, but outside he had no place to visit, no one he cared to associate with. It was under the influence of more than usually gloomy thoughts he had sought a week's leave, betaking himself to the great Babylon for distraction of some sort, he little cared what, the ordinary attractions of the "Shot," as the soldiers call it, not being sufficiently exhilarating.

Chapter II.

To say the truth, reason and love keep
Little company together.—*Shakespeare.*

From Waterloo Station Sergeant Adair proceeded to the "Soldiers' Home" in the Buckingham Palace Road, a bright and clean little house, where he had the good fortune to fall in with one of the non-commissioned officers of the "Gay Gordons" up from Glasgow on furlough—a handsome, dark-eyed Highlander from the West of Scotland, and the district of Appin, as his name, Stewart, would lead one to imply —who, on perceiving the uniform of the "Greys," at once chummed up to him.

Ever since their wild "deil's charge" together at Waterloo, hand on the stirrup, and shouting simultaneously "Scotland for ever!" when they crashed into the ranks of the flower of Napoleon's army, carrying everything before them, the bond between the two regiments has remained unbroken. Wherever the "Greys" and the "Gordons" happen to be quartered in the same town, you rarely see the men of the "Greys" walking out unaccompanied by some of the "Gordons," and *vice versa.*

After they had partaken of some light refreshment, Corporal Stewart, turning to Adair, asked him if he had any plans on hand for that evening. Finding he had none, the bronzed face of the Gordon Highlander showed a ruddy tint under the brown, as Stewart made the following proposal, much as he would make a charge

at the point of the bayonet, with a rush and a dash—

"Look here, Adair, I've arranged to take my young lady and her sister to the Adelphi Theatre to-night, would you care to come with us? They live with their mother out Clapham way, so if you'll just come along with me I'll be pleased to introduce you."

A slight hesitation crossed the Sergeant's mind for an instant. Since his entry into the ranks he had held but little intercourse with the fair sex, beyond soldiers' chaff. Speech with ladies of his own rank he had no chance of having, and he hardly relished a closer acquaintance with those of another. However, he knew Stewart of the "Gordons" to be a refined fellow, and so to oblige him he decided he would go.

With a half cynical smile he turned to his comrade. "Cockneys? Eh! Jock?"

"No, no, laddie; ne'er a bit of them," replied Stewart. "Do you think I'd have anything to do with a Cockney lass? Not me. Maggie MacLean is as true a Highland lassie as you'd meet anywhere, although she lives in London now. Some say her sister Maisie is the prettier of the two, but I prefer Maggie myself. Maisie is a bit too "Frenchy" in her ways for me. I'm only a plain soldier myself, and her learning is a bit too much sometimes."

"Is this Miss Maisie such a *bas-bleu?* What I mean is, now, is the lady so very clever?" asked Adair, as they strolled along the Buckingham Palace Road towards Victoria Station.

"Well, you see, it's this way. Mrs. MacLean herself was a governess, and married to our late Sergeant-Major, whom she met in Gibraltar, and after his death she came to London, and set up a little school down Clapham way. Maggie never cared much for learning, and looked mostly after the housekeeping, but Maisie was all for the piano and her books, and when she grew up she got a very good situation in France, which she kept for two or three years, and now she speaks French like a native. When the mother was getting a bit old Maisie came home, and she now keeps on the school."

Getting out at Clapham Junction the two soldiers swung up the High Street, leading out towards Battersea Rise. The easy swing of the kilted soldier, striding beside the straight-limbed dragoon, so well matched in height and physique, caused quite a flutter of excitement as they walked along, more especially among the fair sex, who darted many a glance of admiration after Scotia's handsome sons.

Stopping before a trim little garden entrance, in a row of villas much alike, the door of the house was flung quickly open, and a bonnie, fair-haired lassie, with bright blue, sparkling eyes, rushed out to meet them.

"This is my little Maggie, Adair," said the Corporal, as with a warm glance of genuine affection he still held his sweetheart's hand in his own, whilst he explained to her that he had taken the liberty of bringing a comrade with him.

"Indeed he is right welcome," said Maggie, as she led the way into the pretty, tastefully furnished sitting-room, where a delicate, refined looking woman sat waiting to receive them, whom Maggie introduced as her mother.

On the table was placed a decanter of whisky, with glasses, a plateful of freshly baked scones, with butter and cheese.

"You see we have not forgotten our Highland customs, Sergeant Adair," said Mrs. M'Lean, as she filled out two glasses for the soldiers.

"Maisie will be in presently with the tea things, but it is the habit in our country, Sergeant, to offer the whisky first."

"I am proud to count the Highlands as my country also, Mrs. M'Lean, by my mother's side of the house. And indeed it is the one I most cling to," said Adair, as the two soldiers stood up, glass in hand, to drink to the health of the house.

"I'm sure I'm pleased to hear you say so," answered Mrs. M'Lean. "Although indeed being the same stock, you may say, it is difficult to claim being Irish without admitting the Highland blood, or Highland without having something of the Irish also."

Adair found Mrs. M'Lean to be a refined, well educated gentlewoman, who was not long in discovering her guest's real rank, although delicacy forbade her to question his reasons for being in the ranks; or, she put it down in her own mind to the cause that makes so many gentlemen enlist, the stiffness of the absurd examinations required, which almost seems as if it were scholars and not fighting men the British Army most required.

As to Stewart and his fair *fiancée*, seated side by side, and hand in hand, on a sofa in the corner of the room, they had become totally oblivious as to what was going on around them until Maisie's entrance with the tea tray, piled with good things, awoke them from dreamland.

"Hoot! hoots! Maisie," exclaimed Stewart, as he jumped up to take the tray out of her hands, "this will never do; we've had tea already."

"Now, laddie, I know very well what a barrack-room tea is like by experience, and as you have a good hour before you need start for the theatre, you must just sit in and taste Maggie's cream scones."

At the entrance of Maisie MacLean, Adair

looked up, having by this time forgotten the existence of a sister. What he saw caused him to rise abruptly to his feet, and greet the newcomer with as courtly a bow as he would have accorded the first lady in the land. Tall, sweet, and graceful, with the dark hair waving back, forming a frame to the delicate oval face, large clear brown eyes of wonderful brilliance but little tenderness, and a small firm mouth in which there was the same trace of hardness, until she smiled, when the whole expression gave way to one of winning sweetness. A lady, in bearing and manner. To Adair, who had not exchanged a single word with refined women since he had entered the army, his present surroundings were inexpressibly soothing.

With very pleasurable feelings he started out afterwards as escort to beautiful Maisie MacLean, who interested and picqued him by turns, and she, putting forth all her powers of fascination for the benefit of the handsome dragoon, succeeded in no small degree. The scion of the proud O'Neills, forgetting his usual reserve in presence of women, chatted as gaily as he would have done with one in his own rank of life.

From that night Adair accompanied Stewart every evening to the quiet street on Battersea Rise, nothing loth, the cosy room and the pleasant chats making him feel more at home than he could have believed possible. Mrs. MacLean was one of Nature's own gentlewomen, refined and unpretentious. Both Maggie and her sister sang sweetly the delightful ballads of their own country; but in this, as in all showy accomplishments, Maisie excelled. Too swiftly the short week flew past, and it was with feelings of genuine regret the Sergeant bade adieu to his newly-found friends, accepting their hearty invitation to look them up whenever he happened to be in London. Once or twice it had been on the tip of his tongue to disclose his real name, but something always held him back. Refined, pleasing as his new friends were, he hardly felt as if he could bring himself to speak of his own family. Of what use to dwell upon it now. His father, he knew well, would never forgive him, and as they were merely passing acquaintances after all, what need to dwell on painful details. Stewart, Maggie, and Maisie accompanied him to Waterloo, the day of his departure, and as the train steamed slowly out of the station the last sight the soldier saw was the piquante, brunette face of Maisie waving him a last adieu.

(To be continued.)

CLAN MACKINNON SOCIETY.—At the February meeting of this Society, Mr. John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly*, delivered a lecture on Clan Banners, illustrated with photographs of the *bratachs* still in existence.

DARNA BEAN PHARA NA SLUASAID.

LE "FIONN."

MU 'n am so an uiridh chaidh mi chur seachad na Nollaig le 'm charaid am Maighstir-sgoil a tha 'sa Chill-àluinn—a dh' innseadh na firinn 'se fhein is duine 's a's dithist 's an sgireachd—'se is cleireach Seisein, fear-ciùil na h-eaglais, cho math ri dreuchd no dhà eile nach ruigear a leas 'ainmeachadh. 'Nuair a rainig mi co bha air thoiseach orm ach Seumas Mac Cuithein, lighiche òg a mhuinntir an Eilein Sgitheanaich, a bha, mar bha mi fein, air aoidheachd leis a' Mhaighstir-sgoil, agus mur 'eil mi air mo mhealladh, na leannan aig Beathag, a tha cumail tighe le a bràthair.

Air feasgar a bha sin bha sinn gu seasgair blàth 'nar còilean mu'n teine, ged a bha, mar thuirt am bàrd—

> "An oidhche nis air fàs ro shalach,
> Bhrùchd na tuiltean troimh na gleannaibh,
> Fhreagair creag is beinn le farum
> Fuaim na gaillionn air an raon."

Eadar dhà naigheachd chuala sinn Beathag a' bruidhinn ri cuideigin aig an dorus agus 'gan cuireadh tighinn a stigh.

Chuir Beathag a ceann a stigh air dorus an t-seòmair agus ars' ise ris a' Mhaighstir-sgoil—"A Dhòmhnuill, so agad Para na h-eaglais aig an dorus 's toil aige bruidhinn riut leat fhein."

"Càirich a nuas an so e," arsa Dòmhnull, agus a' tionndadh rium fhéin 's ri m' charaid, ars' esan—"Tha fhios agam gasda de chuir an so an nochd e. Chaill Pàruig a bhean o chionn còrr is bliadhna, 's tha dà bhanntrach air a lorg, is theagamh gu do rinn e suas té dhiu 'phosadh, 's bithidh e tadhal mu na 'gairmean'—mar 'eil mise air mo mhealladh gheibh sinn sgeul ait."

"Thig a stigh a Phàruig," ars' esan 'se tionndadh ris an fhearr a bha 'san dorus, "'s gheibh thu do Nollaig. Ciod air an t-saoghal a chuir a mach thu a leithid so de dh'oidhche?"

"Ma ta cha 'n ann a thoirt droch fhreagairt oirbh a tha mi," arsa Pàruig, "ach chuir an rud a chuir an earb air an loch—an éiginn—direach an éiginn, a dh' innseadh na firinn, an cead na cuideachd, thuit faradh nan cearc an cachd 's na h-iteagan orm—tha gnothaichean air tighinn gu aona-cheann—tha 'n taoim air dol thar nan totachan, agus thainig mi chur mo chomhairle riubh fein, ma bheir sibh cothram dhomh; 's duilich leam dragh a chur oirbh is cuideachd leibh."

"Gheibh thu mo chomhairle, a Phàruig, ach so dhuit so an toiseach," ars' am Maighstir-sgoil. "So dhuit do Nollaig, is feumail thu air deur beag ad shealbhan 's an oidhche cho fuar; suidh a suas ris an teine 's nuair a ghabhas tu blàthas gheibh sinn do sgeul—cha

n 'eil a so ach dà charaid dhomhsa, tha iad le chéile cho Gaidhealach ri gas fraoich, 's mar sin cha bhi sinn a cosd Beurla orra."

Chuir mi fhein agus Seumas Mac Cuithein fàilte air a' bhodachan. Dh'òl e làn na cuaiche 's chuir siud blàthas air, agus thòisich a theanga air gluasad.

"Bha toil agam," ars' esan, 's e tionndadh ris a' Mhaighstir-sgoil "ar comhairle 'ghabhail mu 'n chùil-chumhainn anns a' bheil mi an dràsd, oir cha robh duine riamh air a chur thuige mar a tha mise."

"Nach 'eil fhios agadsa a Phàruig," ars' am Maighstir-sgoil

"Gur lionar trioblaid agus teinn
Thig air an fhìrean chòir?"

"Tha glé mhath," fhreagair Pàruig, "agus air feadhainn nach bi 'n am fìrean idir."

"So, so, a Phàruig, thoir dhuinn do sgeul," ars' am Maighstir-sgoil, "cho luath 's dh' fhaodas tu, mar 'eil mise air mo mhealladh tha boirionnach aig bun a' ghnothaich."

"Tha, le'r cead, a dhà dhiu, ach leighibh sibhse leam agus gheibh sibh mo sgeul o bhun gu bàrr. 'Nuair a chaochail Mòrag agamsa, a bhliadhna an Fhoghair so chaidh, bha mi gun mhath, gun fheum, dìreach mar eun aig am biodh sgiath bhriste, am uallach dhomh fhein 's gun mi faicainn ciod am feum dhomh bhi beo. Bha so nàdurra gu leòir, oir 's e boirionnach deanadach glic, pongail a bh' ann am Mòrag—a cuid de Phàrras dhi! Cha 'n fhaigh mise a leithid ri m' bheò! 'Nuair a bha mi anns an t-suidheachadh so, 's gun fhios agum co dhiù bha mi beò no marbh—có a thoisich air tighinn 'gam fhaicinn ach banntrach ruadh an t-seicleir a tha 's an ath chroit rium. Mheas mi na chaoimhneas i thighinn a dh' fheòraich cia mar a bha dol dhomh. An sin thigeadh i 's a' mhaduinn 's dheanadh i mo leapa, 's chuireadh i àird air an tigh, chàireadh i mo stocainean 's dh' fhuaghaileadh i putan air mo bhriogais. Ma bha 'mhaduinn fuar thigeadh i le cuach bhrochainn am ionnsaidh fhad 'sa bhiodh mo theine fein a' lasadh. Bha i fuasach caoimhneil, coimhearsnachail. Latha bha sin thuit dhi tighinn a stigh 's mi losgadh mo choragan a pùradh poit bhuntàta. "Ah!" ars' ise, "a Phàruig, cha bhi thu ceart gus am faigh thu boirionnach còir caoimhneil an àite na te nach mairionn, agus bheirinn comhairle ort a bhi air air d' fhaicil o'n na guanagan chaileag tha dol mu'n cuairt—gòragan aotram gun seadh gun chiall—amhairc mu'n cuairt ort, 's cha ruig thu leas dol fada o d' dhòrus féin air son boirionnach stéidheil mu dheich bliadhna fichead—mu 'm aois fhéin a Phàruig—té a chunnaic obair tighe 's do 'n aithne fear a stiùradh?"

"Thug mi taing is buidheachas do 'n bhoirionnach air son a deadh chomhairle agus gheall mi dhi smaointeachadh mu'n chùis. A dh' innseadh na firinn dhuibh bha mi meas gun robh e fior chaoimhneil dhi a bhi 'g amharc as mo dhéigh fhéin 's ás deigh mo thighe gun sireadh gun iarraidh. Latha bha sin bha mi cnuasachadh na comhairle a thug banntrach an t-seicleir orm, is có a thàinig a stigh ach banntrach bhras an tàilleir chrùbaich á Baile-nan-clach, a thuit a bhi dol seachad 'san am, 's thadhail i, mar thuirt e fhein, a dh' fhaicinn cia mar a bha dol dhomh o'n a chaochail Mòrag—'s ghuil i gu goirt air son na té nach mairionn. 'Nuair a thainig i thuige arse ise, "Bhithinn a nuas 'gad fhaicinn roimhe so, a Phàruig ach bha sùil agam d' fhaicinn shuas o chionn còrr agus mìos. Nach do dh'innis Seònaid chlaon dhuit gu'n robh mi 'gad iarraidh a suas Oidhche Shamhna. A Pharuig ars ise, 'si 'g amharc orm ann an clàr an aodainn, bu mhath leam t-fhaicinn a togail ris a nis, rinn thu caoidh air son Mòraig uine chuimseach—trì miosan na's fhaidhe na bha mise caoidh an tàilleir—gu'n teagamh dh' fhaodainnse caoidh mios no dha ni b' fhaide mar a bhith gun robh piseagan aig a' chat ann am bhoineid dhuibh—'s chuir sin crioch air mo thuireadh."

"'Ille," ars ise, 'si toirt puradh dhomh anns na h-aiseannan le a h-uileann, "a bheil fhios agad có 'n t-aodann a chunnaic mi anns an sgàthan Oidhche Shamhna 'nuair sheall mi thar mo ghualainn chlìth?" Chaog i rium 's ghabh i mach.

"A bheil fhios agaibh air a so, cha 'n 'eil fhios agam ciamar, no car son, ach thoisich m' inntinn air togail o'n là a bhruidhinn banntrach an tàillear rium, 's bha mi gabhail mo ghreim bidh ni b' fheàrr.

"Cha b' fhada bha banntrach an t-seicleir a toirt an aire dha so, agus bha i 'm beachd gun robh so ag éiridh o bhi leanailt a comhairle chàirdeil, agus ag gabhail a' brochain."

"Is taitneach," arsa mise, "coimhearsnaich chàirdeil chaoimhneil a bhi aig daoine."

"Tha amharas agam a nis ciamar a tha cùisean ri ruith," arsa 'Maighstir-sgoil, greas gu ceann do sgeòil 'sam faic sinn co té de na banntraichean a bhuidhinneas an réis, a Phàruig."

"Buidhinn," arsa Paruig, "bhuidhinn iad le chéile ann an dòigh, ach ann an dòigh eile cha do rinn a h-aon dhiù moran deth, ach tha moran agam ri innseadh fhathast mu 'n ruig mi deireadh mo sgeòil. Ach a thilleadh gu 'm naigheachd. Bha mo bhriogaisean-caithe air an càradh cho tric nach robh fhios agam fhein ach gann ciod a bu dhath dhaibh an toiseach, agus latha bha sin arsa banntrach an t-seicleir 'si 'g amharc orra, 'cha ghabh na briogaisean càradh tuille—cha 'n 'eil iad coltach ri duine deanadach 'sam bith, gun tighinn air Maor eaglais. Tha paidhir agam shios 'san tigh a

bh' aig an t-seicleir, cha robh iad air leth-dusan uair riamh, agus tha fhios agam gu'm freagair iad dhuit." Thug i nios iad an ath latha 's dh'fhàg i agam iad. Bha sin air Di-h-aoine. Air Didòmhnaich co rinn a suas rium fhéin air an rathad dhachaidh ach banntrach bhras an tàilleir chrùbaich, agus ars' ise 'tha ad agam shuas a siud a bh' aig an tàillear, 's tha fhios agam gum freagair i dhuit, cho math ris a' chota ghorm leis na putain bhuidhe, 'se do bheatha 'gan ionnsaidh. Thig a nios feasgar an ath-oidhch' agus feuch ort iad.' Arsa mise rium fhein tha 'm Freasdal a cur orm, agus o'n nach robh toil agam dol an aghaidh toil an Fhreasdail, a suas ghabh mi aig ciaradh an fheasgair agus thill mi dhachaidh leis a' chota ghorm 'nam achlais, agus an ad air mo cheann. Tha 'n ad rudan beag tuilleas mor air mo shon, thig i 'nuas thar mo chluasan cor uair, bha ceann fuasach air an t-àillear, fhuair e bàs le uisge 's a cheann. Bha mi moiteil as an ad, oir chitheadh tu t-fhaileas innte; agus gu sonraichte as a' chota ghorm 's na putain bhuidhe, agus dé rinn mi ach innseadh do bhanntrach an t-seicleir cho caoimhneil 'sa bha banntrach an tàilleir, agus chur mi orm iad 'gan leigeil fhaicinn dhi, 's bha mi cho moiteil ri aona bhalachan a fhuair briogais ar son na ceud uaire. Ach fhearaibh 'sa ghaoil, o'n latha sin thosich mo thrioblaidean. Mu'n tainig crioch ar an t-seachdain bha mo thigh air a dhinneadh le àirneis o dhorus gu anainn, cho làn ri aon sgeap-sheillean a chunnaic sibh riamh, oir thug banntrach an t-seicleir an aire gun robh cas ghoirid air a' bhord 's cha n fhòghnadh leatha ach gu'n tugadh i stigh a bòrd fhéin. Leis a' bhòrd thug i stigh sè cathraichean—cathair mhor da laimh, cathair bheag leinibh, agus chàirich i air an ùrlar iad. An sin shuidh i aig taobh an teine agus ars' ise 'Nach grinn tha iad a freagairt an tighe—'s ann a shaoileadh tu gun robh iad air an deanamh air son an tighe so.'

"Theagabh gun robh," arsa mise gu neochiontach, 's gun mi breanachadh ciod a bha na h-inntinn-sa, 's air falbh ghabh i 's i gogadaich coltach ri cearc an deigh éiridh bhar a nid.

Na dhéigh sin cha robh latha nach robh ball àirneis ùr a tighinn a stigh do 'm thigh—aodach leapa aon latha, poit latha eile, cuinneag an diugh is meadar am màireach gus mu dheireadh an gann a dh' fhàg i stop airneis 'na tigh fein. Tha e coltach gun cuala banntrach bhras an tailleir mu chùisean, oir thoisich ise agus rinn i cheart leithid ri ceann eile an tighe—lion i an seòmar làn chathraichean is gach ni dà réir. Ars' ise, "chunnaic mi ann am bruadar na thug orm so a dheanamh agus cha bhi thu ach a dol calg dhìreach an aghaidh an Fhreasdail ma dhiùltas tu uiread agus aon chathair. Bha mi feineil gus a nis ach chual mi guth ag ràdh c'ar son a bhidh tusa ad shuidhe air caithrichean grinn socrach 'nuair a tha 'n duine air am bheil thu 'n geall na shuidhe air bòrd lom cruaidh."

"Tha mo thigh cho làn airneis gur gann a gheibh mi dol a laidhe, ach 'se mo bharail gun feum cartadh mor a bhi ann oir a dh' innseadh no firinn thàinig mise a so a nochd a chur a stigh nan gairmean."

"An e gu bheil thu dol a phòsadh na dithist?" arsa am Maighstir-sgoil.

"Is mi nach 'eil," arsa Phàruig—"'se mo bheachd nach pòs mi h-aon de 'n dithist, ach cha 'n 'eil am bonnach beag bruich fhathast, cha do rainig mi deireadh mo sgeòil fhathast 'Nuair a bha mi air mo theannachadh 's air mo chuartachadh leis an dà bhanntrach 'se bha m'inntinn gu'm faotainn na bu mhiosa 'dheanamh na te dhiu a phòsadh, ach bha fhios agam na 'n deanainn so gum biodh an te eile air an dearg chaothach, 'san rùn na biodaig rium ri m' bheò, 's mar so ghiùlain mi leotha. Dh' innis banntrach ruadh an t-seicleir dhomh gun robh a h-uile duine 'san sgìreachd a faiciun gu'n robh banntrach an tàilleir a' bristeadh a casan as mo dhéigh, ach ars' ise 'cha bhiodh tu duilich a thoileachadh na'n gabhadh tu té a chur a fear do'n uaigh le struighealas—cha 'n 'eil do dh'òr 'san rioghachd na chumadh rithe—agus bha a cheart naigheachd aig banntrach bhras an tailleir mu bhanntrach an t-seicleir ach a mhain so, gun do chuir ise bàs a fear leis a chruas. Feasgar a bha sin thuirt mise rium fhéin cha dean so an gnothach, feumaidh mi cead mo choise 'bhi agam 'nam thigh fhein, theid mi suas 's gabhaidh mi comhairle a' mhinisteir. Chaidh mi thun dorus tigh a mhinisteir 's cò dh' fhosgail e ach an searbhanta, Ceit Raonaill.

"Thig a stigh a Phàruig," arsa Ceit, "tha an oidhche fuar ach tha teine math agum 'sa cheann so de'n tigh, tha cuideigin leis a' mhinisteir an dràsd."

'Nis 'se caile bhlàth-chridheach a th'ann an Ceit Raonaill agus tha facal aoidheil aice daonnan ri ràdh rium 'san dol seachad, ged nach rachadh mid riamh ro dhàn air a chéile—agus chaidh mi stigh leatha, shuidh sinn is thoisich sinn ri conaltradh.

"Suidh a stigh thun an teine a Phàruig," arsa Ceit, "tha 'n oidhche fuar." Shuidh mi fhein a stigh."

"Is ciamar a tha thu nochd?" ars ise gu cridheil, caomhneil.

"Tha mise gu h-eibhinn" arsa mise, "ciamar tha thu fhéin?"

"Math gu leòir 'am shlàinte," arse ise, "ach air mo chlaoidh ann am spiorad, agus tha mi ni's miosa 'n uair thig an t-anmoch mar so oiu

tha eagal orm roimh na bòcain. Suidh ni's dluithe orm a laochain 's mi fo uamhar."

"Suidh thuse ni's dluithe ormsa," arsa mise, "is thig e gus an aona chuid." Shuidh Ceit teann orm fhein. "Uist," a Phàruig ars' ise—'si 'g amharc an taobh a bha 'n uinneag.

"Cha tuirt mise facal," arsa mise.

"Ach nach cuala tu rudeigin?" ars' ise 's i tarruing a cathair teann ri m' thé-sa.

"Cha chuala mise ni ach plosgail mo chridhe," arsa mise.

"Oh mise!" ars' Ceit, "theid mi ceàrr 'san inntinn! cuir do làmh mu 'n cuairt orm a laochain." Chuir mi fhein mo laimh mu tiomchioll.

"Cum teann mi a Phàruig, air neò theid mi seachad," ars' ise. Chum mise teann rium i le m' uile neart.

"O, a Phàruig," ars' ise, "cha chuireadh na bòcain iomagain orm na'n robh thusa daonnan ri 'm thaobh, ach cum teann mi gus am faigh mi thairis air an eagal so."

Chum mi cho teann ri m' thaobh i nach 'eil fhios agam ciamar nach do bhrist mi a h-aisnean. Bha sinn 'nar suidhe mar so car tacan mu choinneamh an teine 'n uair thuit dhomh fhéin sùil a thoirt mu 'n cuairt is co a bh' air ar culaobh a faicinn 'sa cluinntinn na bha dol, ach am ministear 'sa bhean.

"Tha mi toillichte gun tàinig sibh," arsa mise, "oir cha 'n 'eil Ceit ach bochd."

"Tha mise toillichte gun tàinig mi cuideachd," ars 'an minister glé ghobach. "Bha amharrus agam gun robh a chuicheanachd so a' dol air aghaidh; ach chunnaic mi air mo shon fhéin e nis. Rach thusa dhachaidh Phàruig, ars esan, "agus ma bhios gairmean pòsaidh eadar thu fein is Ceit a stigh roimh Dhidòmhnaich so tighinn cha bhi 'n còrr mu 'n ghnothach, ach mar bi, bithidh tu fhein agus ise mu choinneamh an t-seisein."

"Air m' fhacal cha b' urrain do facal a ràdh as mo leth fhein agus shèap mi mach gu simplidh—coltach ri fear a gheibheadh buille 's an t-sròin. Sin aghaidh a nis mo sgeul agus thàinig mi a so a nochd a chuir a stigh nan gairmean. Dé ar barail?"

Chuir am Maighstir-sgoil mu'n cuairt a' chuach 's dh'òl sin uile deoch slàinte bean-na-bainnse, 's chaidh Pàruig dhachaidh a bhruadar air a' bhanais. Chuala mi gun deachaidh am pòsadh oidhche na Bliadhn'-ùire."

Theagamh gu m bu mhath leibh a chluinntim ciamar a ghabh an dà bhanntrach ris a' phòsadh.

Dh' innis am Maighstir sgoil sin dhomh cuideachd ann an litir a bh' agam uaith. Tha e coltach 'n uair a chual iad gun robh car ùr an ruidhl' a' bhodaich, gun d' thàinig banntrach bhras an tailleir a dh' ionnsaidh banntrach ruadh an t-seicleir agus ars' ise "Nach sinn an dà òinnseach? De tha sinn dol a dheanamh mu 'n àirneis 's an t-aodach leapa a thug sinn do Phara na h-eaglais?" "Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam de tha thusa dol a dh'eanamh," arsa bean an t-seicleir, "ach tha fhios agam de rinn mise. Chaidh mi Di-luain 'n uair a bha am bodach mosach a mach agus thug mi leam a h-uile ball airneis is rud eile a thug mi dhà." "Rinn thu sin gu gleusda" arsa banntrach an tailleir, "ach tha thusa aig làmh; cuiridh mise litir a dh' ionnsaidh Phàruig e a chur dhachaidh na fhuair e uam-sa." Tha e coltach gun do rinn é so. 'S mar do shiubhail iad o sin tha iad beò fhathast.

TRANSLATION.

THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD.

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
As she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"O blest be that warning,
My child, they sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee!"

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee!"

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And softly caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee!"

LEANABH AN IASGAIR.

AIR FONN.—"The Angels' Whisper."

'Na shuain bha am pàisdean,
'S a mhàth'r bhochd gu cràiteach
A' caoidh cor a gràidh 's e 'measg ànradh a' chuain,
'S 'n uair dh' éirich na siantan
Bha ise fo iargain
'Sa smaointean air Diarmad bha triall nan tonn uain'.

'N uair theann i ri ùrnuigh
Bha 'pàisdean gun dùsgadh,
Is gàir air a ghnùis 'n uair a lùb i a glùn;
"Do mhìog-shuilean bòidheach
Tha 'g innseadh nis dhòmhsa
Mu ainglean na glòire 'bhi còmhradh ri m' rùn."

"S 'n uair tha iad a' gluasad
Gu sàmhach mu d' chluasaig,
'S mur fhreiceadain uasal mu 'n cuairt ort ga d' dhion;
Dean iarraidh le dùrachd
Nach tréig iad an iùrach,
'S am fear tha 'ga stiùireadh measg ùspairn nan sian."

Aig bristeadh na fàire
An t-iasgair thill sàbhailt',
S 'o mhnaoi fhuair e fàilte, le bàigh agus mùirn ;
A pàisdean ghrad phòg i
Is luaidh i le sòlas—
"Bha ainglean na glòire a' còmhradh ri m' rùn."

Eadar. le FIONN.

DEOCH-SLÀINTE MHIC LACHAINN.*

An diugh† chunnaic mi'n Gàidheil, 's an caraid,
A ghlac air lamh mi le farum,
'S cha robh gruaimean na mhala
Le cùl dualach, donn, clannach,
'Measg an t-sluaigh gu'm b'e 'n ceatharn,
B'e mo luadh de na feara,
Do 'm bu dual bhi 's na sraithean
'S Gàidhlig chruaidh bhi ga caitheadh,
'S chà b' ann aig Cluaidh, nach 'eil fallainn
Ag éisdeachd còmhradh nan Gallaibh.

Ach mar bu dual dha o athair
'Goil na cuaich air na dathainn
'S breacan-guaile air thairis
'S gach suaicheantas mar ris,
Meoir cho binn 's chaidh air maidean
Bhiodh an lobhraidh g'a teannadh
'S na tuill ghrinn air an snaitheadh
Chluinnte plob aig a theallaich
Miann gach ribhinn 's a' bhaile
E 'g am priseadh 's 'g am farraid.

Ma tha'n dàn dhomh dol dhachaidh
A thir mo ghràidh 's do thir m' athar
Siod air slainte Mhic Lachainn.
'San Tigh-Bhàn‡ aig Mac Calum
Far 'm biadh Fionn le chuid ghallan
Ag òl an fhion air na mnathan,
'S Oisean Bàn, fear a' chlaidheamh,
Rìgh gach bàrd bh' ann ri latha,
A seinn na clàrsaich le anam
'S e gabhail dhàn do na flaithean.

D. MACDHUGHAILL.

*D. Cameron MacLachlan, Esq., of Aros.
†October, 1872.
‡Lochnell Arms Hotel, North Connel, then occupied by Mr Duncan MacCallum.

IS LONDON A CELTIC NAME?

SIR,—The writer of the interesting paper on Celtic place names in England, which appeared in a recent issue of the *Celtic Monthly*, did not, so far as I remember, refer to the name of the Capital of the Empire—London.

Mr. Wheatley in his "London Past and Present" says, with reference to the name, "it is of Celtic origin whatever the etymology may be"; and in his last book on London he does not carry the matter any further. I have recently discussed the question with him, and I should like, if you will kindly give me space, to submit to your readers what I think is the origin of the name London.

That the name London is of Celtic origin is certain, for the Romans found the name on their arrival. The only people who preceded the Romans here were Celts, who therefore must have given the name, and its etymology must be sought for in the language they spoke.

The earliest place names were always descriptive, for the appearance of a place was what appealed to those who saw it first; names after events or people, came later. Let us consider what the earliest Celtic arrivals saw when they came to the site of the present City of London. They came from the South, laboriously working their way through the forest-covered country we now call Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. When they came to the valley of what we now call the "Thames," they saw a scene differing entirely from anything they had hitherto come across, and one that was, therefore, bound to make a strong and instant impression on them. Instead of a dense forest they saw a broad open meadow, much covered with a brown mud left by the floodings of a sluggish river that wound its way through it. The first impression made by what they saw they would express in words, and the words they would use would be descriptive, such as any Gaelic-speaking person might use to-day to describe such a scene—*lòn-donn*, brown meadow; the sluggish river they would call *tamh-uisg*, still water. The situation, a broad open plain near a large river, would at once suggest an admirable site for a *dùn*, fort, and so the place became the site of the most important Celtic settlement in South Britain.

The Romans on their arrival found these names, and, as was their custom, retained, but latinized them into "Londinium" and "Tameies," which we now have in an anglicized form as "London" and "Thames."

The Celtic words *linne, linn or llyn*, a pool, and *dùn*, a fort or strength, have been suggested as a probable origin as *linn-an-dùn*, the pool of the fort. But that would be contrary to Celtic custom in giving names. In such a case it must be *dùn-an-linne*, not *linne-an-dùn*, for the *linne*, pool, was always there, and the *dùn*, fort, was built near it. If the *dùn* was built first, and a *linne* made round it for additional protection, the pool might be called *linne-an-dùn*, but the dun would have its own name. The name would indicate the builder, or some feature of its situation, or it might simply be *an-dùn*, the fort. In any case the fort would be more important than the water round it, and therefore would initiate the name.

During the four and a half centuries that London was a Roman town, and England a Roman province, such of the Celtic inhabitants as had not been exterminated or driven out, were absorbed and Romanized, and they only knew London under its Roman name. To the Celtic inhabitants of Wales and North Britain all memory of a pre-Roman settlement on the banks of the far away Thames would be lost, or be but a faint tradition. It came to their knowledge in later times under its anglicized name, and to this they gave a Gaelic rendering and called it *Lunnain*.

G. MURRAY CAMPBELL.

JEROME STONE AND OSSIAN.

SIR,—Your back numbers contain a series of excellent articles by Dr. K. N. Macdonald of Skye, in proof of the validity of the ancient Gaelic poetry translated by Macpherson. As another proof of such validity, I have just met with an account of Jerome Stone, Schoolmaster at Dunkeld, about Macpherson's time, and who wrote an article in the *Scots Magazine* of that period to the effect that to his great surprise he had discovered the existence of a mass of ancient Gaelic poetry of a very high order of merit, the expressions being admirable, and the metaphors equal to the best works of modern times. He also came across many short pieces of a tender kind, and he prints a translation of a poem somewhat resembling Horner's "Bellerophon."

Those who are sceptical as to Macpherson's statement that he dealt with old Gaelic remains, have also Stone to refute!—Yours, etc.,

Glen Devon, Jan. 1907. K. MATHESON IX.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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FEBRUARY, 1907.

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THE STRATHNAVER FAIRY CIRCLE have had an extremely busy winter, and judging from the lengthy programme of engagements which they have still to carry through, the members will have a very busy time to come. It is not mere sentiment, or even entertainment, that the "Fairies" offer—their programme is eminently practical; it consists first in supplying the hundreds of poor children who attend their gatherings with a square meal, after which the audience is in the mood to appreciate the splendid entertainment which the members of the S.F. Circle offer. The worthy chief, Mr. James Mead Sutherland, whose time seems so largely devoted to good works, deserves the heartiest congratulations of all Scots on the splendid success which has attended his efforts. As a Strathnaver man, and a member of the S.F. Circle, we feel proud that the historic Strath of our ancestors should be so familiar in all parts of London in connection with works of charity. Long may this excellent institution flourish. We are pleased to notice that Mr. J. M. Sutherland proposed the toast "The Auld Country," at the recent gathering of the Scottish Association of Redhill.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. H. B. DOUGLAS, MONTANA, U.S.A.—Pleased to learn that the books have reached you safely, and given so much satisfaction. Yes, Mr. W. C. Mackenzie's "Short History of the Highlands" is a capital work, and admirably fills a blank long existing in our Highland literature. We trust the "Memoir of Marshal Macdonald" has reached you ere this. We reciprocate your good wishes for the New Year.

MR. ARCH. MACDOUGALL, MANITOBA, CANADA.—Thanks for interesting letter and remittance. A copy of the M'Ian coloured clan plate, and W. C. Mackenzie's "Shorter History of the Highlands" have been duly posted, and hope they will reach you safely. Subscription for Vol. 14 of the *Celtic* also credited.

MR. DONALD BEATON, QUEENSLAND.—Your most interesting "Sgeulachd" has come safely to hand, and will appear next month. It will greatly delight our Gaelic readers, we feel sure. Considering that you have resided in the Australian Colonies since 1853, you have retained a remarkable knowledge of the old language. Your Gaelic contributions are always welcome. *Suas leis a Ghaidhlig!*

MR. WILLIAM TWEEDDALE BRIDGE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—Subscription for another year duly received, for which many thanks. We are pleased to learn that you find the *Celtic* so interesting. Our desire is to so vary the contents that every reader will find something to suit his individual taste. We note your own special line of study—"I consider the *Celtic Monthly* an interesting and most instructive periodical, as the information contained therein must be of great advantage to those, like myself, fond of the study of Scottish family history and derivations of Scottish surnames."

MR. JOHN CAMERON, MACLEAN, NEW SOUTH WALES.—We note Mr. M'Naughton's death, and have added your name to our list of subscribers. Thanks for remittance. You will be pleased, doubtless, to see a New Zealand clansman of yours, Mr. D. A. Cameron of Nokomai, occupying the "Place of Honour" in our Portrait Gallery this month. He carries his years well, and looks as if he could enjoy other fifty years of activity in the land of the "Southern Cross."

DONALD H. M'COMBIE, BRITISH EAST AFRICA.—We are in receipt of your very interesting letter, and have forwarded the various items of Clan Chatten literature you order. We hope they will reach you safely in that far remote corner of the earth where your professional duties have placed you for a time. Your family history well illustrates the enterprising and wandering proclivities of our race. Your great-grandfather, you mention, disappeared after Culloden, and the "Family of M'Combie" records that "his whereabouts became unknown." It is interesting to learn that he went to St. Lacia, West Indies, and that his son returned to the old country. It is evident from the address of your letter that the present representative of the ancient family has heard the call of the "Lost Pibroch," and has followed the road of fortune seeking land's trodden for centuries by the feet of our restless countrymen. We take the liberty of quoting the followlng note from Mr. M'Combie's letter:—"I have spent the last six years in different parts of Africa, and as I always wear the kilt, you may judge that the natives look on me as a 'strange person.' Down in Bechuanaland, however, the old men remembered Gordon Cummings, and knew that a strange tribe of white men called Eskoché wore that dress."

CLAN LINDSAY SOCIETY.—The Western Section of the Clan Lindsay Society held its sixth annual "At Home" in the Windsor Hotel. Mr. John Lindsay, Town-Clerk Depute, and Mrs. Lindsay acted as host and hostess, and among others present were Bailie Lindsay, Partick, and party; Mr. John Mackay, editor of the *Celtic Monthly*, and Mrs. Mackay; Mr. A. M. Lindsay, M.A., and party; Sergeant-Major Lindsay and Mrs. Lindsay, Stirling; Misses Lindsay, Montrose; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lindsay, Bearsden; Mr. Allan Lindsay and party, Bearsden; Mr. William Lindsay and party, Newton Place; Dr. and Mrs. Towart, Dr. Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. Lindsay, &c. Altogether considerably over a hundred attended, and a very pleasant evening was spent with music and dancing. Much credit is due for the success of these gatherings to the local secretary, Mr. H. J. G. Lindsay, and to the committee of stewards formed from among the younger members.

THE CLAN COMBAT AT PERTH, 1396: The Men Responsible.

By JOHN LINDSAY, M.A., M.D., Glasgow.

THE promotion of the Clan combat at Perth is attributed by the old historians to the Earls of Moray and Crawford. Now, there was no Earl of Crawford at that time, for the Earldom was not created until 1398, two years after the battle. This inaccuracy would not be worth alluding to were it quite certain that the person concerned was he who was afterwards Earl of Crawford, but that is just what is not certain. There were two chiefs of the Lindsays at the period, James, Lord of Crawford, and David of Glenesk, afterwards Earl of Crawford, who are repeatedly mistaken, one for the other, by the chroniclers, and many modern writers labour in the same confusion.

Sir James Lindsay, Lord of Crawford, the chief of his clan, was the only son of Sir James Lindsay and Egidia Stewart, sister of King Robert II. In the Royal charters of the reign, to which he is a very frequent witness, he is usually distinguished as the nephew of the King.[1] He was therefore, of course, cousin to the King's son, Sir Alexander Stewart, Earl of Buchan, better known as the Wolf of Badenoch. In competition with this cousin he claimed the Lordship of Buchan[2]—on what ground we know not,—and his claim appears to have met with some measure of success, for Lord of Buchan was one of the several titles by which he was afterwards known, and under this style he figures in the English ballad of Otterburn. The competing rights of Lindsay and Stewart may have occasioned some enmity between them, an enmity which would not be without influence on the history of the Highland border at that time.

Sir James Lindsay had numerous lands throughout the northern and southern lowlands. It need only be mentioned, as having a possible bearing on the present subject, that he was possessed of the greater part of the Thanedom of Alyth,[3] lying adjacent to the district in which the hostile clans are located by Mr. Mackenzie in his article in the *Celtic Monthly* for December. His property may have suffered from the depredations of the Highlanders, but whether he was personally affected or no, the raids of the caterans concerned him officially, for he was Justiciary of the North for many years.[4]

[1] Robertson's *Index*, p. 97, No. 318.

[2] Acts of Parl., Vol. I., p. 187.

[3] Robertson's *Index*, p. 133, No. 13.

[4] Chamberlain Rolls, Vol. II., pp. 29, 31.

From Original Drawing by *Dr. John Lindsay, Glasgow.*

CRAWFORD CASTLE, LANARKSHIRE, Ancient Seat of the Earls of Crawford.

It is not on record who was the Justiciary in 1396, but if it was Sir James Lindsay this would strengthen the case in favour of his having been the Lord of Crawford who was intermediary between the Clans and the Government.

Sir James played a leading part in the affairs of his time. He was with Douglas in that invasion of the northern counties of England of which the battle of Otterburn was the most notable incident. Froissart relates in detail his adventures after the battle.[5] Observing Sir Matthew Redman, Governor of Berwick, making his way from the field upon the defeat of Percy, Sir James Lindsay galloped in pursuit. He might have run the Englishman through with his lance, but he called upon him to turn and fight. Redman, however, spurred the faster, and the chase continued for three English leagues, until Redman's horse foundered and he had perforce to stay and see it out. Sir James' lance was broken at the first encounter, whereupon he dismounted, and, with a short battleaxe, assailed his adversary. With axe against sword the fight went on for a long time in the moonlight, till at last the English knight had to yield for very lack of breath. It was agreed between them that Sir Matthew should be allowed to proceed to Newcastle, and should render himself at Edinburgh, on a certain day, to negotiate his ransom.

Sir James, in seeking his own camp, lost his way in the dark, and coming upon a body of horse whom he took to be his comrades, he rode boldly into their midst. When it was too late to retreat he found they were an English force under the Bishop of Durham, and he had to accompany them as a prisoner into Newcastle. When Sir Matthew Redman arrived in the same place and learned what had happened, he sought out his captor where he was lodged and had him off to dinner, and the two knights rallied each other on their misadventures. It seemed to them that there would be no difficulty about a mutual exchange, but Lindsay's capture was considered so important—he is called *vir potentissimus* by the English chronicler Knighton—that when news of it was carried to King Richard he, with advice of his Great Council, issued a mandate that the Scottish prisoner was to be released on no terms whatever.[6] How the matter ended is not recorded.

Sir David Lindsay, of Glenesk, was full cousin to Sir James of Crawford, and when the latter died in 1397 he succeeded him in Crawford as heir of entail. In 1398 he was created Earl of Crawford, having been already married for some years to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Robert II. Sir David was one of those who fought at Otterburn, and he saw service abroad in the wars of Louis, Duke of Orleans. He was Admiral of Scotland, was employed on numerous embassies, and was a generous benefactor of the Church. His most notable exploit was his encounter with Lord Welles on London Bridge.

John Lord Welles was an English knight of great celebrity. When, at a banquet in Scotland at which he was present, the conversation turned upon deeds of arms, he begged that the relative merits of English and Scottish Knighthood might not be left to settlement by a war of words, but that they might be put to the test of actual battle, and he offered to maintain the cause of England against any knight of Scotland. Sir David Lindsay, then in his twenty-fifth year, accepted the challenge on behalf of his countrymen. With a brilliant retinue he rode into England[7] at the time appointed, and on London Bridge, before King Richard and a great concourse of spectators, he met Lord Welles in combat. At the first course, Sir David, although struck full on the helmet, sat so firmly that the people cried out that he was tied to the saddle. So he rode to where the King sat, sprang to the ground, and having made his obeisance, leapt again to his seat, and that without any assistance, although he was heavily loaded with armour. At the third course Lord Welles was unhorsed, and Sir David dismounting, the battle continued on foot until the Scottish Knight, fixing his dagger between the joints of his opponents armour, lifted him and dashed him to the ground with such violence that he was unable to rise again. As the combat was *à l'outrance*, it was the right of the victor to avoid all further chances by dispatching his fallen foe, but instead he supported him in the lists till a surgeon could be fetched, "tenderly embracing him, that the people might understand he fought with na hatrent, allanerly (solely) for the gloir of victory."[8] And he visited Welles daily till his recovery. This was

> "The Lyndyssay,
> That in his deed all courteous wes."

Shortly after this occurred the Raid of Angus. The mother of Sir David Lindsay was Catherine, one of the co-heiresses of Sir John Stirling of Glenesk.[9] The other co-heiress married Robert de Atholia, chief of the Clan Donnachaidh, to whom she had only a daughter, Jean, who

[5] Translation Bourchier, Vol. II., p. 402.
[6] Rymer, *Fœdera*, tom. VII., f. 607.
[7] Safe-Conducts printed in *Rotuli Scotiæ*, tom. II., pp. 103 and 104.
[8] Wyntoun, tom. II., p. 353. Bellenden, tom. II. p. 470.
[9] Robertson's *Index*, p. 61, No. 16.

married Alexander Menzies of Fortingall.[10] The latter couple had an only child, Janet, who at the time of the raid was married to Duncan Stewart, son of the Wolf of Badenoch.[11] It will thus be seen that the Robertsons, the Lyndsays of Glenesk, and Duncan Stewart had all an interest in the property left by Sir John Stirling.

According to Wyntoun, 'a high great discord' arose between the Robertsons and Sir David Lindsay, most probably over their respective rights in the Glenesk estates. A day was fixed for a conference, but the Robertsons did not attend. Instigated, it is believed, by Duncan Stewart, they preferred to resort to the familiar method of fire and sword for asserting themselves, or righting their supposed wrongs, and a raid upon Lindsay's lands was the result. All the circumstances point to the affair being an incident in a family quarrel. There was feud between the parties such as was common at the time and for long afterwards between purely Highland and purely Lowland families. It was notable only for the number and importance of those killed. Some time afterwards Duncan Stewart was captured by Sir James Lindsay, the Justiciary, and he and 'all his complices punist for their conspiration.'[12] There the matter ended so far as we know. There is nothing to specially connect the raid with the clan battle at Perth. It is true the Clan Quhele was concerned in both, but they may have joined in the raid because they owed such service to the Robertsons, who were probably their feudal superiors. There is no shadow of evidence to show that the Lord of Crawford, whichever of the Lindsays was indicated by that title, had engineered the meeting at Perth as a measure of retaliation for the Raid of Angus. On the contrary, had that individual been open to the suspicion of having private ends to serve, he would not have been acceptable to the clans as a negotiator.

Of Thomas Dunbar, Earl of Moray, we have little information. He was a nephew of King Robert III., and had shortly before the time in question succeeded his father, who was killed in a tournament with the Earl Marshall of England. His public career was short and not greatly distinguished. Among his other possessions he held the superiority of the Barony of Strathnairn and the sheriffship of Banff, both by grant from Sir David Lindsay,[13] who seems to have had them as part of the dowry of his wife. For the sake of his distinguished father, because he was the nephew of the King, and because he was a great territorial chief of the north, Thomas Dunbar might well have been *persona grata* to the clans.

Enough has been said to show that the men who brought about the clan battle were not mere hangers-on at court who might have involved a weak government in responsibility for acts which it did not approve of. They were of the great magnates of the kingdom, and from what we know of them they appear to have been men of the highest character according to the standard of their time. The two Lindsays were leading exponents of the exaggerated chivalry of the period. Now, if there is anything certain amid the perplexities of the Perth affair it is this—that the setting of it was wholly in the mode of chivalry. It was the sort of thing which either of the Lindsays would have delighted to arrange, and in which either of them would have delighted to participate.

In conclusion, since most people take their notions of the clan battle from the account in the *Fair Maid of Perth*, it should be noted that Scott substitutes for the real personage the fourth Earl of Crawford, who lived nearly a century later, and obviously drew for him a character in keeping with his ominous sobriquet, The Tiger Earl.

[10] Ibid, p. 51, No. 46.
[11] Robertson, *Comitatus de Atholia*, p. 25.
[12] Bellenden, Vol. II., p. 469.
[13] Robertson's *Index*, p. 133, No. 14; p. 142, No. 88.

THE HARP OF MY KINDRED.

The harp of my kindred is silent to-night!
In the halls where the armour shone burnished and bright,
The sheen is departed, the glory is flown,
And the shade of Mac Kenneth flits nightly alone.

The harp of my kindred lies low in the dust!
From the gloom of the vault where the armouries rust,
No hand is outstretched to awaken the lyre—
The bard in his slumber revives not its fire.

No sound of the chase wafts the breeze through the glen,
For chained is the stag-hound and banished the men,
No quaich high is raised as the roe sheds its gore,
And the name of my Chief is re-echoed no more.

The bale-fires of Ross flicker sickly and wan,
On the remnant who cleave to the home of their clan,
And the pride of their landscapes which smiled to the dawn,
Has fall'n 'neath the curse of the Seer of Brahan.

The banshee's low wail tells in augury sure,
There is death in the dead-light which burns on the moor,
While the shades of departed still wander forlorn,
Where the mermaids of Donan weep lone to the morn.

Oh! harp of my kindred, 'twere better the grave
Should have silenced thy voice, than that coward or knave
Had listed thy music, or danced to thy strains
'Neath the domes where man's freedom no longer remains.

On the homes of my clansmen, low, lichened and grey,
The pale moon of night sheds its pitying ray,
For fled is their beauty, and broken their might.
The harp of my kindred is silent to-night!

Edinburgh. MURDOCH MACLEAN

THE MACKENZIES OF SEAFORTH AND KINTAIL: AND THE CHIEFSHIP OF THE CLAN, AFTER 1815.

THE article, much condensed, on this great Clan, which appeared in the December number of the *Celtic*, has brought out some enquiries on the subject of the "Chiefship," and the succession, which, on the death of the last Lord Seaforth in 1815, became a question of some contention and doubt. There were several claimants to this honour when the titles became extinct, although possession of the family Estates fell to the daughter of the last Lord Seaforth. Another source of contention, too, was the break in the direct line of the Chiefs, by the succession of Col. Thomas F. M. Humberston, on the death of his cousin, Earl Kenneth, who died at sea in 1781, while on his way to India with the Clan Regiment, the old 78th. To trace therefore the right of succession to the honours of the family by this Colonel Thomas (born a Mackenzie, but taking the name of Humberston when inheriting his mother's property) we must fall back to Earl Kenneth III., whose eldest surviving son, Colonel Alexander Mackenzie, left issue an only son, known as Major William Mackenzie (who died in 1770), father of this Colonel Thomas F. M. Humberston, who succeeded to the Clan honours and command of the 78th, as heir male, and to the Estates by purchase for a large sum, under arrangement with his predecessor, Earl Kenneth. Colonel Thomas was a brave and distinguished commander in the great Indian wars—died at quite an early age, on the battlefield, and being unmarried, was succeeded in the honours and Estates by his brother Francis Humberston Mackenzie, afterwards raised to the peerage as Lord Seaforth, and on whose death, in 1815, after the sad death of his four promising sons, the title of Chief in that line became extinct.

For some years afterwards the Chiefship was a subject of much research and dispute, but settled at last, in 1829, by falling to the Allangrange branch of the Clan.

It may be interesting to note the line of succession in this branch, which started from Kenneth, first Lord Kintail, whose seventh son, Simon Mackenzie of Lochslinn, became the progenitor of the Allangrange family. The Hon. Simon was father of the famous Sir George Mackenzie, Lord Advocate, whose only son succeeded him, but, dying without issue, the male line of Sir George became extinct. He was succeeded by his brother, Simon Mackenzie I. of Allangrange, whose second son George became II. of that line. He married, 1731, the grand-daughter of Sir Donald Bayne, the Knight of Tulloch, and through her carried the proceeds of the Estates and the lineal descent of the old family of the Baynes into that of Allangrange.

The grandson of George II. became George Falconer Mackenzie, IV. of Allangrange, who, in 1829, was served heir male in line, to the first Allangrange, as well as to Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, and to his brother Colin, first Earl of Seaforth, so that by these services, and the award of a strong jury composed of gentlemen experts of the Clan, and other legal authorities, he was declared heir of the honours of the family which followed in the male line, the Estates of course falling to the heir of the last Lord Seaforth, and the title became extinct after his death.

One would like to add to this the fine tribute, in prose, paid to the high character, the unusual ability, and great culture of this last Lord Seaforth by his friend Sir Walter Scott, but space forbids; it may, however, be a source of interest to many once again to read the "Farewell" and the "Lament" of Sir Walter to the "High Chief of Kintail," which does not appear in many of the numerous editions of the poetry of the "Great Wizard of the North," and we subjoin it.

January, 1907. A. B.

FAREWELL TO MACKENZIE, HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL.

Farewell to MacKenneth, great Earl of the North,
The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, and Seaforth;
To the Chieftain this morning his course who began,
Launching forth on the billows his barque like a swan.
For a far foreign land he has hoisted his sail,
Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

O swift be the galley, and hardy her crew,
May her captain be skilful, her mariners true,
In danger undaunted, unwearied by toil,
Though the whirlwind should rise, and the ocean should boil:
On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank his bonail,
And farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet Southland gale!
Like the sighs of his people, breathe soft on his sail;
Be prolonged as regret, that his vassals must know,
Be fair as their faith, and sincere as their woe:
Be so soft, and so fair, and so faithful, sweet gale,
Wafting onward Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

Be his pilot experienced, and trusty, and wise,
To measure the seas and to study the skies:
May he hoist all his canvas from streamer to deck,
But O! crowd it higher when wafting him back——
Till the cliffs of Skooroora, and Conan's glad vale,
Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

* After original verses, arranged to a Gaelic air, composed by the Family Bard on the flight of the Earl of Seaforth to Spain after the futile rising in favour of the Stuarts, in 1718.

Imitation of the preceding Song, written shortly after the death of Lord Seaforth, the last male representative of this illustrious house.—*Lockhart.*

So sang the old bard, in the grief of his heart,
When he saw his loved Lord, from his people depart.

Now mute on thy mountains, O Albyn, are heard
Nor the voice of the song, nor the harp of the bard;
Or its strings are but waked by the stern winter gale,
As they mourn for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

From the far Southland Border a Minstrel came forth,
And he waited the hour that some bard of the north
His hand on the harp of the ancient should cast,
And bid its wild numbers mix high with the blast;
But no bard was there left in the land of the Gael,
To lament for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

And shalt thou then sleep, did the Minstrel exclaim,
Like the son of the lowly, unnoticed by fame?
No, son of Fitzgerald! in accents of woe,
The song thou has loved o'er thy coffin shall flow,
And teach thy wild mountains to join in the wail,
That laments for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

In vain, the bright course of thy talents to wrong,
Fate deadened thine ear and imprisoned thy tongue;
For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose
The glow of the genius they could not oppose:
And who in the land of the Saxon or Gael,
Might match with Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail?

Thy sons rose round thee in light and in love,
All a father could hope, all a friend could approve;
What 'vails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell,——
In the spring-time of youth and of promise they fell!
Of the line of Fitzgerald remains not a male,
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

And thou, gentle Dame, who must bear, to thy grief,
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a Chief,
Whom brief rolling moons in six changes have left,
Of thy husband, and father, and brethren bereft,
To thine ear of affection, low said is the hail,
That salutes thee the heir of the line of Kintail! *

* The honourable Lady Hood, daughter of the last Lord Seaforth, widow of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, afterwards Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth and Glasserton.—*Lockhart.*

SHOUTHER TO SHOUTHER.

From Hudson's Bay to the Rio Grand,
The Scot is ever a rover;
In New South Wales and in Newfoundland,
And all the wide world over.

Chorus.

But it's shouther to shouther, my bonnie lads,
And let every Scot be a brither;
And we'll work as we can, and we'll win if we can,
For the sake of our auld Scotch mither.

She's a puir auld wife, wi' little to give,
And rather stint o' caressing;
But she's shown us how honest lives we may live,
And sent us out wi' her blessing.

Chorus—And it's shouther to shouther, etc.

Her land's no rich; and her crops are slim;
And I winna say much for the weather;
But she's given us legs that can gaily clim'
Up the slopes of the blossoming heather.

Chorus—And it's shouther to shouther, etc.

And she's given us hearts that, whate'er they say,
(And I trow we might be better),
There's one sair fault they never will hae—
Our mither, we'll never forget her!

Chorus—And it's shouther to shouther, etc.

W. B.

TAISEARAOHD OR SEOOND-SIGHT.
A Supernatural Experience.

It was early in December, sixty odd years ago (in Prince Edward Island, Canada) of which it might be said in the words of *Am Bard Mac-Gilleain*—

"'N uair thig an geamhradh is àm na dùbhlachd
Bidh sneachda 'dlùthadh ri cùl nan geug,
'S gu domhain dùmhail dol thar na glùine,
'S ge maith an triùbhsair cha dean i feum.
Gun stocain dhùbhailt 's a'mhocais chlùdaich
'Bhios air a dùnadh gu dlùth le éill."

There was enough of an east wind to just give the rapidly falling snow-flakes a slanting direction on the journey to earth. It was the first snowstorm of the season, and pretty soon the ground was mantled in purest white. There was something ominous in the aspect of the weather. The knowing ones predicted a severe storm.

The Highlanders who had settled around Orwell Bay, Belfast, Pinette, and southward to Wood Islands, were at this time ministered unto in spiritual things by the Rev. John MacLennan, a gentleman of the utmost kindness, and quite remarkable for humbleness of manner in an age of our history when the clergyman was a sort of lord over God's heritage. He spent much of his time in the saddle, as mounted on his trusty steed he went the rounds of his wide spread congregation. On this December morning, just before the snow began to fall, he started off on one of his visits, and Mrs. MacLennan now watched the gathering storm with some degree of anxiety.

Let us now look into the large kitchen of the Manse. Here we find a little maid named Katherine MacKenzie, very busy washing dishes, for the family have just finished the noon meal, the hired man is off to tend the cattle, and though busy the little maid feels quite lonesome, for the day is so dark and sullen. Hark! What is that moaning sound that she hears? Louder and louder grows the dismal moan until it rises to a sound resembling the roaring of the sea. She goes to the window and looks out to find that the wind has veered around to the North-West, and is blowing the snow before it in whirling clouds. The gale increases every minute. The rafters of the big frame Manse creak and shiver under the terrible strain, the windows rattle, there is a clawing and shaking of the porch door as if some angry monster seeks admission. The tall maples near the manse now caught in the blast toss and sway, giving forth a roaring sound terrible to hear. The temperature falls rapidly, but the busy maid keeps on with her work, for Mrs. MacLennan, fine lady though she be,

must needs have her work done; did I say "done"? well the poor maid never thought it possible that Mrs. MacLennan's work could ever be done, it was endless apparently; no matter rain or shine, tempest or calm, on went the work.

About 2 p.m. the wind died down, the storm had spent it fury, calm came on as the clouds rolled away and the sun cast slanting rays across the fields. Just then Mrs. MacLennan walked into the kitchen, and going to a window that commanded a view of the church and church-yard she looked in that direction for a few moments, then turning quickly to the maid, she said, "Cuir connadh air an teine agus cuir an coire sios." She then informed the maid that there were three men over in the cemetery digging a grave, and she was going to send John, her eldest boy, over to invite them to the Manse to get a good warming, and something to eat as well. John skipped gaily across lots and was at the church-yard in no time. He looked over the place but saw no one. Somewhat surprised he jumped into the church-yard and walked about. There was no trace of man or beast in the place. The snow lay soft and undisturbed on the ground, showing plainly that no creature of material substance had been there. After taking a good look about, John retraced his steps to the Manse. His mother met him at the door with the question—"Why have you not insisted on the men coming with you to get something to eat?" To which he replied—"Oh, there are no men over there except the ones who are there to await Gabriel's trumpet." Just as night fell the Rev. John MacLennan returned, he saw no trace or trail of man on the road; in fact he had to break his own road through the drifted snow; and when told about the strangers who were seen in the church-yard he shook his head but said nothing.

Next day was bitterly cold, with a low drift of snow in exposed places. About noon, the good folks at the manse saw three men digging a grave in the church-yard. It was hard work and drear, so it would surprise no one to hear that the men came over to the manse before setting off for home, and received a sympathetic and cordial reception, as well as a substantial dinner.

Years afterwards the above incident was related in my childhood home by the very maid who received the order to prepare for the supposed grave-diggers on that stormy December day. Did I doubt the story? why! no; the average boy seldom disbelieves his own mother. I believed mine.

Among the Highlanders who settled in Queen's County, Prince Edward Island, were several persons of both sexes, whose lifetime was burdended with the awful encumberance of second sight—(so called); and it evidently disappeared with the people who came over, so that to-day it is scarcely possible to find one who believes that such a thing ever really existed. Does it belong to the same class of phenomena as clarvoyance, or spiritualism? Is it known in the Highlands to-day? and finally, will some of the *Celtic's* learned readers kindly throw the search-light of modern research upon the subject for the benefit of many who wish to know the truth.

Quincy, Mass, U.S.A. M. LAMONT.

THE CLAN MACLEOD AND THEIR TARTANS.

AT the Annual Meeting of the Edinburgh Clan MacLeod Society held this month, Sir Reginald MacLeod of MacLeod, K.C.B., President of the Society, delivered an interesting address. Having spoken on Clan matters generally, and the progress of the Society during the year, he concluded by making special reference to the prolonged controversy regarding the tartan of the Clan MacLeod. There was, he said, to be a debate on the tartan in the course of the session. He should very much like to hear the debate. It was a thing that had exercised him very much indeed. He had been making all sorts of inquiries lately, and their secretary had been making more inquiries than he (Sir Reginald) had been able to do; and the more inquiry they made he was sorry to say the more hopelessly puzzled he became. They had evidence regarding the different tartans for a very long time back, but it was of the most conflicting kind. In the Highland Society in London there was a most ancient book published about 100 years ago, and it contained the white striped tartan which he was wearing to-night under the seal of Mackenzie of Seaforth as the Mackenzie tartan. Then he found in a book published by Ackerman, a copy of which he was trying to get, and which was published in 1810, a drawing of a clansman of every clan in Scotland, and the Macleod was distinctly drawn as wearing a white stripe, so that carried them back at least as far as to the time when Mackenzie of Seaforth claimed the white-striped cloth. Then he found in an old book which he saw the other day at Meyer & Mortimer's, the Scotch tailors in London, that the yellow-striped cloth was labelled Mackenzie. It was the first time he had ever seen the tartan so labelled, and that book was about sixty years old. They knew that, in the history which they had published, the Mackenzies somehow managed to appropriate the Macleod tartan, and it was abominably humiliating to find, that when one asked for a kilt of the Macleod tartan, to be told that what they wanted was what was foolishly called, but still was called, the Mackenzie tartan—(applause and laughter). He wished they could settle this question. He had talked to the Chief and his brother Roderick about it. He himself would have been quite prepared to have joined with the Society in adopting the yellow stripes, and thus settle the matter. He gathered that view had a considerable amount of support; but this might be prejudiced and unreasonable, and seeing that, at Dunvegan, all the evidence they had pointed to the white stripe being the Macleod Tartan, they would acknowledge that he had ground for standing to his

position. His father wore the white-striped tartan all his life, and so also did his father, and in the old set of the MacCrimmon pipes at Dunvegan they had a tartan with the white stripe. When they had all the evidence pointing to the use of the white stripe by the Clan Macleod it went thoroughly against the grain for them to change their tartan. He quite hoped that night to have been able to suggest a particular course for their adoption, but he thought they must leave it open until they got this book, and to delay coming to a decision a little further would be the most satisfactory course to follow. It was a very important question—all the more so when they were appearing to concede in position to a clan like the Mackenzies. It was abominable, he must say—(laughter and applause). If there was anyone present who could help them to find out the first man who named the tartan with the yellow stripe, he would very much like to get a hold of him. It was evidently more modern than the other, and it ought not to be beyond the possibility of research to trace the tartan and find out when it was first made and who ordered it. The secretary said he had reason to think it was first made on the order of Macleod of Harris, who acquired the island of Harris a very considerable time ago—one hundred years ago—that when this Macleod wanted to make for himself a different tartan from that worn by the Macleods of Dunvegan, he ordered a tartan with a yellow stripe. If they could trace that statement, they might be able to settle the matter.

M'QUILLANS OF DUNLUCE.

HOW MACDONALD WON A BRIDE AND LAND.

SIR,—Our indefatiguable historian of the MacWilliams in the North of Scotland, Mr. H. Duff MacWilliam, and a subscriber to the *Celtic Monthly*, whose name I observe in this Monthly from time to time, may be glad of the undernoted note on the M'Quillans of Dunluce, copied from a cutting in my possession.

On the coast of Ireland, between Portrush and the Giant's Causeway, a picturesque ruin of an immense old castle may be seen, surmounting the heights of rocks that are there jutting out into the sea. This large structure was built in the fifteenth century, and was once, we may well suppose, a scene of wonderful life, importance and interest; but now, alone in its silent grandeur, the deserted ruins testify to an age long gone by, and the green sward and rich mosses that crown its battlements, gables, walls, and windows, softening the horizon, speak of the hoary age of this ancient fortress of feudal times.

A beautiful story, however, of historic interest attaches to this sea-girt Castle of Dunluce, which throws a charm of living romance over this beautiful spot. A neighbouring clan, the O'Neills of Ireland, were the sworn enemies of the M'Quillans of Dunluce, and living in this hostile relationship to the Lord of the Castle, the war spirit arising in the clan and ripening into a determination on the part of O'Neill to fight against M'Quillan and his followers, preparations for an invasion were speedily set on foot.

To ensure success, M'Donald of the Isles and his retainers became the powerful allies of the O'Neills, and forthwith the united army of assailants embarked to sail across the sea, hoping to surprise and take the fortress as it stood, so impregnable in its lofty position, almost surrounded by the ocean breakers on every side.

This attempt was more easily conceived than accomplished, and when their boats reached the rugged coast, in the darkness of the night and a blinding mist, they were dashed almost to pieces on the sunken rocks, and instead of victory they found themselves dismayed, discomfited—unable to save themselves.

Their need and their helplessness—shut up to death in this perilous position—so appealed to the compassion of M'Quillan, that instead of meeting their enemies as they deserved, he rescued them with generous kindness, treated them with unbounded hospitality, winning them into personal attachment to himself, and thus from being deadly foes they were changed, by receiving such undeserved mercy and forgiveness, into the best of friends. While this once hostile Scottish Chieftain, MacDonald, was staying at Dunluce with his great benefactor, who had so recently saved him from disaster and death, he fell in love with the eldest daughter of the Irish feudal King, won her heart, and soon a union was effected between them. They became one by marriage, and thus MacDonald became the joint-heir, and afterwards the happy possessor of Dunluce and all its dominions.—I am, etc.,

Aberdeen. ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.

BY LOOH LOYAL'S SIDE.

O Johnnie, leave the lass alane;
Her mother has but that one wean;
For a' the others have been ta'en,
As weel ye ken, Johnnie.

'Tis true her bonnie een would rive
The heart o' any man alive;
And in the husry she would thrive,
I grant ye that, Johnnie.

But wad ye tak' awa' the lass,
I tell ye what would come to pass,
The mother soon wad hae the grass
Boon her auld head, Johnnie.

They've got a cow, and bit o' land
That well would bear another hand;
Come down frae Tongue, and take your stand
On Kinloch's side, Johnnie.

Ye'd herd a bit, and work the farm,
And keep the widow-wife frae harm;
And wha would keep ye snug and warm
In winter-time, Johnnie?—

The lass hersel'—that I'll be sworn!
And bonnier creature ne'er was born:
Come down the strath the morrow's morn,
Your best foot first, Johnnie!

W. B.

THE CELTIC GLOOM IN LEWIS.—Mr. J. M. Hay, M.A., lecturing this month before the Glasgow Lewis and Harris Association, on "Lewis to an Outlander," paid a high tribute to the moral and physical qualities of the people. They were apt to be somewhat suspicious of a stranger at first—a survival of the old days when visitors were usually enemies—but when the stranger was tried, and proved himself worthy, he would never again meet with more faithful and hospitable friends. He had searched Lewis for the Celtic melancholy so much had been written about, but had failed to find it. The people possessed a keen sense of humour and a lively wit, and were of a bright, happy temperament. He found none who talked like the Lewismen or other Highlanders of William Black's novels. On the contrary, the people throughout Lewis spoke an English which was like nothing so much as the English of the great essayists of the eighteenth century.

A REAY COUNTRY STORY.

ABOUT the end of last century—before the inhabitants of our Highland glens and straths were evicted—there lived in Strathnaver—that beautiful strath commonly called "the Pride of Sutherlandshire"—a man named Donald Mackay. Of this man it was said that his arms were so long that like "Rob Roy" he could tie his garters at his knees while standing upright. He was a tall muscular man, a true specimen of a Highlander, and knew no dress but the kilt. Donald Mackay was considered to be one of the best swordsmen in the Reay country. This was no doubt owing to the length of his arms. He generally travelled a good deal, but never without his claymore. In the Highlands in those days travelling was mostly done on foot. Conveyances there were none, in fact, there were no roads, but only rough beaten tracks. It was then no uncommon thing for people to travel on foot a distance of forty to fifty miles a day.

On one occasion Donald Mackay was called to Caithness to attend some business there. It was a beautiful summer morning; awakened by the cock's shrill clarion, he peeped out of his little cloister window. The sun's rays were like golden streaks upon the blue waves of the Pentland Firth. The night dew-drops hung upon the birch trees, glistening like so many silver beads. When donned in his Highland dress, with his Highland bonnet thrown to one side and his broadsword buckled to his waist, Mackay left his hamlet at the foot of the strath, that snug little township called Naver. Crossing the river, he was soon over rocky Newlands, and striding along the path in the heather, the colour of which closely resembled his dress. Ere the day closed he intended to be in the heart of Caithness.

In the dusk of the same evening he arrived at his destination, weary, no doubt, and foot-sore, having travelled a distance of over fifty miles. On the following morning he was "up with the lark," and having arranged his business, set out again on the homeward journey. Passing Bighouse, a farm opposite the township of Melvich, and at that time occupied by a Major Mackay, a military man of distinction, and an excellent swordsman, the traveller was accidentally met by this gentleman, and accosted as follows:—"You are on a journey, I presume." "Yes," replied Mackay; "yesterday I left Naver, last night I slept in Calder, and to-night I shall be back in Naver." "Then you belong to Naver, I presume. You carry a sword, I notice." "Yes," answered Mackay; "a practice acquired when young is seldom dispensed with." "I have heard much of one Donald Mackay," said the Major, "who lives in the direction you speak of, as being the best swordsman in the Reay country." "My name is Donald Mackay," said the traveller, "but I can lay claim to no such accomplishment." "Is it possible?" said the Major; "come along to the front of my house, where I shall be able to judge of the abilities of one of whom I have heard so much." "I am no swordsman," said the traveller, "and would much prefer that you allow me proceed on my journey." "You are on no pressing errand, are you?" said the Major. "None save ordinary business." "Then you shall not pass this day till we have first measured arms."

Mackay at length reluctantly consented, and the Major, entering his house, soon returned with a sword. Throwing aside his coat, he prepared for action, and Mackay having adjusted his shoulder-plaid, the combat began. The engagement lasted for some minutes, when a favourable opportunity presented itself, and Mackay snapped a button from his opponent's shirt sleeve. The Major immediately exchanged his sword from right to left, and Mackay followed the example. The engagement continued but for a few minutes more when a similar opportunity was taken advantage of, and the Major was minus both his sleeve buttons. The Major became irritated, and endeavoured to press his opponent, the latter at the same time taking occasion to prepare for a delicate point, and eventually succeeded in snapping a third button, but this time it was from the neck-band of the Major's shirt. The latter then drove his sword into the turf, and, offering his hand, said, "Mackay, you are a better swordsman than I; it were easier by far for you to have beheaded me. Come, let us go inside and have dinner."

The above, we are assured, is a true story, and is not in the least exaggerated. The writer, an inhabitant of Fort-William, is a great-grandson of Donald Mackay of Naver.

THE WIND OF SORROW.

The wind of sorrow comes with autumn,
It sweeps across the withering land;
And 'neath its wings it carries grieving—
By men its wintry breath is banned.

It brings with it white death and sickness;
Sad wailing, and the dirge of woe
Arise whene'er its wings are sweeping,
For old and young are each laid low.

There is black sorrow in its sighing;
The last flowers wither and grow pale;
Killed by its breath they soon are lying—
The chilly breath of autumn's gale.

From east and north its cold wings flutter;
From dreary wastes of ice and snow;
Chilled with its breath my heart is lying,
With flowers and all sweet things laid low.

Lenzie. M. T. MACGREGOR.

PIPERS IN THE INDIAN ARMY.

SIR,—I have just read your January number, and am much interested in the letter from my young friend Lieut. Iain Hamilton Mackay Scobie. It recalls an incident which occurred on my voyage to Australia in October-November, 1904. At Aden some naval men came on board our ship, and soon afterwards I heard the pipes. I went aft and found a man in sailor's uniform playing. On speaking to him I found his name was Graham, that he had been a piper in the Black Watch, and was on his way to Colombo to take up duty as piper to the Admiral on the Indian Station. I asked him if he would play to the saloon passengers some evening, and he readily consented, provided he received two days' notice to get up his kilt from the hold. Thereupon I made application to the Amusements' Committee, and by a majority it was agreed we should have the pipes. The opposition of a section of the passengers need not be referred to. At the appointed time Piper Graham duly appeared in full Highland dress, kilt and plaid of Glengarry tartan, his mother having been of that branch of Clan Donald, playing his old regimental march, "Highland Laddie," and afterwards giving us "The Barren Rocks of Aden," "The Cock o' the North," and other favourite Marches; also some good specimens of Reels and Laments, and some of what I may describe as "freak" music, *e.g.* waltzes, &c.. The bulk of the passengers were delighted. But what interested me most was the extraordinary pleasure the pipe music seemed to give to an English family who were on board—parents, daughter, and son-in-law, and grandchildren. I went up to the group, and asked how it was that they—English people—were so delighted. The old gentleman replied: "We live in North China, and during the Boxer trouble we were in danger of our lives, and in great anxiety, when one day we heard the pipes in the distance, and we knew we were safe, although when the troops appeared they proved not to be Highlanders as we expected, but a black Indian regiment with their black pipers."—I am, yours truly,

JAMES MACDONALD, W.S.

27 Heriot Row,
Edinburgh, 16th February, 1907.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
THOMAS DUNNACHIE, ESQ., STRUAN VILLA, GLENBOIG. *

(White bell-heather and bracken).

In our "land of heroes," one
Did a long life's work, and went,
Not as though his day was done,
Scarce with his full share content;

Asking not that future time
Should record one deed as great,
Save that of a cause sublime
He had been the advocate.

We who knew him yestereve
Though we grieve, would fain rejoice,
Still we see him,—sterling, stieve,
With his whole heart in his voice!

Hath some higher cause purloined
Him who, when our year was new,
In the Land of Heroes joined
The strong, the guileless, and the true?

SARAH ROBERTSON MATHESON.

* Mr. Dunnachie was a pioneer and lived (to his active 86th year) to be called the grand old man of the Temperance Movement in Scotland. He asked that the only record after his name on his tombstone should be the words, "Temperance Advocate."

WHY SHOULD I SIT AND SIGH?

AIR—"Onoc nam beannachd." *

Why should I sit and sigh
When the greenwood blooms sae bonny?
Lavrocks sing, flow'rets spring,
A' but me are cheery.
Ochon a ri! there's something wanting!
Ochon a ri! I'm weary,
Nae young, blithe and bonny lad
Comes o'er the knowe to see me.

When the day wears away
Sair I look adown the valley,
Ilka sound wi' a stound
Sets my heart a thrilling:
When I see the plover rising
Or the curlew wheeling,
Then I know some bonny lad
Is coming to my sheiling.

Come away, come away,
Herd or hind or boatman laddie,
I hae cow, kid, and ewe,
Gowd and gear to gain thee;
My wee cot is bless'd and happy,
O 'tis neat and cleanly!
Sweet the brier that blooms beside it,
Kind the heart that's lonely.

JAMES HOGG.

* See Musical Page.

"IN DEFENCE OF OSSIAN, being a summary of the evidence in favour of the authenticity of the poems," by Dr. K. N. Macdonald. In this handsome volume our esteemed friend and contributor has condensed into readable and handy form for reference all of value that has been written in favour of the authenticity of the immortal poems, and if, after studying these pages, anyone should entertain doubts on the subject, he must be a heretic indeed. Dr. Macdonald has performed his task with discretion, and if he does at times express himself vigorously in referring to some of the great Celtic critics, it is not without justification. In spite of the critical analysis of the scholars, and their assurance that Macpherson created the poems, the average Highlander will be content to believe that "Fingal lived and Ossian sang," and if the poems published by Macpherson are not exactly those which the great bard composed, the originals would be probably better. We congratulate the learned doctor on the completion of his labours. The volume may be had for 4/ from this office.

THE STEWART SOCIETY.—On 7th February the members of the Stewart Society had an "At Home" in the Windsor Hotel, Glasgow. The guests were received by Captain Steuart of Westwood, the president. During the past year about forty members joined the society. The funds, it was reported, were in a satisfactory condition. Mr. John A. Stewart presented the society with a gold badge for the president. The badge is star-shaped, about three inches long, in blue enamel rayed in gold, bearing the saltire of St. Andrew in white enamel, surmounted by the armorial shield of the High Steward of Scotland in gold fess checky in silver and blue. The badge is linked to a Scottish thistle in gold and enamel.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following fragment of a fairy song is known throughout the entire Highlands. It need not be stated that Highlanders had a strong belief in the existence of fairies, or *daoine sìth*, as they called them. The song "*Buain na rainich*" is very old, and is attributed to a fairy sweetheart (*leannan sìth*), who was not too well treated by her human lover. The first verse is all that remains of the original Gaelic words—the rest I have added—endeavouring to keep as near as possible to the spirit of the original verse. The English verses are by Mr. L. Macbean, Kirkcaldy.

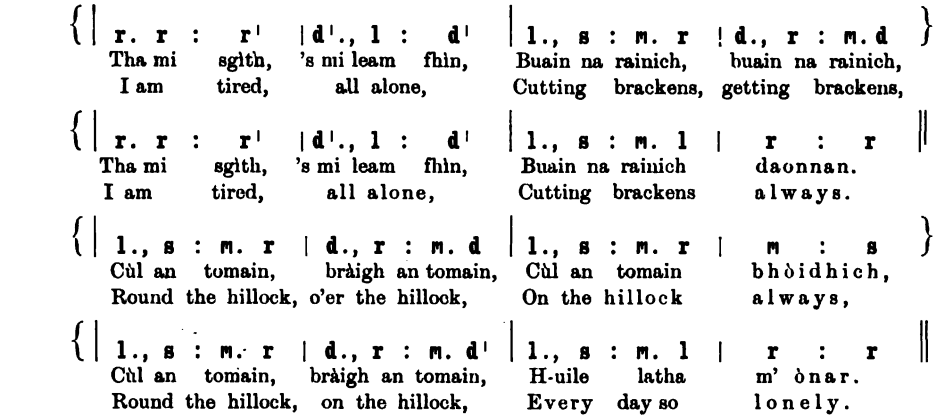
James Hogg wrote a paraphrase of the Gaelic words of *Tha mi sgith*, which were published, with music, in "Albyn's Anthology," 1816. (See page 99).

FIONN.

Buain na Rainich

(CUTTING FERNS).

Key E♭. *Moderato.*


r. r : r' | d'., l : d' | l., s : m. r | d., r : m. d
Tha mi sgìth, 's mi leam fhìn, Buain na rainich, buain na rainich,
I am tired, all alone, Cutting brackens, getting brackens,
r. r : r' | d'., l : d' | l., s : m. l | r : r
Tha mi sgìth, 's mi leam fhìn, Buain na rainich daonnan.
I am tired, all alone, Cutting brackens always.
l., s : m. r | d., r : m. d | l., s : m. r | m : s
Cùl an tomain, bràigh an tomain, Cùl an tomain bhòidhich,
Round the hillock, o'er the hillock, On the hillock always,
l., s : m. r | d., r : m. d' | l., s : m. l | r : r
Cùl an tomain, bràigh an tomain, H-uile latha m' ònar.
Round the hillock, on the hillock, Every day so lonely.

'S tric a bha mi fhein 's mo leannan
Anns a' ghleannan cheòthar,
'G éisdeachd coisir bhinn an doire
'Seinn 'sa choille dhòmhail;
O! 'nam faicinn thu a' tighinn,
Ruithinn 'dhol 'nad chòmhail,
Ach mar tig thu 'n so 'gam shireadh,
'S ciamar thilleas dòchus?

Anns an t-sithein, O, gur sgìth mi
'S tric mo chridh 'g a leònadh,
'Nuair bhios càch a seinn nan luinneag,
Cha dean mis' ach crònan.

'S bochd nach robh mi leat a rithist—
Sinn a bhitheadh ceòlmhor,
Rachainn leat gu cùl na cruinne,
Air bhàrr tuinne seòladh.

Ciod am feum dhomh bhi ri tuireadh
Dé 'ni tuireadh dhomhsa,
'S mi cho fada o gach duine
B' urrainn tigh'n 'g am chòmhnadh.
Cùl an tomain, bràigh an tomain
Cùl an tomain bhòidhich
Cùl an tomain, bràigh an tomain
H-uile latha m' ònar.

Cutting ferns on the cairns,
As I'm bidden by my lover,
Here I stay, all the day,
Sad at heart and weary;
If my lover could discover
That I'm here so dreary,
Could he leave me sad and grieving,
And never come to cheer me?

Sweet around is the sound
Of the birds upon the branches,
And this brae, now so gay,
Tender thoughts awaken;
Often thither, through the heather,
And the bonnie brackens,
Did we use to stray together,
Though I'm now forsaken.

Cutting ferns on the cairns,
Where we tripped our fairy dances,
In the bright moonlight night,
Or the peaceful gloaming.
Do they mourn me, do they scorn me:
Do my fairy comrades
Ever yearn for my returning,
From my weary roaming?

Here I moan, all alone,
Sick and weary, cutting brackens,
There a bright fairy sprite,
Ever singing gaily;
If my dearie were but near me,
And could hear my wailing,
He would cheer me, but I fear me,
That my strength is failing.

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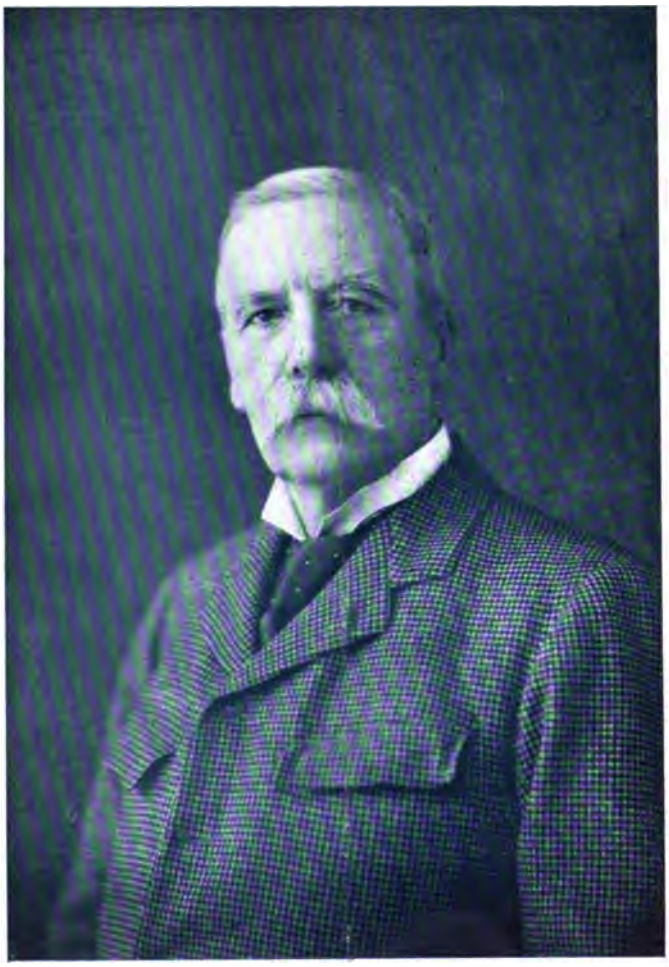

JAMES H. MACKAY,

President, Clan Mackay Society.

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The Celtic Monthly:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

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Clan Mackay Society.

ANNUAL SOCIAL GATHERING.

The members of the Clan Mackay hold their annual Re-unions alternately in Edinburgh and Glasgow. This year it was the privilege of our east country clansfolk to make the arrangements, and so heartily did they enter into the undertaking that on Friday evening, 8th March, the Freemasons' Hall, Edinburgh, where the Mackays and their friends gathered, was crowded with a most enthusiastic audience.

Earlier in the evening the office-bearers of the Society and their wives were entertained to dinner at the North British Railway Hotel, by Mr. James H. Mackay, London, President of the Society, where a very pleasant time was spent. Dr. George Mackay, (Bighouse) proposed in suitable terms the toast of their host, the president, who responded. The clan piper, Mr. George Mackay, (Northern Meeting Gold Medallist) played *A' Bhratach Bhàn* (Mackay's Banner), and other clan music. The dinner party thereafter proceeded to the large hall where the clan gathering was to be held, and where they were heartily welcomed by their clansfolk. Mr. James Hayward Mackay, President, occupied the chair, and was supported by Mr. John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly*, Glasgow (retiring president), ex-presidents Dr. George Mackay, Provost A. Y. Mackay, L. M. Mackay, Donald Mackay, John Mackay, S.S.C., and Thomas Mackay, Largs; Messrs. Donald Mackay, and James F. Mackay, W.S., Edinburgh, and William Mackay and A. L. Mackay, Glasgow, vice-presidents; Jas. R. Mackay, C.A., hon. treasurer, and William Mackay, local treasurer; David N. Mackay, hon. secretary, Glasgow, and Charles G. Mackay, C.A., Edinburgh, hon. assistant-secretary and convener; W. D. Mackay, R.S.A., John Mackay, W. Preston Street, Alex. Mackay, Robert Mackay, Glasgow, Neil Macleod, "Skye-Bard," Mr. Peach, Geological Survey, Alex. Sutherland, Prestonkirk, and others.

Mr. John Mackay, as retiring president, introduced in a few chosen sentences, the chairman to the audience,—referring to him as one who, for many years past, had taken a warm and practical interest in the work of the clan society, and who had by his kindly and genial personality, endeared himself to every member with whom he had come in contact.

Mr. John Mackay read the following letter from the honoured chief of the clan, Lord Reay, addressed to the convener:—

March 2nd, 1907.—Dear Mr. Mackay,—I much regret that I am detained in London, and cannot be present at the gathering of the Clan. I trust that the meeting will be a pleasant one, and that the Members of the clan will thoroughly enjoy themselves. They will also, I am sure, realise the great responsibility we—each of us in our own sphere—have to discharge as citizens. Our prosperity depends upon individual effort and also upon co-operation. My prayer is that the year on which we have entered may be rich in blessings for the Members of the clan, scattered as they are in all parts of Scotland and of the Empire. I am always delighted to hear when any clansman is distinguished in any field of labour. We have every reason to be grateful in Scotland for the means placed at our disposal as regards education, and I know that our clan is as keen in this respect as any other clan. With my cordial greetings to the gathering, I am, yours sincerely,

Reay.

On rising to address the meeting, the president received a very enthusiastic greeting. He said:—

Permit me, in the first place, to express to you the pleasure we feel at meeting you again this evening, to

spend a short time in agreeable companionship, to render old friendships and make some new ones, for the man who makes no new

FRIENDSHIPS IN LIFE

eventually finds himself travelling a lonely road—"Ploughing a lonely furrow," as Lord Rosebery would say. We sometimes hear people complaining that they have no friends. I am always sorry to hear a lament of that description, but cannot help wondering where the fault lies. It seems to me that where folks are kindly disposed, warm-hearted, and sympathetic, one seldom hears such a complaint issuing from their lips, for such as these have no lack of friends and acquaintances ready and willing to cultivate them. It is one of the objects of this society to bring its members together, to enable them to cultivate those friendships which add a hundredfold to the joys of life, and in times of trouble ensure to some extent the consolations of sympathy.

I wish also to tell you how fully I appreciate the honour that has been done me in electing me as a president of this society. I feel rather like a sheep that has strayed from the fold, but has been recovered and brought back to the rest of the flock, much to his satisfaction. Nor can I refrain from telling you something of

MY FAMILY PEDIGREE.

My great-grandfather was born and resided at Borobol, in the parish of Kildonan, Sutherland, having been born there on 24th April 1763. How long his parents had lived there previously I do not know, but they were evidently well-known, and I have a certificate of my great-grandfather's birth under the hand of Rev. Alexander Sage, then minister of the parish, which fixes the date of his birth in 1763. But times were bad then and Sutherland was not a happy country, and like many more similarly placed, my people had to say "Good-bye" to their native land and wander away. I need not weary you with details, but I may tell you that from being a Gaelic speaking family we have so degenerated that we do not use a Gaelic word now, either of anger or endearment. But notwithstanding this, our hearts have always turned in loving sympathy to the

LAND OF OUR FATHERS,

that is dearer to us than all other, and it is the existence of this Clan Society that has formed one of the strongest links to bind us all together, however far apart physically, in one bond of sterling, loving sympathy, wherever our lot in life may have placed us. One thing is certain before all others, and that is, that with us the feeling of brotherhood exists to an extent that few thoroughly realise.

Our friend and fellow clansman, Rev. Angus Mackay, has recently added to the literature of the clan by a volume which gives a most valuable account of the history of our people, and, on looking at the list of subscribers to his book, you will find Mackays all over the world in various colonies and foreign countries, all evincing their continuous interest in matters connected with the history of our clan and ready to claim a place in the confraternity. And all this with no desire for personal benefit pecuniarily.

On the contrary, their wish is to evince their sympathy with all clansmen, to be helpful to those requiring help, and especially to succour the widow and fatherless, but in such a way that the recipients lose none of their self-respect.

I am sorry to note that large fortunes seem to breed beggars. Doles sometimes wreck the lives of those who become accustomed to look to charity for sustenance, instead of to self-reliant toil. It is possible to be too wealthy, and if money is provided too lavishly by the few very rich, it is apt to deter each and all from doing his own individual share in the social work of the world, and to stand aside and let the millionaires do it.

We hear, too, a good deal about socialism now, but it is no new idea, and in a small way this Society contains within itself the

BEST ELEMENTS OF SOCIALISM.

Mutual help, mutual regard, perfect equality, no vain ambitions to be exercised at other people's expense, recognising the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God, hopeful for the best in all things and striving to the utmost of our ability to leave the world a trifle better than we found it. That is the kind of socialism we can all unite in without fear or hesitation.

I cannot help referring to a Past-President of this Society, whose memory stands clear and bright in the estimation of all who had the honour of his acquaintance, or, better still, his friendship.

JOHN MACKAY, OF HEREFORD,

was what is termed a self-made man. Commencing life, as many of us have to, with small means but with great aims, he worked all his life through with that judgment, persistence, and skill which brought him not only all the money he desired, but with it the golden opinions of his fellow-men. How did he spend it? We know—you may perhaps know. His one great aim was to do all the good he could to his fellow-men, especially his brother clansmen; never forgetting those whose early life he had shared, promoting with all his powers the welfare of those who needed that brotherly help which is better than mere money, and giving sympathy and support to the downhearted. Am I not right in stating that he occupies a position of honour in your estimation superior to any title of nobility that could be conferred on him. Robbie Burns put the case in the few lines you all know so well, and it is of such material and character that many of our clansmen are built. Actuated by such motives and desires, I do not think the Mackays or this Society will go out of existence.

Now, it has occurred to me that as we have had our Clan Bard—I don't exactly know whether we have one still,—we might also have our

CLAN BIOGRAPHERS,

who would collect the histories of distinguished members of the Clan, record their doings, whether in the sphere of science, literature, or art, as pioneers in discovery, as soldiers, sailors, and statesmen, and not altogether omit the records of some of those lives that have been spent in unpretentious labour for the welfare of their fellow-men, like the schoolmaster and the minister. I was reading not long since "The Recollections of Forty Years," by our clansman, the late Charles Mackay, LL.D., and till then had no idea what a busy life he had led, and the influence he exercised on the social, political and educational problems of his day, and it is well that he has placed on record, and published in two volumes that very interesting account of his life and work. Probably some member of this Society may take up this as a labour of love, and produce a book full of interest and instruction, and perhaps indicate the footprints that others may successfully follow, onward and upward, on the journey of life. I have the honour of being a member of one of the old Guilds of the City of London, that has an unbroken history of over six hundred years, and the records of the Guild contain matters of the deepest interest to the historian. These documents were fortunately saved from destruction in the Great Fire of London in 1666, and remain our cherished possession to this day. If our forefathers had only formed themselves into a Corporation or Guild in

the 13th century, we might now have a record of

600 YEARS AS A CLAN SOCIETY,

instead of the short history we can now lay claim to.

But it is our hope and desire that this Clan Mackay Society shall flourish, root, branch, and for ever, and I feel assured that every member of it, present or absent, will do his and her best to promote its welfare and permanence.

We do not exclude the ladies; on the contrary, we admit them to membership on conditions of perfect equality, and *we* have no fear that we shall have our Executive chamber invaded by a determined band of fair women, who might feel indignant if excluded from the membership of our Society.

There is a matter I should like to be permitted to allude to, for so many of you are interested in it, more especially as it has been taken up rather warmly in some quarters, and a Magazine published in a northern city has been rather severe on all and sundry who do not fly the

SCOTTISH FLAG AT THEIR MAST-HEAD

continually We are told that we must be Scots through and through, Gaels to the core, or we are to be looked upon as outsiders and unworthy the name of Scot.

Now, reflect a moment, and you will see the position that many of us have been forced into. My predecessors were obliged to leave Strathnaver, as hundreds more were, for the simple reason that they had to find subsistence, and it was no longer obtainable at home after the Clearances had been made. Hundreds wandered forth to settle in England, the Colonies, America, or in various European countries, where they were received willingly, often cordially, and in their new surroundings acquired some of the habits and customs of their adopted country. The longer the time that elapsed, the less the chance there was of their returning permanently to their native land. The new ties became too strong to break away from, and new interests were created which bound them to their new homes. But whether in communities or as individuals the old land was ever looked upon as the true native land, and the sympathy continued unbroken between the old folks at home and the younger ones abroad. My point is, that we were not always voluntary emigrants, and anxious to relieve ourselves of our nationality, we were actually turned out, and it must be expected that whatever the nationality that has mothered us, we cannot be indifferent to the hospitality which has been extended to us, the privileges we have enjoyed, or the bawbees we have acquired and which we are ready and willing to bring back and spend in the land our progenitors were evicted from. It would be hard lines on us if these facts were ignored. There is hardly a family in any large Scottish city but has some member, near or remote, in the lands beyond the seas, and it will be impossible, in my opinion, to create a purely Celtic community and leave out of it all its collateral branches. Let me mention one fact which is very significant. Whilst the

SCOTTISH CORPORATION OF LONDON

was celebrating its 242nd Anniversary on St. Andrew's Day last, the kindred Society in New York was celebrating its 150th Anniversary, and in hundreds of other places all over the world, where Scotsmen are to be found, the celebration is invariably continued, though many may never live to set foot on their native soil again.

We cannot all return to school again to

LEARN THE GARLIC,

but by our love of the native land and the clannishness which prevails so generally among its people, we can do something to promote that national sentiment which commends itself to all true Scots.

Now, I must not weary you by allowing my few words to take the form of a lecture. This is a social function and you will be more anxious to hear the excellent music which we are promised than my prosy address, so I will simply add that the Council desire me to say that they extend to you all a hearty welcome and trust you will have a most agreeable evening; and they feel assured that you will at all times uphold the best traditions of the Clan and promote the objects it is our desire to foster, bringing into it every friend and neighbour who is eligible, for "union means strength," and none who has the privilege of admission should stay out.

The programme was of such a high-class character, that the audience in every case insisted on an *encore*. Mr. Roderick Macleod, Inverness, who has ever been a warm favourite among the Mackays, was recalled on each occasion, and on his last appearance, when he gave a delightful rendering of the Mackay Pibroch *Iseabal Nic Aoidh* (Isabella Mackay), he had to sing three Gaelic songs before he was finally allowed to retire. Altogether Mr. Macleod sang eight Gaelic songs, and Mrs. John Mackay (Mod Gold Medallist), three,—surely a convincing proof that a love for the old language, and a desire to give it every prominence at their gatherings, are considerations cordially recognised by the whole clan Mackay. Pipers George Mackay (Durness), and Angus Mackay (Kirtomy) gave renderings of Mackay *piobaireachd* and march tunes during the intervals.

At the close of the gathering Mr. John Mackay, S.S.C., proposed the usual votes of thanks, and in responding the chairman alluded to the fact that the Clan Macleod Society had sent representatives to the meeting, to whom they had extended the warmest welcome, and reciprocated their friendly greeting. Thus ended one of the most successful and delightful social gatherings ever held by the Clan Mackay.

It may interest members of the Clan to learn that Mr. James H. Mackay is presenting to the Society a valuable Presidential Badge, in gold and coloured enamels, bearing representations of Mackay armorials, the Clan badge and thistle intertwined, and other emblems, the background being a representation of Mackay tartan. The names of the presidents will be engraved on the back, ample provision being made for the coming years. It is being designed and supplied by Messrs. Elkington of London.

A meeting of the Clan Mackay Society is to be held in London early in May, with the Chief, Lord Reay, in the Chair, to which all clansfolk, and those bearing sept names or related to the Clan by marriage or descent, are heartily invited. Full particulars can be had from Mr. D. N. Mackay, Hon. Secretary, 141 Bath Street, Glasgow, or Mr. John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly*.

The Atonement of Maisie Maclean

By ALICE C. MACDONELL of Keppoch.

Comrades in Arms.

CHAPTER III.

"There are sweeter words than ever were said,
And sweeter songs than ever were sung,
And fonder tears than ever were shed
By the eyes of the old, or the hearts of the young."
S. K. COWAN.

OUTSIDE the Cavalry Barracks, Aldershot, there was champing of bit and rattle of sabre, as the Royal Scots Greys stood, squadron by squadron, like so many equestrian statues on their beautiful steeds varying in shade from the dark grey of the very young horses to the almost white of those getting on in years; undergoing their final inspection before being marched off to Laffare's Plain for the big review of troops before His Majesty the King. The Wellington Avenue, with rows of beautiful chestnuts in full bloom, forming a fitting background to the picture displayed before the admiring gaze of an eager crowd of spectators. The flash of scarlet and steel showing to advantage in the sunshine, together with the waving white and red pennons of the lances, the unique bearskin clasped with the silver horse behind, their long white gloves, neat riding boots, and buttons with the Waterloo Eagle: erect, bronzed, and soldierly, no wonder the Colonel's eye flashed as he glanced down the long lines of his famous "Greys." "Oh! how magnificent," exclaimed many a fair witness, as they watched them file off slowly round the Wellington Monument, towards the review ground, those who had an acquaintance among them, feeling a thrill of pardonable pride, as some stalwart trooper nodded and smiled as he passed.

From the direction of the north camp came the distant skirl of the pipes, as the Gordon Highlanders, recently arrived from Glasgow, marched on to the plain. The Greys took up a position to the left together with the rest of the cavalry, the Artillery being posted a little back towards the hill, and the Infantry Brigades to the right.

Patrick Adair glanced around the sea of faces assembled, half expecting to see Maisie MacLean and her sister Maggie, as the Corporal had told him Maisie was coming down for a month to visit them and, if possible, in time for the review. Then he remembered that in all probability they would take up a stand as near to the Gordons as possible, and he should not see them until the march past. The handsome dragoon was anxious to see what impression he would make, mounted and in full regimentals, on pretty Maisie. "Yes, she was pretty, very pretty, and a lady in appearance and manner, of no particular family;" a half smile flitted over his face at the unfinished thought. At the moment, a smartly appointed vehicle drove up turning into the officers' enclosure, filled with a gay party. Adair scarcely heeded the presence of the other occupants, so absorbed had he become in the appearance of one. A small mignonne face with large expressive eyes of liquid brown, and sunny golden brown hair catching the sunbeams here and there; a very child's eager interest flushing the delicate cheek with excitement. Their eyes met, and it seemed to the soldier as if a look of interest stole into them, and a warmer flush to the cheek; a thrill ran through his whole frame as a half smile parted the lips. Only for a moment. The order was given for the march past, and he lost sight of the face that interested him to such a strange degree. Yet, throughout the whole of that day, it haunted him, and not even the brilliant smile of Maisie MacLean, as she leaned forward to greet him as he passed, could drive the recollection of that other out of his mind, and it was of that sweet unknown face, that Adair thought as the Greys thundered at the gallop over the green grass, and past the saluting point, the ringing cheers that followed the "Bonnie Greys" stimulating and urging them on.

"What a face of capabilities was that; not to be compared in point of feature with Maisie, yet it possessed a higher charm of expression, than ever Maisie could attain. A face filled with such sunny joy as he saw it, yet her eyes did not belie her as capable of intense suffering."

The evening after the review, Adair according to promise, walked over to the north camp, and into Corporal Stewart's quarters, where Maggie (now Mrs. Stewart), gave him a warm welcome. Not so Maisie, who, scarcely noticing his existence, bestowed all her attention on Corporal Dunn of the Gordons, a smart but rather conceited young man, who had only just attained to his stripes. Shortly after Adair's entrance, he rose to take his leave, bestowing a little insolent smile of triumph at the dragoon as he passed out.

As the evening was so fine, Stewart proposed to walk over Love Common, in which Adair readily acquiesced, as he felt aggrieved and injured at the little notice taken of him by Maisie, determining in his own mind not to be cut out by a young jackanapes like that boy Dunn. As they strolled over the common he laid himself out to please, as he well knew how, Maisie at first listening with rather a distrait air, until by degrees she seemingly allowed herself to be interested; gradually becoming so sweet and winning in her ways, that the warm-hearted soldier reproached himself for having thought her a little hard and frivolous. Stewart and his bride, nothing loth to be left to themselves, had strolled on ahead, hand in hand.

How happy they were! The tall dragoon felt a pang of envy as he watched them, contrasting their bright little home, full of love and happiness, with his own forlorn existence, cut off from ever regaining his former status in society, as there was little or no hope of his attaining to a commission, the ranks being overstocked with gentlemen already, many with far greater interest to push them on than he had. Why could he not be happy in the rank of life he had chosen? Was he to let his whole existence slip by, simply for an idea?—If only he could forget those fighting ancestors of his who slept out there at Clonmacnois—If only!

This was one of many walks that came to be looked upon as a matter of course. Aldershot, with its strict military discipline, is not a lively place for troops, who, as a rule, hate it; I mean the rank and file, and perhaps some of the officers also. The rules for such an enormous camp being naturally excessively strict, and the soldiers' usual privileges very much curtailed. So it was that Adair came to look forward with eager pleasure to those evening rambles over the common. It was something to look forward to after the routine barrack duties were over. Swiftly and pleasantly the days flew by. Maisie was to remain a month with her sister, and this was already the seventeenth day. The evening was unusually beautiful at the close of a very hot afternoon, as Patrick Adair and Maisie strolled out for a walk along the Bourley Road, leading towards the hills. The sun had gone down, leaving a crimson glow in the sky, softening the distant outline of the Hartford Bridge Flats, and bathing the white tents of the 9th Lancers with a ruddy warmth of colour.

"How I shall miss all this when I return to London," sighed Maisie, as she looked back over the brow of the hill. "All the pretty sights and sounds of military life. How I wish I was a man, then I should enlist."

"It can't be very difficult for you to gratify your wish as regards a military life, Miss Maisie," answered Adair with a slightly malicious smile, "even without turning soldier."

"How so, Sergeant?" asked his companion with an assumption of innocence.

"Hasn't Corporal Dunn told you yet?" said Adair shortly; sundry and recent recollections of that youth's assiduous attentions rising up before his mental vision.

"Corporal Dunn is very, very kind," said Maisie, severely, "and, as I am only a poor ignorant girl, who values kindness more than anything else, it is little wonder although I should take to him," turning her head away with a little sob."

"Maisie! what have I said," exclaimed the impetuous Celt, seizing the girl's two hands in his own and turning her gently towards him. Visions of all manner of brutality seeming to accuse him out of her tear-stained face. Never had she looked so lovely, in his eyes, before, as with head slightly bent, she tried to disengage her hands.

"Oh! it is nothing, nothing," she cried, now fairly sobbing. "I might have cared for him if, if—"

"If what, Maisie?" asked the soldier, tenderly, as his arm stole round her waist, and a warm feeling of pity and admiration stirred his breast.

"If I had not cared for some one else, to me, one I know now who can never care for me," sighed the girl.

"Why not, little Maisie? any man might be proud to win such a bonny bride."

The moon rose gently over hill and moor, and the soft summer winds gently stirred in the dark pines and swaying birch trees, whilst the heather blossoms crushing beneath their feet, sent up their subtle honey perfume. The little brown face was very, very pretty as the soldier bent down and kissed the ripe red lips turned so temptingly toward him. She, nestling confidently towards the tall dragoon, and making

no effort now to disengage the arm which held her so close.

"Tell me, little one, could you care sufficiently for a poor soldier, like me, to marry him? I have nothing to offer you, child; but if it would make you happy—"

"Happy! Oh, Pat! I should think I was in heaven if you cared for me ever such a little bit—I should have died if you had not; I really thought you didn't a little bit," said Maisie, all smiles now.

The soldier, looking up toward the dark blue of the summer's night, watched a tiny fleecy cloud go by, and, as in a flash, he seemed to see the large pathetic eyes of the fair unknown he had seen the day of the review. With a sudden start, a vague feeling of unrest filled his mind, and a doubt of his own hasty action. In a moment the feeling had passed. As he looked down on the pretty face nestling so close to him—"That was nothing but fantasy, this was reality," so he told himself; then, as sitting down on the hillside, he held her to him, almost happy, almost—for there was still a slight chill of doubt, as he proceeded to relate to the girl he was going to make his wife the story of his life.

"I knew you were not what you seemed," said Maisie at the end of the recital. "Some day, who knows, you will get your commission, and I shall be an officer's wife."

"No, child. No. Put that idea out of your head for ever. It is true I am a gentleman born, but although my father is a rich man, not a penny of his wealth shall I ever touch," answered the soldier, sadly.

"But he will relent in the end, Pat, I'm sure. You will go to him and ask for his forgiveness, dear?" queried Maisie.

"Never!" cried Adair, all the fiery blood of the MacDonalds mantling in his cheek as he spoke. "Till he speaks the word, I shall never stoop to ask it. He turned me, his only child, out of his house for an idle whim of his own, and I do believe shortened my sweet mother's life by his harsh, unsympathetic ways. No, Maisie, if you have higher ambitions, dear, I shall not stand in your way, because, as my wife, you will have nothing to look to save an honest man's affection; and, if you will, let this night be as if it had never been."

"Oh? Pat," cried the girl, now thoroughly frightened, "I care nothing for money, so long as I remain with you I shall be quite happy," leaning her head against his shoulder. Which statement was correct, as she loved him as she would never love any other man. But she also loved pretty dresses, grand doings, and show. "Never mind," she said to herself, "he is a *real* gentleman, that no one can take from me."

"Forgive me, little one, if I have spoken somewhat sternly, but I wished to raise no false hopes in your mind."

"I am quite content to be as we are, dear," sighed Maisie, gently, "but I cannot call you Conn, I have thought of you so long as Patrick Adair."

"Do, dear, call me Pat still," said Adair, with alacrity. "I shall of course marry under my own name, but in the regiment I shall continue to be known by the one I have adopted."

"Conn O'Neill! how strange it sounds," rippled the girl, with a light laugh. An unaccountable shiver come over the dragoon as she pronounced his real name.

"Leave Conn O'Neill alone, darling. He is dead long ago, you have only Patrick Adair to reckon with now."

The retreat was sounding as the lovers strolled past the Cavalry Barracks, down the Wellington Avenue, trying to look supremely unconcerned. More than one belated "Grey" hurrying home to Barracks, gave the Sergeant a knowing smile as he passed, and Adair felt very proud of the lovely girl at his side. As they neared the north camp Corporal Dunn met them. Glancing sharply from one to the other, he greeted them curtly and passed on with a frown on his face. A thrill of triumph shot through Adair's mind as he thought: "I have taken the wind out of that boy's sail anyhow." For many a jealous pang had he cost, and many an insolent smile, now avenged. The little coquette had known very well what she was about, caring nothing at all for Dunn, he had served her purpose admirably. Entering the married quarters they were met by Stewart coming towards them, with rather a grave face.

"Look here, my lad, I think it is just a little late for my little sister here to be out by herself, you know."

"All right, my boy," said Adair, smiling, "you ought to be careful of her, but I am going to relieve you of that responsibility for the future."

"What! man," called out the Gorden Highlander, giving the dragoon a hearty slap on the back. "Why, where's Maisie?—Run away, the sly little puss.—Well, so it is all settled at last, is it? I am not surprised, I saw how the land lay for some time."

"You have?" said Adair. "Well man, I never knew it myself till to-night. Even now," he continued, "I seem to be walking about in a dream."

"I know," exclaimed Stewart with all the airs of a married man of long standing, "I felt the very same way myself. Did'nt know whether I was standing on my head or my heels when little Meg promised to take me for better, for worse. Come in lad, and Maggie will give

us a 'drappie' to celebrate the event."

Adair followed, still in a dream. He loved the little girl and it should be his effort to make her happy, never letting her see that there was any "arrière pensée." It was very sweet to see the love in her bonny face as she turned towards him, so he imagined himself to be very happy. Only once he started vehemently when honest Stewart stood up, glass in hand, laying his hand lovingly on the "Scots Grey's" shoulder as he said:

"Well, lad! There's many a chap I like well in the Greys, but none that I should more gladly welcome as a brother as Patrick Adair." "His brother!" The proud scion of the "siol-Chuinn."* "Ah! well," thought the soldier, "what is done now, cannot well be undone." With a deep sigh he drained his glass to the bottom, wringing Stewart's hand heartily. After he had gone, and Maisie was dreaming happily on her pillow, Maggie laid a soft hand on her Willie's with a wistful expression.

"What is it, wifie?" asked the devoted husband, who simply worshipped the ground his Meg trod upon.

"Do yon think it will turn out well, dear? Any one can see he is far above our Maisie. Is his love strong enough to look over that?"

"Hoot! toots! lassie, our Maisie is a lady in her way. I'm sure no man need be ashamed of our Maisie."

"No, dear," said gentle Maggie, "I can't say what I just mean, but I can't help feeling a sort of a doubt."

"Well, my lassie, they are just as much in love as we are, and I'm sure nothing in the world would have made any difference to us."

"No, dearie, it's not the same love as ours. I'm quite sure of *that*."

"Oh! my lassie," laughed the Corporal, good naturedly. "All lovers think no one ever loved as they did, and I suppose it's just the same way with us."

"Perhaps you're right, Willie dear, but I can't help feeling queer about it."

"Now, now, my Meg, let's hear no more of that. Adair is as fine a fellow as ever rode in the Greys, and that's saying a good deal. If he is a gentleman born, as some say, it goes far to make him do nothing but what is right by our Maisie."

After that Maggie said no more, seeing the subject vexed her husband; trying hard to reason herself out of her unnamed fears. "Are you quite sure you love him true, Maisie, dear?" she asked of her sister one day. "He is far above *us*, any one can see that, and won't speak out all his thoughts as we would; you will have to watch him well, dearie, and just guess at what he is thinking sometimes."

"Oh! Maggie. I know my lover a great deal better than *you* can," answered Maisie tartly. "I'm sure he'll speak out whatever he thinks to *me*. As to loving him, of course I do, and isn't he a gentleman for all that he is a Sergeant."

"Yes, Maisie, I know," put in Maggie, quietly. "But his people won't ever see him, how much less *you*. So you must make up your mind to do without all the fine things you used to dream of having, and be a real help to your husband."

"Oh!" I know, sighed Maisie, impatiently. "But I do wish I could have married with beautiful jewels, a carriage, and everything grand as I ought to as *his* wife."

"Hush! dear," replied her sister. "Patrick Adair is a splendid man. If he thought you cared so much about those things he might begin to think you really didn't care for *him*, without them."

"But I do, Meg. I really do," cried the girl eagerly. "More than any man in the whole world."

"And better than yourself, Maisie, dear?" queried Meg a little wistfully.

"Oh: I suppose so. I am not going to lie down at his feet and adore him, as you do to Willie, thinking the very swish of his kilt and sporran, different to any other man on the face of the earth."

"Dear Willie." murmured the young wife, with a pretty smile. "He really does wear the kilt better than any man I know, and doesn't he look a real 'doatie' now, Maisie, when he's dressed with the feather bonnet and all?"

"Will is handsome enough I grant you, Meg, and I love the kilt myself, it makes more of a handsome man than any other dress in the world; but give me the 'Greys,' with their long swords clanking at their sides, and the splendid show they make on parade."

"Aye! They are fine lads, I'll not gainsay that, Maisie. But listen!—Don't you hear the pipes in the distance? My Willie must be coming home at last. What a weary march they've had, poor lads." And Maggie sped away to her little window to watch the Gordons as they swung across the Queen's Parade to the stirring sound of the pipes, marching as only men in the kilt can march.

(To be continued.)

* The race of Conn.

MACDONALDS (OR MACIANS) OF ARDNAMURCHAN.—It is interesting to mention that the Clan Donald Society have recognised the Rev. W. J. M'Kain, Edinburgh, as the hereditary chieftain of this ancient and historic branch of the great clan. We heartily applaud the appropriateness of this step.

COMMON HERBS FOR COMMON USE.

(The following interesting article is from the pen of the late Charles Fergusson ("*MacFhearghuis*") author of the "Gaelic Names of Trees" and "Gaelic Names of Birds.")

OUR ancesters were very skilful in the preparation and use of herbs for curing all diseases, as they had to depend on the natural products of the country, which grew free of charge at every poor man's door, but which are now almost totally neglected for expensive foreign vegetable, mineral, or chemical drugs, which are only too often ruinous to both purse and person.

Mackenzie, in his "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," says:—"The belief was common among the Caledonians that for all the diseases to which mankind is liable there grows an herb somewhere, and not far from the locality where the particular disease prevails, the proper application of which would cure it."

A very old Gaelic poem says—"In the glen where the St. John's wort, the white daisy, and the primrose grow, the grey doctor will find a valuable remedy for every disease and wound."

Sheriff Nicolson, in his "Gaelic Proverbs," gives a very old saying about garlic—"Garlic with May butter will cure all disease." He adds—"The medical virtues of garlic are well known, but, like many other plants once valued and used by our ancesters, it is now quite superseded by pills and doses prepared by licensed practitioners."

The Romans, who first introduced many of our herbs and taught their uses, had a Latin proverb—"Why should the man die who has sage growing in his garden?"

The juices of plants were generally extracted by bruising or boiling, and many herbs were dried and then either reduced to powder or infused like tea.

Regarding the quantity and strength of the doses given, my experience is that there was generally no fixed rule, except that, taking into consideration the age and constitution of the patient, weak doses were given at first and gradually increased.

As the same English name is often applied to different plants I give the Latin names to prevent mistakes, and knowing the large circulation of the *Celtic Monthly* in the Highlands, where both Latin and English names are generally unknown, I give the Gaelic names also, as the poorer people of Ross, who still largely use herbs, always apply to me for them by their Gaelic name.

Latin.—*Ranunculus flammula.* English—Spearwort. Gaelic—*Glas-leun.*—Bruised between stones, put in limpet shells, and applied it raises blisters

Ranunculus ficaria. Pilewort. *Grain-aigein.*—A decoction of leaves and roots, and applied for piles and king's-evil.

Helleborus viridis. Hellebore. *Elebor.*—A dram of the leaves reduced to powder destroys worms.

Aquilegia vulgaris. Columbine. *Lus-a'-chlamain.*—A decoction used as a lotion for sore throats.

Papaver rhœas. Poppy. *Meilbheag.*—A little of the juice causes sleep, the heads boiled in water and applied to head relieves headaches.

Fumaria officinalis. Fumitory. *Deathach-thalmhainn.*—A decoction of juice boiled in whey, and applied for itch and other skin diseases.

Cochlearia officinalis. Scurvygrass. *Carran.*—Eaten raw for scurvy, also a good stomachic.

Nasturtium officinals. Watercress. *Bioluir.* Eaten raw to purify blood and cure headache, a decoction applied removes freckles and pimples.

Viola odorata. Sweet violet. *Fail-chuach.*—Flowers infused in goat's milk used as a cosmetic.

Drosera rotudifolia. Sundew. *Dealt-ruaidhe.*—Leaves bruised and applied brings out inflammation. Juice rubbed on warts or corns destroys them.

Polygala vulgaris. Milkwort. *Lus-a'-bhainne*—Used both as a purge and emetic. A spoonful of the decoction of an ounce of herb boiled in pint of water till half is evaporated, used for pleurisy.

Lychnis diurna. Red Campion. *Corcan-coille.*—Decoction of bruised leaves used for washing old sores or ulcers. Two drams of seed in wine drunk for serpents' bites.

Stellaria media. Chickweed. *Fliodh.*—Bruised and applied it allays inflammation, swellings, or bruises.

Linum catharticum. Fairy-flax. *Lion-nam-ban sith.*—A dram of the dried plant pulverised, or an infusion of a handful of it in whey, is a safe purge.

Althœa officinalis. Marshmallow. *Leamhad.*—The root steeped in warm water turns into a jelly used for hoarseness, coughs, or consumption.

Hypericum perforatum. St. John's wort. *Ealabhuidhe.*—Decoction good for ague; bruised and applied outwardly cleanses and heals wounds or bruises.

Geranium Robertianum. Herb Robert. *Lus-an-Eallan.*—The Gaelic name means cancer-herb, as, bruised and applied, it was believed to relieve that terrible disease.

Sarothamnus scoparius. Broom. *Bealaidh.*—Two drams of the flowers or seeds is a strong vomit.

Orobus tuberosus. Tuberous-veitch. *Corr.*—The roots, fresh or dry, chewed repel hunger.

Potentilla tormentilla. Tormentil. *Barr-bhraonan.*—Decoction of the root in milk drunk in Hebrides for diarrhœa.

Rubus fruiticosus. Bramble. *Dreas.*—Cata-

plasm of leaves used for erysipelas.

Agrimonia eupatoria. Agrimony. *Geurbhileach.*—Dried leaves infused open obstructions of liver.

Sempervivum tectorum. House-leek. *Lus-nan-cluas.*—Juice mixed with cream dropped into ear for ear-ache.

Meun athamanticum. Spignel. *Muilceann.*—Roots boiled in water and drunk relieves pain in stomach and wind. Roots dried, powdered, and mixed with honey, break up tough phlegm.

Sambucus niger. Elder. *Ruis.*—Leaves bruised applied for erysipelas.

Taraxacum dens-leonis. Dandelion. *Bearnan-Bride.*—Eaten raw for obstructions of liver and jaundice.

Artemisia Absinthium. Wormwood. *Buramaide.*—A weak infusion used for disorders of stomach, creating an appetite, and killing worms.

Senecio vulgaris. Groundsel. *Grunnasg.*—Used externally in cataplasms, as a cooler, and bringing on suppurations.

Anthemis nobilis. Camomile. *Camomhil.*—Most commonly used of all herbs. Flowers infused and drunk cleanse the blood, strengthen digestion, ease pains, provoke sweat, good for ague, &c.

Achillea millefolium. Yarrow. *Lus-cosgadh-na-fola.*—Bruised and applied stops bleeding, and to heal and dry wounds.

Menyanthes trifoliata. Bogbean. *Tribhileach.*—An infusion much used for weak stomach.

Thymus serpyllum. Wild Thyme. *Lus-mac-righ-Bhreatainn.*—Tea made of it fresh or dry used to prevent nightmare or bad dreams.

Plantago lanceolata. Ribwort. *Slan-lus.*—The "Healing Herb," famous for healing all kinds of sores and wounds.

Parmelia saxatilis. Stone Parmelia. *Crotal.*—Dried and powdered was dusted inside stockings to prevent blisters or inflammation of feet on long journeys.

These are the most useful out of hnndreds of our common herbs.

"FEUDS OF THE CLANS," by Alex. MacGregor, M.A.—This handsome volume treats of a subject which will always prove fascinating to certain Highlanders. It relates to the olden days in the Highlands when every clan had to fight for its own hand and the weaker went under. A large portion of the work treats of the feuds and conflicts in the far north between the Sutherlands, Mackays, Sinclairs, and other northern clans. These mostly find their origin in Sir Robert Gordon's "Earldom of Sutherland," and are far from reliable. The fact is, where Sir Robert's family interests entered into any transaction, you may trust that the interests of Dunrobin would not suffer. The volume can be had for 4s., post free, from Mr. John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly*, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

A SONG OF BEN OLEBRIG.

O Glasgow lasses are fair enough,
And Glasgow lads are merry;
But I would be with my own dear maid
A-wandering down Strath-Terry.

And she would be singing her morning song,
The song that the larks have taught her,
A song of the northern seas and hills,
And a song of Mudal Water.

The bands go thundering through the streets,
The fifes and drums together;
Far rather I'd hear the grouse-cock crow
Among the purple heather;

And I would be on Ben Clebrig's brow
To watch the red-deer stealing
In single file adown the glen
And past the summer sheiling.

O Glasgow lasses are fair enough,
And Glasgow lads are merry;
But ah, for the voice of my own dear maid,
A-singing adown Strath-Terry!

W. B.

BY ISLAY'S SHORES.

By Islay's shores she sate and sang:
'O winds come blowing o'er the sea,
And bring me back my love again
That went to fight in Germanie!'

And all the live-long day she sang,
And nursed the bairn upon her knee:
"Balou, balou, my bonnie bairn,
Thy father's far in Germanie,

'But ere the summer days are gane,
And winter blackens bush and tree,
Thy father will be welcome hame
Frae the red wars in Germanie.'

O dark the night fell, dark and mirk;
A wraith stood by her icily:
'Dear wife, I'll never more win hame,
For I am slain in Germanie.

'On Minden's field I'm lying stark,
And heaven is now my far countrie;
Farewell, dear wife, farewell, farewell,
I'll ne'er win hame frae Germanie.'

And all the year she came and went,
And wandered wild frae sea to sea:
'O neighbours, is he ne'er come back,
My love that went to Germanie?'

Port Ellen saw her many a time;
Round by Port Askaig wandered she:
'Where is the ship that's sailing in
With my dear love frae Germanie?'

But when the darkened winter fell:
'It's cold for baith my bairn and me;
Let me lie down and rest awhile:
My love's away frae Germanie.

'O far away and away he dwells;
High Heaven is now his fair countrie;
And there he stands—with arms outstretched—
To welcome hame my bairn and me!'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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MARCH, 1907.

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BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CELTIC."

Volume XIV. of the *Celtic Monthly* can be had, tastefully bound in cloth, gilt title, for 5s., post free. In the hope that more of our readers may be induced to order the bound volume, which contains only perfect parts, we have decided this year to reduce the price of the complete volume to 5s., post free to any part of the globe. At this cheap price, readers who are in the habit of binding the monthly parts will find it more satisfactory to order instead an attractively bound copy from our office. We can also supply the back volumes from Vol. V. to date at the same low rate, 5s. per vol. To be had from Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE NAME LONDON.

SIR,—I have read with interest Mr. Murray Campbell's letter. Has anybody ever disputed that London is a Celtic name? But Mr. Campbell seems curiously in error in supposing that Scottish Gaelic is the truest speech by aid of which to interpret the name. The namers of London must have used a speech much nearer Welsh than Gaelic. And though the modern Celt often brings the article *an*, *na*, or *y* into his place-names, this was far from an invariable rule in ancient days.

Mr. W. J. Watson (*Place Names of Ross and Cromarty*, p. 158) thinks that London is the same name as Lundin in Fife, for which he cites a rare Gaelic *lunndan*, "a green, wet place." The root of this he thinks to be a nasalised form of *lod*, "a puddle," same root as *L. lutum*, "mud," and, curiously enough, very probably the root of Lutelia, the Latin name of Paris also.

The earliest known spelling, that of Tacitus, is Londinium, and we still spell the name of our capital with two *o's*. But, from the days of the earliest invention in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle (A.D. 457, Lundenbyrig), which probably dates from the time of King Alfred, the first syllable of London has had the *u* sound. Therefore *ton*, "a marsh," is hardly to be thought of. There seems little of good reason to dispute Dr. Guest's well-know derivation, Welsh *Ayn din*, "pool by the hill," or "pool with the fort." This seems nearer to the Lundin, which probably was the original name, than anything else.—Very truly yours,

St. Andrew's Manse, Falkirk, 11th March 1907. JAMES B. JOHNSTON.

THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.—It may interest some of our readers to learn that it is intended to revise the Records of this famous regiment and to bring them up to date. Authentic information is invited on two points:—The family origin and early life of Sir Alan Cameron of Erracht, who raised the regiment in 1793-4; and the uniform, dress, arms and equipment of officers and rank and file. Anyone who can supply information on these points should communicate with Captain E. Craig-Brown, 1st Batt. Cameron Highlanders, Dublin.

Mr. F. FOLLIETT, HARROW.—We are obliged for the amusing cuttings anent the proposal of a London doctor who considered it would be to the advantage of the Cockney if he wore the kilt. The following is a specimen of the quality of humorous verse inspired by the startling proposal!:—

KILTS FOR MEN.

(A doctor sets forth a plea for the kilt as a warm and hygienic garment.)

Kilts for men—we wives could make them;
Run them up with the machine;
Out of flannelette we'd fake them
Pretty plaids of red and green.
Daily life would grow romantic,
No ennui or boredom then;
With expectancy I'm frantic
For the fashion—kilts for men.

Kilts for men! Why, I should think so!
Nine yards round they'd take, I'm told,
And our dear ones need not shrink so
From the thought of chill and cold.
Kilts would suit both slim and tubby,
Homely men aplomb would gain,
And I'm certain with my hubby
I should fall in love again.

THE LATE SIR JAMES COLQUHOUN.—Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., of Luss, Lord-Lieutenant of Dumbartonshire and chief of his clan, died at his English home, Duncluthe, at Hastings, on Thursday last week.

Sir James was born in Edinburgh on the 30th March 1844, and succeeded to the title and estates in 1873, the year in which, it may be recalled, his father and several keepers were drowned in Loch Lomond, when returning from a deer-stalking expedition.

The late Baronet was twice married, and is survived by his widow, and two daughters by his first marriage. He took a deep interest in the prosperity of Helensburgh, and recently presented a handsome Celtic Cross, which is erected in Colquhoun Square, to mark the centenary of the burgh.

The deceased having no male issue, the title and estates go to his cousin, Colonel Colquhoun, C.B., D.L., of Arrochar, who will now be known as Sir Alan John Colquhoun. He was born in September 1838, and is a son of the late Mr. John Colquhoun, D.L., author of the well-known book, "The Moor and the Loch."

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH
(The Highland Association).

Its Finances and Mismanagement.

To the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*.

SIR,—We have observed with surprise and regret the imputations on the management of an *An Comunn Gaidhealach* in your editorial of January. No public body is exempt from criticism. Your article, however, is, in our opinion, not a fair or true criticism.

As Office-bearers of *An Comunn Gaidhealach* we entirely repudiate your statement as to the financial position of *An Comunn*. For the information of yourself and your readers we beg to authoritatively state that *An Comunn*, in this respect, has never been more flourishing than it is at the present moment. From 1892 till the present year *An Comunn* has never been without a substantial sum at credit annually, varying from £30 to £140. We should like to ask if this is bankruptcy?

We quite admit that the Bazaar was a "brilliant idea." It was also a practical one, as proved by the way in which it has been taken up, not only in Great Britain, but in the Colonies, by all who have a true interest in the Gaelic cause. The Bazaar was not at all conceived, as you suppose, "to recoup a depleted exchequer," but for the purpose of raising a fund to enable *An Comunn* to extend its sphere of usefulness. Whatever may be realised from the Bazaar you may rest assured will be judiciously and thriftily expended in the cause of Gaelic.

With regard to other parts of your letter, we do not think them at all worthy of any real Gael who has the Gaelic cause at heart.—We are, Sir, yours &c.,

A. MENZIES, *President*.
M. MACLENNAN, *Vice-President*.
22nd Feb. 1907. KENNETH CAMPBELL, *Vice-President*.

REPLY BY THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MONTHLY."

THE above remarkable document has been sent me for publication by the Rev. D. MacGillivray, Manse of Petty, who states that he "has been requested to forward" it to me. He does not condescend to state who asked him to usurp the duties of the secretary of *An Comunn Gaidhealach*, but we do know that the Executive did not give him authority to publish such a grossly misleading statement. Why such a

PRETENDED OFFICIAL DOCUMENT

did not emanate from the secretary's office, with that official's name attached to it, or signed by the convener of the Finance Committee, is only another illustration of the hopeless confusion which seems to characterise everything in connection with this wonderful body. Certain office-bearers seem to put the most liberal interpretation upon the nature and limits of their official duties, and evidently the Rev. D. MacGillivray considers he is better fitted to adorn the position of secretary and treasurer than the overworked person who has filled that office for so many years. Considering what the latter has had to suffer, he has discharged his multifarious duties remarkably well.

The Rev. D. MacGillivray's exact duty is to edit (in conjunction with the Rev. M. Maclennan, whose signature appears on the document), the columns of a recently established magazine in connection with *An Comunn*, a duty for which the latter gentleman's Gaelic gifts do not seem adequate, as the secretary was lately asked by members of the Executive Council to request the learned editor not to print any more unreadable Gaelic, but to confine himself to the real "classical" article, whatever that may mean. That gentleman took the broad hint and lessened his amazing efforts in the vernacular, printing instead the Mòd prize papers, and now the readers declare they are enjoying something nearer Classical Gaelic!

From the above facts it will be seen that this document is

NOT OFFICIAL,

and has been issued without the consent of the Executive Council, and what is more remarkable, does not include the name of any gentleman connected with the finances. I understand the Rev. Mr. MacGillivray used desperate efforts to secure more names to this comical production. He managed, presumably, to secure the signatures of three gentlemen, (curiously enough representing the "learned professions,"

LAW, CHURCH, AND MEDICINE—SAVE THE MARK!)

but I hope to be able to show that wisdom and the learned professions are not always synonymous terms.

I might be permitted to refer briefly to the status of those gentlemen in the *Comunn*. Mr. A. Menzies, who signs as "President," was not so elected by the members at the Annual Business Meeting, indeed he was

NOT APPOINTED TO ANY OFFICE,

but recently he was very prosaically elected president by the

EXECUTIVE,

an honour which, by the way, he studied for a considerable time in private before accepting. The presidency is usually left vacant so that some gentleman of great local influence may be chosen for the office to preside at the Mòd. The Mòd is in Glasgow this year, and the Executive, with their characteristic thoughtfulness, selected an Edinburgh gentleman, Mr. Menzies, who is practically unknown here. The Rev. M. Maclennan is a comparatively recent addition to the Membership, and it does seem amusing to have this cleric explaining the affairs of the Association to one who took part in the formation of *An Comunn*, and has been an office-bearer during the intervening fifteen years! This gentleman evidently feels he has gifts! Then what can be said of Dr. Kenneth Campbell, "vice-president," (so called) who appropriately provides the tail of the list? He has been only a very few years a member, but to hear him orate on public occasions, one would imagine that he, all by himself and alone, rescued the dying language at its last gasp, and forced an alien government to make it the national language of Scotland! There is a popular name for such head troubles! But this gentleman has no right to put the words "vice-president" after his name.

Now, in the circular calling the annual business meeting in September last, the Secretary states, in connection with the election of office-bearers, that they are to be chosen from "*Members* who are not one year in arrear with their subscription." He also furnished each member with an official list of life and ordinary members, etc., and in this list I do not find the name of

DR. KENNETH CAMPBELL.

His election to the position of Vice-President is undoubtedly illegal, for the mere fact that he holds office in the Oban Branch, and was one of its representatives at the general meeting, does not qualify him to hold office in the parent Association unless he pays the annual subscription like other members. This is very clearly expressed in Rule VII. and in the clauses relating to branches. While he has not contributed directly to the Association's funds, I notice from the last balance sheet that a donation of £5 was given him as expenses in connection with the interview with the Secretary for Scotland in London last year. It was the general public impression that those members of *An Comunn* who took part in that deputation did so at

their own expense. This individual has been swaggering considerably of late as a "Vice-President" of the Highland Association, a dignity to which he has no right. The fact is, there were about a dozen persons elected to the Executive Council illegally; and, according to the official lists, the Rev. D. MacGillivray, who had the impertinence to forward me the above pretended official document for publication, and is joint-editor in connection with the Association, is himself not even a member! What more conclusive proof of the grossly loose management which characterises this Highland Association is required, than the foregoing amazing facts? One stone more to cap this cairn: three persons, not present, and *not even members of the Association*, were elected to the Executive Council, to make room for whom several of the oldest members were dropped.

And, in the face of such doings, the three gentlemen who sign the above denial state that my recent article was not a "fair or true criticism." That such an opinion is entertained and publicly stated by the president and vice-presidents removes the feeling of diffidence which prevented me in my last article from referring in detail to many instances of mismanagement by the executive, and if I give publicity in this and succeeding issues to unpleasant particulars, the responsibility lies with the gentlemen of the learned professions who have so recklessly signed their names to a document which is neither official nor correct. In this document (which with characteristic unfairness they published in their own organ, without also printing my article to which it was a reply), my readers are assured that *An Comunn* was never in a more flourishing position than at the present moment, that the credit balance this year was £140, and the signatories entirely repudiate my statements as to the financial position and mismanagement of the Association. Just so, the larger the balance the greater the confusion! In this document I am told that the balance this year was £140, yet in a copy of the same letter published in *An Comunn's* own organ the balance is increased to £196. When such

EXTRAORDINARY DISCREPANCIES

occur in documents specially prepared for a critical public's information, it is not difficult to understand what takes place among these irresponsible committees, where there is no financial control. Were it not that such gross carelessness reflects so disastrously on the management of the Association, one would feel inclined to laugh at the absurdity of the situation. And these are the men who presume to correct my errors and put me right!

Let me here state that no ordinary member is expected to know at this time what sum stands at the credit of *An Comunn*, but I decline to accept the mere assertion, without proof, that it amounts just now to anything like £140. Besides this, these gentlemen seem to overlook the fact that the year has not long commenced, that there are debts still unpaid, and when expenses and Mòd prizes have been met, not to mention a trifle of some £50 as secretary's salary, it is very probable that the Association's position will be far from satisfactory. The Bazaar, of course, is the rock upon which hope is based, and if the Executive get the handling of the proceeds, they will have rather a lively time in furthering the Gaelic cause.

Last year the "Ordinary Account" started in January with a balance of £45, and in July only 10s. 5d. was left, and several debts were unpaid. And let me point out also that the life membership subscriptions, which ought to be funded, and the interest only used, as is done in all well-conducted societies, have been squandered with the rest, five guineas being invested in the purchase of a specially designed drinking-cup for an aristocratic baby, and other needless outlays. Why a national institution should meddle with such trivialities is a question which no one can adequately explain.

If I went into these matters I could fill pages, but I will just refer to one fact which provides more convincing information than any words of mine, regarding the unsound financial management of *An Comunn*. In contradiction to the assurance of the learned gentlemen that all is well financially, it is a remarkable fact that in July last an important document was issued to the members of the Executive, described as follows:—

"REPORT BY THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE

appointed by the Executive Council of *An Comunn Gaidhealach* on June 2nd, 1906, to investigate and report on matters pertaining to the Finances of *An Comunn*."

When a society's finances are in a sound state it is not usual to appoint investigation committees, but that they were in a very unhealthy condition this lengthy document of six closely typed folio pages only too clearly proves. And fancy the presumption, or worse, of the lawyer, minister, and doctor who signed that manifesto, knowing very well that this damaging document had only been recently circulated, and the conditions there so severely condemned, have never been altogether remedied. A few extracts from this official document are worth reading in conjunction with the plausible assurances from Messrs. Menzies and Co.:—

"Your Committee applied themselves to the preparation of a financial statement. For reasons already given, the preparation of a *satisfactory statement* from the material at our disposal *was difficult*.

"It is necessary to remark that it was impossible to gather from the books when one financial year ended and another began. Your Committee, therefore, prepared a supplementary statement of *An Comunn's* finances as at 31st July 1906. This statement, also submitted, shows the balance at the credit of the Ordinary Account at that date to be only

TEN SHILLINGS AND FIVEPENCE.

"The Committee were struck by what seemed to them *high prices paid in connection with several items of expenditure*. They recommend that in future Local Committees, Sub-Committees, and Officials shall be instructed to take tradesmen's estimates before placing orders for goods which are likely to cost over £1. Further, that the Finance Committee shall overlook all financial transactions, and no account shall be paid until same has been submitted to, and passed by, them.

"We recommend that the auditors be professional Accountants, and not members of the Executive Council.

"Your Committee strongly urge the necessity for the adoption of a system in the keeping of the books of *An Comunn*.

"Though repeatedly applied for, we have not received *full details and vouchers bearing upon their intromissions in connection with the Mòd of 1905, from the Dingwall Local Committee*.

"We were surprised to find that accounts relative to *1905 Mòd were paid as late as March 12th, 1906*.

"This delay may be accounted for by the fact that although the late Treasurer demitted office in September, 1905, he did not remit the balance of cash in his hands, amounting to over £47, until 27th February, 1906, and that the Dingwall Committee had over £52 of *An Comunn's* funds *in their hands until 27th April, 1906, and still hold over £17*. It is now over ten months since last Mòd was held.

(Sgd.) ALEX. N. NICOLSON, Convener.
(,,) J. S. CLARK.
(,,) EOGHAN K. CARMICHAEL.

"Glasgow, 10th August, 1906."

The most suggestive paragraph in this scathing report is the following :—

"Your Committee recommend that a
LETTER OF APOLOGY
be sent, on behalf of the Executive Council, to all who are known to have in any *way suffered annoyance through the carelessness of our officials.*"

I may well ask the learned gentlemen who have "repudiated my statement" if it is usual to offer an apology unless good reasons exist for so doing. The above three members of the Executive were evidently convinced that an apology was due. Perhaps, after this exposure, the President and Vice-Presidents will favour me with an apology for the incorrect statements they make in the foregoing document!

I may just add that the consideration of this report at the General Meeting and a later Executive Meeting led to such an acrimonious discussion that its recommendations were not entirely adopted, so that while some anomalies have been possibly removed most of the old abuses exist, and the committees have still the power to spend to any extent they like. When I was Sub-convener of the Finance Committee I attempted to put a limit on the spending powers of these irresponsible bodies, but found that my committee had no control over them, so I resigned, as also did the Convener. I realised that such extravagance could have only one result. In August, last year, the Association was practically bankrupt. Where then were the £30 to £140, to which the officials refer in their manifesto?

This is only an instalment of my reply to Messrs. Menzies & Co. In next issue I shall refer to a number of other matters in connection with *An Comunn* which demand immediate remedy, and which reflect seriously on the good name and honour of the Association.

One word more and I am done. I quite realise that my brief reference to these matters in the January *Celtic* has created consternation in London and elsewhere, especially among those interested in the coming bazaar, and I understand that the *pseudo* and real office-bearers felt that something urgent and desperate was necessary to restore confidence. This curious non-official document was the result, and its appearance has certainly not lessened the trouble. In spite of this "milk and water" assurance, I am informed that the promoters of the Bazaar have taken my advice, and trustees outside the executive are likely to be appointed to control the proceeds. This is all I contended for. I am not unfriendly towards the Bazaar, and wish it success. My sole desire was to induce the various stalls' committees not to place the results of their labours at the uncontrolled disposal of *An Comunn's* executive, certain of whom have proved themselves far too reckless in their handling of funds.

Further, I wish to explain that my references to the executive do not apply to every member, but to certain persons who have managed to get control of the Association.

What is to be done to remedy the illegal election of so many persons to the Executive Council? The Association cannot allow matters to remain as they are. All business transacted by this Executive is illegal, and it affects the position of two conveners of committees. And it is an illegal Council who are promoters of this great Bazaar!

JOHN MACKAY.

RULES RELATING TO BRANCHES.

In the following excerpts from the Rules of the Association, the position of Branches is very clearly set forth :—

RULE VII.—"MANAGEMENT.—The business of the Association shall be managed by an Executive Council, consisting of a President, two Vice-Presidents, General Secretary, Treasurer, Local Mòd Secretary, *Representatives of Branches and affiliated Societies, and twenty-five other members*, all of whom shall retire annually, but shall be eligible for re-election at the annual meeting of the Association. Seven to form a quorum.

"RELATIONS WITH AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH (referred to as the Central Association).—The Branch shall be entitled to representation at the meetings of the Central Association by at least eight members, in respect of which representation the Branch shall pay to the ordinary funds of the Association the sum of one pound sterling in each year, and an additional sum of 2s. 6d. for each additional member over eight which the Branch may elect to attend the Meetings of the Central Association. The names of such representatives to be sent to the Secretary of the Central Association immediately after their appointment, which shall take place at the annual business meeting of the Branch.

"The Branch, provided it has eight or more representatives on the roll of the Central Association, shall be entitled, *as a Branch, to one representative on the Executive Council of the Central Association.* Such representative shall be appointed at the annual business meeting of the Branch, and intimation of his or her appointment made to the Secretary of the Central Association immediately thereafter."

These rules make it quite clear that a branch enjoys the privilege of nominating eight or as many more of their members as they desire to attend the *meetings* of the Association, so long as they contribute 2s. 6d. for each representative to the parent Association. That they are not eligible to hold office is clearly shown by the special provision which is made to enable the Branch to be represented on the Executive Council. Each Branch which contributes £1 or more is to be represented on the Executive by *one* person. If the 29 representatives which Oban nominates were eligible to hold office, there would be no sense in defining to what extent a Branch could be represented on the Executive. If any of these Branch representatives were anxious to qualify for office, all they had to do was to pay the usual subscription which we all have to pay to the Central Association. If it were otherwise, a person who only pays 1s. annually to a Branch, and perhaps occupies a position as president, might also, under the Branch arrangement, be nominated as president of the parent body. The absurdity of this is apparent. Rule vii. provides against this, as it is clearly stated that the Executive Council is to include "representatives of Branches and affiliated Societies, and twenty-five *other members.*" Branch representatives are not *members*, and the distinction is carefully noted in the rules and the circular calling the last general meeting. Were it otherwise, the local Branch in a district where a Mòd was held could easily qualify enough members to swamp the annual business meeting, turn out all the officials, fill up all the offices from their own members, and hold the Executive meetings in their own clachan. That could be quite simply done, if the rules really bore the extraordinary interpretation which the Oban Branch endeavours to put upon them. At last general meeting the Oban Branch's representatives managed to secure a vice-presidentship and three other seats on the Executive Council, in addition to the seat to which the rules entitled them. These four appointments are entirely illegal, and the same may be said in regard to other seven or eight persons elected, six of whom do not figure in any list as members or representatives. In fact about half the existing Council hold office illegally. The constitution of this executive body is a huge joke.—J. M.

CU DUBH A' CHUAIN GHUIRM.

LE DOMHNUL MHIC BHEATH (BEATON.)

ANNS na linntibh fo'n eug, air oirthir na Mara Guirme bha iasgair a chòmhnuidh. Bha e daonnan ag iasgach ach cha robh a mhór thoradh 'na lorg. Bha e fàs glé aosmhor agus bha eagal air gum bitheadh e ann an teanntachd ('sa bhean maille ris) mu'n tigeadh a chrìoch. Là de na làithibh, air feasgar ciùin ciutharach chunnaic e meall ceo dorcha, dùmhail agus thainig Guth a mach ás a' mheall. "Có sid?" ars' an t-iasgair. "Mise, Cu-dubh a' Chuain Ghuirm." "Dé tha dhith ort?" ars' an t-iasgair. "Tha dhith orm do chuideachadh," ars' an Guth. "Tha thu nise ioma bliadhna ri iasgach agus tha thu fhathast bochd. Dé bheir thu dhomhsa mu sheòlas mi dòigh dhuit air am faigh thu daonnan làn a' bhàta de dh' iasg?" "Ni sam bith is urrainn mi," ars' an t-iasgair." "Thoir dhomh a chiad mhac a bhios agad," ars' an Guth. Smaointich an t-iasgair car greise—tha mi fhein ceithear fichead bliadhna agus a bhean agam tri fichead 'sa deich, 's cha dù dhi clann bhi aice, 's leis a sin faodaidh mi gabhail ris. Thuirt e ris a' Ghuth; "Bheir mi dhuit e." Glé mhath," ars' an Guth. "Cuir a mach do lion." Rinn an t-iasgair sid.

"Slaod a steach e," ars' an Guth. Thòisich an t-iasgair air slaodadh 's b'e sid an slaodadh bha gramail. Cha d' fhuair an t-iasgair truagh riamh a leithid do throm-obair, ach lion e am bàta gus an robh i 'n impis dol fadha. "Gheibh thu 'n urrad sin a h-uile uair a chuireas tu do lion," ars' an Guth. "Slàn leat, thig mi dh' iarraidh do mhic 'nuair a bhios e seachd bliadhn' diag a dh'aois." Chaidh an t-iasgair dhachaidh gu cridheal éibhinn, reic e 'n t-iasg agus dh'fhàs e beairteach, agus naoi miosan an déigh na h-oidhche chual e 'n Guth, rugadh mac dha. Shoirbhich gu math leis an t-seann iasgair. Thug e deagh sgoil agus ionnsachadh da 'mhac, gus an robh a mhac seachd bliadhna diag a dh' aois. An sin ghairm e air a mhac 's thuirt e ris; "a mhic tha thu nis a dh' aois seachd bliadhna diag, agus a nochd thig Cù dubh a' Chuain Ghuirm air do thòir agus bheir e leis thu, cha 'n urrainn mise do shàbhladh. Tog ort, thoir an saoghal fo d' cheann, theagamh nach beir e ort." Dh' fhalbh an t-òganach. Thug e 'n saoghal fo cheann, choisich e gu dian re an latha gu dorcha nan trath 'nuair ràinig e taigh tuathanach. Dh'iarr e lòn agus cuid oidhche air an tuàthanach. "Gheibh thu sin'," ars' an tuathanach. 'Nuair bha 'm biadh seachad thuirt an tuathanach ris—"Feumaidh tu an oidhche chuir seachad 'san t-sabhull agus seo cù gu d' dhion." "C'ainm th'air a' chù?" ars' an Gille, "Cluas-ri-Claistneachd" arsa an tuathanach, "cluinnidh e 'm feur a tighinn troi 'n talamh." Chaidh e le chù do'n t-sabhull ach cha bu chadal da, a' feitheamh, gun fhios nach tigeadh Cu-dubh a' Chuain Ghuirm.

Bha Cluas-ri-Claistneachd a giùigeadh 'sa liùigeadh a chluasan. Ma dheareadh thuirt e, "Cluinneam," "Dé chluinneas tu 'laochain?" ars' an Gille. "Cu-dubh a' Chuain Ghuirm tighinn air do thòir," arsa Cluas-ri-Claistneachd. "O,' dé ni mi?" ars' an Gille. "Leig dhòmhsa 'choinneachadh," arsa Cluas-ri-Claistneachd, "is 'se mo bharail gu'n cuir mi moille air." "Dean sin ma tha," ars' an Gille. 'Nuair thainig Cluas-ri-Claistneachd air ais thuirt e ris a' Ghille "Caidil gu là cha tig an Cu-dubh a chur dragh ort a nochd." Moch 'sa mhaduinn, 's am biadh maduinn gu sùmhail air ùrlar a ghoille chuir is chum e cas an t-siubhail air thoiseach, agus an dorcha nan tràth ràinig e taigh tuathanach. Dh'iarr e lòn 's cuid oidhche. "Gheibh thu sin," ars' an tuathanach. 'Nuair bha'm biadh seachad thuirt an tuathanach ris, "Feumaidh tu an oidhche chur seachad 'san t-sabhull agus seo cù gu d' dhion." "C'ainm th'air a chu?" ars' an Gille. "Luaths," ars' an tuathanach. "Bheireadh e air a ghaoth luath Mhàirt a bha roimhe, 's cha bheireadh a ghaoth luath Mhàirt a bhios na dhéigh airsan." Chaidh e le choin do 'n t-sabhull. Air dhoibh a bhi ann, bha Cluas-ri-Claistneachd a giùigeadh 'sa liùigeadh a chluasan. Ma dheireadh thuirt e—"Cluinneam," "Dé chluinneas tu 'laochain?" ars' an Gille. "Cù dubh a' Chuain Ghuirm a tighinn air do thòir," arsa Cluas-ri-Claistneachd. "O,' de ni mi?" ars' an gille. "Cha bhi mise fada beirsinn air", arsa Luaths? "Cum e gus an ruig mise air," arsa Cluas-ri-Claistneachd. Ma fhuair Cu dubh a' Chuain Ghuirm a ghiollachd an raoir gheibh e thri giollachd an oidhche seo. 'Nuair thàinig na coin air ais thuirt iad ris a' Ghille "caidil gu latha, thug sinne a dheagh liodairt da; cha chuir e dragh ort a nochd." Moch 'sa mhaduinn 'sam biadh maidne gu sùmhail air ùrlar a ghoille chuir, 's chum e cas-an-t-siùbhail air thoiseach agus an dorcha nan trath ràinig e taigh tuathanach. Dh'iarr e lòn 's cuid oidhche. "Gheibh thu sin," ars' an tuathanach. 'Nuair a bha 'm biadh seachad thuirt an tuathanach ris—"Feumaidh tu an oidhche chuir seachad 'san t-sabhull agus seo cù gu d' dhion." "C'ainm th'air a' chu?" ars' an Gille. "Tha Neart," ars' an tuathanach. Chaidh e le choin do 'n t-sabhull air dhaibh a bhi ann bha Cluas-ri-Claistneachd ri giuigeadh 's a liuigeadh a chluasan. Ma dheireadh thuirt e "Cluinneam." "De chluinneas tu 'laochain?" ars' an gille! "Cu dubh-a'-Chuain Ghuirm tighinn air do thoir," arsa Cluas-ri-Claistneachd. "O,' de ni mi?" ars' an Gille. "O," arsa Neart, "Na'm beireadh cuidigin air 'sa chumail gus an ruigeadh mise air, bheirinn dha a dheagh ghiollachd.'

"Cha bhi mise fada beirsinn air," arsa Luaths. A mach ghabh "Luaths" agus air a shàil "Cluas-ri-Claistneachd" agus 'nan deigh gu toirteil mar b' iomchuidh bha an laoch "Neart." Bha tri duirn na oidhche thairis mu'n tainig iad air an ais. "Thug sinn dà do ghiollachd a nochd agus nach cuir e dragh tuillidh oirnn," arsa Cluas-ri-Claistneachd. Moch 'sa mhaduinn 's am biadh maduinn gu sùmhail air ùrlar a ghoille chuir is chum e cas-an-t-siubhail air thoiseach bho là gu là gus an d' thuirt Cluas-ri-Claistneachd, "Cluinneam." "De chluinneas tu laochain" ars' an Gille. "Leigemid air n-anail," arsa Cluas-ri-Claistneachd rinn iad sin agus an sin thuirt Cluas-ri-Claistneachd "Ann an ceann thri laithean thig sin gu baile mor, agus tha Banrigh a riaghladh ann, agus thug i a mionnan 'sa bòid nach posadh i ach fear a thigeadh a marcachd air tarbh. Nis tha tarbh air an rathad, beiridh 'sin air agus marcaich e do'n bhaile agus pòs a' Bhanrigh." "Ach," arsa easan, "na dealaich ruinne." "'S mi nach dealaich gu brath," arsa 'n Gille. Rug iad air an tarbh agus mharcaich e do'n bhaile agus phos e Bhanrigh. Cha dealaicheadh e ris na coin, cha robh sid a cordadh ris a' Bhanrigh. Là do na laithean, thuirt Cluas-ri-Claistneachd "Cluinneam." "De chluinneas tu 'laochain?" ars' an Gille "Tha do bhean agus Cu dubh a' Chuain Ghuirm gu diomhair 'san taigh-chùil a deannamh suas do mharbhadh; gu sin a dheannamh tha a' Bhanrigh a' dol a ghairm faoghaid, agus an uair a thig teas na faoghaid tréigidh iad thu gu léir is thig an sin an Cù Dubh gu d' mharbhadh. Tha Bhanrigh 'san cu airson sinne a ghlasadh a suas ann an seomar laidir, ach na leig thusa sin a dheanamh." "'S mi nach leig," ars' an Gille. Chaidh an fhaoghaid a ghairm, thainig latha na faoghaid agus chaidh na coin a ghlasadh suas. Ann an teas na faoghaid fhuair an gille e féin 'na aonar agus chunnaic e Cu dubh-a' Chuain Ghuirm tighinn uige los a mharbhadh. B' aithreach leis na coin a bhi glaiste. Bho na glasaibh thuirt Cluas-ri-Claistneachd "Cluinneam." "De chluinneas tu?" arsa Luaths. "Tha mac an iasgair ann an teanntachd chruaidh. Tha e na aonar 's tha Cù dubh-a'-Chuain-Ghuirm greasadh uige," arsa Cluas-ri-Claistneachd. "Na 'm faighinn-sa mach," arsa Luaths "dheanainn cobhair air mu'n ruig an cù air?" "A mach theirig," arsa Neart, is le spòg thoisich bhuail e 'n dorus agus chaidh an dorus na spealgan. A mach thug iad Luaths air thoiseach. 'Nuair a bha Cù-dubh-a'-Chuain-Ghuirm a sineadh a làmh gu graim fhaodainn air a ghille, bha Luaths na ugan 's chum e greim air gus an tainig Cluas-ri-Claistneachd agus Neart agus liodair is liodair iad e gus nach b'urrainn e gluasad. Dh'fhag iad sinnte air an raon e. Bha gach ni gu math gus aon là an d' thuirt Cluas-ri-Claisteachd, "Cluinneam." "De chluinneas tu 'laochain?" "Cù-dubh-a-Chuain-Ghuirm agus do bhean a deannamh suas do mharbhadh," arsa Cluas-ri-Claistneachd. "Cia mar a ni iad e?" ars' an Gille. "Tha Cù-dubh-a'-Chuain Ghuirm a creidsinn nach urrain e de mharbhadh fhad 's a bhios sinne leat, ach do mharbhadh 'se toilchead 'inntinn, agus leis a sin chuir e fo bhóidean do bhean gu 'marbhadh i e féin agus gun gearradh i suas e agus gu'n deanadh i pìthean deth. Gun gairmeadh i féisd agus gu'n toireadh iad ort cuid de'n na phìthean itheadh, agus an uair a dh'itheadh tu dheth mharbhadh e thu," arsa Cluas-ri-Claistneachd. "Ach na ith thusa dheth agus na leig leo sinne 'ghlasadh a suas." "'S mi nach leig," ars' an Gille. Chaidh an fheisd a ghairm. Cha stadadh a Bhanrigh gus an glaiste na coin. Bhagair i, chaoin agus bhuralaich i, gus ma dheireadh chaidh na coin a ghlasadh a suas ann an seomar ni bu laidire na bha iad riamh. Chaidh an fheisd air aghaidh gu cridheil. Choitich agus choitich iad deoch làidir air a Ghille gus ma dheireadh nach robh fhios aige de a bha e deanamh agus thug iad uige a mhias phìthean, agus dhith e dheth agus thuit e marbh fo'n bhòrd. Bha na coin glaiste suas ann an seomar làidir, an dorus do dharach 's do dh'iarrunn, agus thuirt Cluas-ri-Claistneachd "Cluinneam." "Dé chluinneas tu?" arsa Luaths. "Mac an iasgair marbh fo'n bhòrd," arsa Cluis-ri-Claistneachd. "A! na 'm faighinn-sa mach as a seo," arsa Luaths, "leighisinn 's e fhathast." "Cia mar a rachadh agad air sin a dheanamh?" arsa Neart. "Rinn am puinnsean ball dubh anns a chridh' aige, dh' fhosglainn e 's ghearrainn am ball dubh ás a chridhe, dheoghlainn e agus chuirinn a rithistann e, agus dh'eireadh mac an iasgair cho slàn 'sa bha e riamh," arsa Luaths. "Mu ni thu sin," arsa Neart, "seo fosgladh dhuit." Ghabh e roid bho thaobh cùil an t-seomair agus chaidh e direach le ghnos troimh an dorus, agus Luaths agus Cluas-ri-Claistneachd ás a dhéigh. Ruith Luaths air thoiseach 's cha b' fhada gus an robh e steach 'san t-seomar. Dh' fhosgail e 'n Gille, ghearr e 'm ball-dubh ás a chridhe dheoghail e e, chuir e rithist ann e, agus leum an gille suas beò slàn mar a bha e roimhe. "Folbhmaid, cha'n 'eil math dhuinn fuireach nis faide," arsa Luaths. Dh'fholbh iad; shiubhil iad gus an d'ràinig iad dealachadh thri rathaid, stad iad. "Nis," arsa Cluas-ri-Claistneachd, "a mhic an iasgair tha sinne 's tusa ri dealachadh an seo." "Cha dean mi dealachadh ruibh idir," ars' an Gille. Chruinnich iad ma dheibhinn ach cha dealaicheadh e-asan riu. Mu dheireadh thuirt Luaths "Có sid a tighinn ad' dheigh?" Sheall an gille, cha'n fhaca e duine, ach 'nuair thionndaidh e ris na coin cha robh cù ri fhaicinn. Bha e duilich

gun chaill e na coin agus bha e fo mhor iomagain. Cha robh fhios aige de an taobh a thionndadh e. Mu dheireadh thall ghabh e air adhart air aon do na rathaidean, gu ciaradh an fheasgair, 'nuair rainig e tigh mor briagh ann am badan coille agus duine spaisdearachd aig a cheann. Bheannaich e do'n duine 's bheannaich an duine dha agus thuirt e—"'Se do bheatha, mhic an iasgair. 'S fhada bha mi feitheamh riut." "Tha 'm barrachd eolais agaibh," ars' an Gille, "cha 'n fhiosrach dhomh gu faca mi riabh sibh." "Chunnaic thu iomadh uair mi," ars' an t-uasal. "Nach cuimhneach leat an cù bha agad, Cluas-ri-Claistneachd. Is mise Cluas-ri-Claistneachd, ach thig a' staigh, bidh an t-acras ort." Chaidh iad a staigh. Bha 'm bord làn do gach ni feumail agus grinn, agus theann iad ris agus thoisich Cluas-ri-Claistneachd agus thuirt e—. "Tha sinn a seo triùir bhràithrean agus tha astar là eadar gach taighe againn, chaidh air cur fo geasaibh gus an saoradh sinn thusa bho Chu-dubh a' Chuain Ghuirm." Thug iad mios a féisteadh agus thug iad mios eile 'n tigh Luaths, 'san treas mios an tigh Neart an duine toirteil treun, 's chuir iad a sin dachaidh e gu sona beairteach agus dhealaich mise ris. Ma's briag uam e 's briag ugam e.

Mackay, Queensland.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

CORRESPONDENCE is going on in the "Scotsman" regarding the colour of Prince Charlie's eyes. Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden writes :—"Sir Horace Mann, the British Minister at Florence, writing in 1744 to the Duke of Newcastle, described them as blue, and that colour is also mentioned in the 'Letters from Italy by an Englishwoman,' of date 1770. Charles' eyes were certainly not blue; they were dark brown. The Prince inherited, as Mr. Andrew Lang says, the dark eyes of his father, the 'Black Bird,' and of Mary Stuart. It is curious, however, that the colour of Mary's eyes has been debated. They have been described as 'decidedly brown,' sometimes of a yellowish hue (hazel), more frequently as of an absolutely reddish colour, like chestnut, and the paint known to artists as 'burnt sienna.' Contemporary portraits, either of Charles or Mary, are, of course, not to be absolutely relied upon as fixing the colour of eyes, for colours (on canvas) lose much by sinking in; they not only lose brilliancy, but they darken. There can, however, be no reasonable doubt about the colour of 'Bonnie Prince Charlie's.' Another correspondent, Mr. A. S. Macdonald, says that the Prince's eyes were large. At least, he adds, we are so told by no less an authority than Alistair Macdonald, who is usually styled the Prince of Gaelic poets. Macdonald was an ardent Jacobite, and a man possessed of good education. He held a commission in the rebel army in the '45, and knew the Prince intimately. In his poem "Morag," describing the Prince's eyes, he writes—

Do shuil shuilbhear, shocair, mhothar,
Mhireagach chomhnard, s' i meallach.

THE CLAN COMBAT AT PERTH, 1396.

SIR,—I cannot help thinking that in his interesting article on this subject, Dr. Lindsay has assumed too hastily that "there is nothing to specially connect" the Angus raid with the Perth fight. I do not propose to refer him to the evidence adduced in my paper which appeared in the *Celtic Monthly* for December last, but I would suggest his looking into the authorities from whom my view is derived. Let him read Bower, Maurice Buchanan, and (a late authority, I admit) George Buchanan, and he cannot fail, I think, to agree with me that these authors link the two episodes together in an unmistakable manner.

From an historical standpoint, the cause of the combat is of much greater importance to determine than the identity of the clans who participated in it, inasmuch as an accurate knowledge of the circumstances would reveal the relations existing between the government and the Highlanders at the end of the 14th century. These, however, are clearly enough indicated by the legislature of that period, as well as by the statements of contemporary authors. From such sources it is impossible to deduce, with any plausibility whatever, the inference that the combat was arranged in the Norman spirit of chivalry, so much in vogue during the 14th century among the nobility of England and Lowland Scotland. Fraser-Tytler was, I think, the first historian of note to suggest that view, but it was very properly derided by Hill Burton, who, however, had no theory of his own to offer in its place.—I am, sir, yours etc.,

London, 15th March 1907. W. C. MACKENZIE.

OLD HIGHLAND LAY.

"O hedge-blown rose, O marguerite,
Dawn-tinted hands and snow-tinged feet,
Where is my love gone, mither?
"O hedge-blown rose, O marguerite,
The fields are full of meadow-sweet
An' Rosalind went thither."

"O southernwood, O lilac-treen,
Gold-clouded locks and mystic een,
Where did my love gaze, mither?
"O southernwood, O lilac-treen,
The dells are full of rosemareen
An' Rosalind looked thither."

"O crimson rose, O poppies red,
Flame-breathing lips and sleep-drunk head,
When turns she homeward, mither!
"O crimson rose, O poppies red,
When land and sea give up their dead
Will Rosalind come hither!"

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

STRATHNAVER FAIRY CIRCLE.—The record of excellent work—in relieving distress, and in entertaining the afflicted and destitute—which this influential organisation has performed during the past month in and around London, reflects great credit on the popular Chief of the Circle, Mr. James Mead Sutherland, and his energetic body of assistants. We are pleased to hear that the "Fairies" have now imitators in their good work.

Traditions of the Churchyard of Kilmallie.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in his notes to Canto III. of the "Lady of the Lake," gives, from the Laird of MacFarlane's MS. a very curious account of the builder of the first church at Kilmallie; "*Gille dubh Mac'Ille Chnàmhaich*," or "the Black Child, Son of the Bones;" for such, unpronounceable as it appears, is the true designation; and though the story may be familiar to many, we give the substance of it here as connected with the locality.

Sir Walter says that the account given in the MS. of this man with the ominous name, suggested to him the idea of Brian, "that monk of savage form and face," who plays such an important part in unveiling the future destiny of the Clan Alpine. The poet, however, is much more indebted to his imagination than to the MS for the filling up of the sketch; and it is worth mentioning, that the tradition still preserved in the country agrees exactly with the account given by the old Laird, representing the "Gille dubh," etc., as an able and devout man, totally different from the savage seer depicted in the poem.

The reason of his obtaining such an uncommon surname was as follows: It chanced on a night long ago, that the young people of Corpach, and of Annat—the neighbouring farm—were, as customary, watching the cattle in the fold. The place was a small hill a little to the west of the present church, close to the public road, and conspicuous from a clump of Scotch fir covering its summit. It shows some faint traces of having been fortified as a stronghold, and its name, *Cnoc-na-faobh*, or "the Hill of Spoils," tells of its having been the scene of strife and of bloodshed. At the period in question it was strewn with the bones of the slain, left there to bleach under summer's sun and winter's snow, which proves that the conflict was between parties animated by the deadliest hate toward each other, for rarely, indeed, was such dishonour shown to the dead in the Highlands.

THE YOUNG WATCHERS OF THE FOLD, finding the night cold, kindled a fire, which, in the absence of other fuel, they nourished with the bones strewn around. They returned to their homes toward morning without the conduct of any of the party exciting remark; but a girl, who had remained by the fire a little after the departure of her companions, was in due time obliged to lay aside her "maiden snood" without assuming the matronly veil or coif.

> "She said no shepherd sought her side,
> No hunter's hand her snood untied."

The only cause she assigned for her being in such a condition was, that when sitting alone by the fire, a sudden gust of wind blew the ashes of the dead men's bones about her.

> "She lock'd her secret in her breast,
> And died in travail unconfess'd."

Her son survived, and from the above probable story of his paternity given by his mother, was known as "the Son of the Bones." According to the MS. he proved "a good schollar, and godlie. He did builde this church which doeth nowe stand in Lochyeld, called Kilmalee," and, as we have said above, this account of him is still preserved in the traditions of the place.

The traditionary account of the origin of the second church built at Kilmallie, is also worthy of notice, and, as far as we know, has never been committed to writing.

"AILEAN NAN CREACH,"

or *Allan of the Forays*, one of the Lochiels belonging to the fifteenth century, did much to extend the bounds of the family estates, and of the Cameron influence—often, like a much greater man, giving only the choice "of the sword or the tribute" to several of his weaker neighbours. As he advanced in years, however, the memory of many of these deeds of his younger days pressed heavily upon him. He tried to compensate for the evil done by the set-off of many acts of charity, on the one hand, and self-infliction on the other. Still his "conscience made a coward of him." Remorse for the past, and dread of the future, rendered him miserable—until at length, with fearlessness characteristic of his younger days, he resolved

to unveil the future by extorting answers from the spirits of evil; and he had recourse to the oracle of the "*Tigh-ghairm*," or "House of Invocation."

The mode of procedure in this intercourse with the world of spirits was as follows: The questioner, with his own hands, built a house or hut in some solitary place, and the spot chosen by "Ailean nan Creach," must, at the period in question, have been sufficiently solitary and savage—the centre of the Corpach Moss. That moss is still drear and cheerless, though it is now skirted on the one side by the Caledonian Canal, intersected in another direction by a highway, along which carriages, and even omnibuses, ply almost daily throughout the summer season, and its borders fringed all round by habitations of men, and by signs of cultivation. Then, neither canal, nor road, nor house, nor green field, was to be seen—all was bleak, and desolate, and gloomy. Here, however, the Chief of Lochiel reared the fabric in which he was to meet the spirits of the deep. He, in due form, kindled a blazing fire, in the middle of which was fixed a sharp iron spit, or spike. On this spit he *impaled a living cat, and turned it round and round* over the flames. Its cries of distress speedily brought many others of its kindred to the rescue. The rafters of the house soon became covered with

CATS OF EVERY HUE AND SIZE,

all gifted with the power of speech, and all using that power in denouncing every possible vengeance here and hereafter on the tormentor of their companion. If he had nerve enough, despite of all this, to continue at his task, to turn the spit still, "the King of the Cats" came to the combat, distinguished from his subjects by surpassing size, and more especially by ears of portentous magnitude, giving him the name of *Cluasa-leabhra*. Dire as the threats had been previous to his arrival, they were insignificant compared with what he uttered, which in horror surpassed "all that fables yet have feigned or fears conceived." And now came "the tug of war"—this was the crisis, the moment of fate. If the questioner quailed in the least degree—if his heart misgave, or his nerve quivered—his doom was sealed. His body was instantly torn to a thousand shreds by the demons enraged at the presumption of a mortal thus daring their power, and his spirit was carried off as their prey. The command, however, was—

"Hear you this, or see you that,
Round the spit and turn the cat."

"Ciod air bith a chi, no chual thu, cuir mu 'n cuairt an cat," (a phrase still in common proverbial use by those who have forgotten all about its origin), and he who was able to do so—to give utter defiance to the spirits of darkness—obtained the mastery over them, so that they became his suppliants for the release of their companion, and offered to answer any question which their opponent would propose.

Lochiel did master them, and the question he is said to have asked, was the great and all-solemn one so often prompted by an accusing conscience, though unfortunately so rarely allowed a fair hearing, "What must I do to be saved?" How was he to obtain forgiveness for his many deeds of rapine and bloodshed, and reach to peace and to hope? The answer given, though not an enlightened one according to the light of the Gospel, was more likely to proceed from spirits of light than of darkness. He was commanded to

BUILD SEVEN CHURCHES

throughout the country, a church for each of his great forays, and thus to expiate his sins. One of these was built at Kilmallie, the ruins of which are still to be seen. It replaced that built by the "Son of the Bones." Another was at Kilcoireal (St Cyril's), and a third at Kildonan, both in the neighbouring parish of Kilmonivaig. A fourth was at Kilchoan in Knoydart, a fifth in Arasaig, a sixth in Morven, and the seventh at the end of Loch Laggan in Badenoch.

Allan returned home from the dread encounter with a high consciousness of power, and more still, with a definite and a good object before him. It is said that he became not a "sadder," but a "happier and a wiser man"—that he found church building a far better occupation than plundering and slaughtering his neighbours, and ended his days in peace and hope.

We have given this wild tradition as repeated to us by old men still living in the parish. We have been unable to obtain any fuller account of the frightful ordeal of

THE TIGH-GHAIRM,

but what we have said will remind the reader of the superstitions of other nations, among

West End, Fort-William.

whom, as among the Celts, the prince of the demons is spoken of as "King of the Cats"; more especially will it remind him of the Eastern scene so strikingly delineated by Byron in the powerfully-written drama of Manfred—thought by many to be the ablest of his works. Manfred, addressing Ahriman, the prince of darkness and of evil—according to the Persian belief—daring him and his whole crew in these words, "I do defy, deny, spurn back, and scorn ye,"—this, and the Highland Chief giving utter defiance to the king of demons under another form, present to us the one and the same idea, though under a widely different aspect. We doubt not that that idea, however overlaid and disfigured in process of time by ignorance and superstition, was originally the great and the true one—that an energetic, unyielding human will can triumph over evil in every shape and form—nay, can make it even subservient to its own purposes.

We think the following account of a very remarkable ash-tree which at one time grew in the Churchyard of Kilmallie, will be found interesting. We quote from the very learned and well-known work of Loudon, "The Arboretum and Fruticetum," page 1226:—"An ash-tree in the Churchyard of Kilmallie in Lochaber, the Parish Church of the Lochiel family, burnt down during the troubles in 1746, was long considered as the largest and most remarkable tree in Scotland. Its remains were measured in October, 1764, and at the ground the circumference was no less than *fifty-eight* feet, (Walker's Essays, p. 17.) This tree stood on a deep rich soil, only about thirty feet above the level of the sea, in Lochiel, with a small rivulet running within a few paces of it.—(Sang.)"

TRANSLATION.

OH! WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

[THIS plaintive song is the composition of Robert Gilfillan (1798-1850). The verses were set to music by Peter Macleod, Bonington, Edinburgh, who died in 1859. He published three collections of "Original Melodies" about 1828, 1830, and 1834 respectively. Some of his best known airs are, "Scotland Yet," "Rise, Rise, Lowland and Highlandmen," and "Oh! why left I my hame?" A good few of his melodies have a Highland ring about them, and are in several cases adaptations of Strathspey tunes.]

Oh! why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh, why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie.

The palm tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Indian maid
The bulbul sweetly sings;
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the linties sing
O' my ain countrie.

Oh, here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reaper heard
Among the yellow corn;
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slaverie;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain;
But the first joys of our heart
Come never back again;
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.

AIMHEAL AN EILTHIRICH.

EADAR-THEANGAICHTE LE "FIONN."

C' uim' a dh' fhàg mi tìr an fhraoich
'N uair a thug mi 'n saogh'l fo m' cheann?
C' uim' a dh' fhàg mi tìr mo ghràidh
Is na càirdean bha 'sa ghleann?
Tha mi 'g ionndrainn tìr mo dhùthchais
Tha mo dhùrachd thar nan tonn;
Ach mo thruaigh cha'n fhaic mo shùil
Albainn mhùirneach, tìr nan sonn.

'S lionmhor lus tha 'n so a' fàs,
Agus blàithean de gach lìth,
Tha eòin bhòidheach feadh nan geug,
Ach cha ghleus iad sunnd a'm chridh,
Oir cha 'n fhaich mi cnò no caorann—
Cha 'n 'eil fraoch no roid air cluain
Is cha chluinn mi 'n uiseag bhinn
Bhiodh a' seinn taobh thall a' chuain.

Cha 'n 'eil suim do Latha Dhé
Is cha 'n éirich fonn nan Salm,
'S ionnan Domhnach agus Luain
Dh'fhàs ar creideamh fuaraidh, faun;
'S ann tha daoine bochd 'n an tràillean
'S air an sàrachadh gach là,
'N uair tha saorsa, bàigh is sìth
Ann an tìr nam fuar-bheann àrd.

Nis tha leigheas air gach pian
'S gheibhear iocshlaint do gach cràdh
Ach an crìdh 'chaidh chiùrradh òg,
Och mo leòn cha 'n fhàs e slàn!
Ged tha rathad réidh thar chuantan
Air an gluais na luingis mhòr
Chaoidh cha ruig mi féin gu bràth
Tìr mo ghràidh mu 'n iath an ceò.

THE SUPREMACY OF THE CELT.

Not one of the Law Lords who regularly take part in the judicial work of the House of Lords is an Englishman (observes the "Law Journal"). Lord Macnaghten, Lord Johnson, and Lord Collins are Irishmen, while Lord Loreburn and Lord Robertson are Scotsmen.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following belongs to the class called "Fairy Melodies." It is supposed to have been sung by a good fairy as she sat rocking the cradle of a sleeping child whose mother had deserted on pretence of having gone "*a thilleadh nan gobhar*," to turn back the goats. The English words now submitted are from Mrs. K. Whyte-Grant, and being in the measure of the original, may be of service to my non-Gaelic readers.

FIONN.

Maol-ruainidh Ghlinneachain

(A FAIRY LULLABY).

Key D. *Crooning fashion, beating twice to the measure.*

| r : — : r | m :—: s | l :—: l | s : m : d | r :—: r | m :—: r | m : — : —| s : — :

Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruanaidh Ghlinneachain, Hà, ho ró, Maol- Ruainidh,
Bà, ho-ró! give o'er thy frolicking! Bà, ho ró, my ba-by!

| r' :—: r' | t :—: s | l :—: l | s : m : d | r :—: r | m : s : m | r : — : —| r : — :

Dh'fhalbh do mhàthair is thug i'm fireach oir'r, Ha, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh.
Bà, ho-ró! my roving, rollicking, Roguish, toddling baby!

Dh'fhalbh do mhàthair is thug i 'm fireach oirr',
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh,
Dh'fhàg i 'n gleann 's na féidh a fuireach ann,
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh.

Dh' fhàg i 'n gleann 's na féidh a fuireach ann,
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh,
'S na ma tig an t-aon là thilleas i!
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

'S na ma tig an t-aon là thilleas i!
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh.
Thug i 'm balg 'san robh do chuid mine leath';
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

Thug i 'm balg 'san robh do chuid mine leath';
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh.
Thug i chuach 'san robh do chuid mine leath';
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

Thug i chuach 'san robh do chuid mine leath';
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh.
Thug i chearc a bh'air an iris leath';
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

Thug i chearc a bh'air an iris leath';
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh.
'S ciod e 'ghaoil, a bhiodh tu sireadh orm;
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

'S ciod e 'ghaoil, a bhiodh tu sireadh orm;
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh.
'S nach 'eil im no ciath no min agam
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

'S nach 'eil im no ciath no min agam
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh.
Gheibh thu bainne na ba druimfhinn 'uam
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

Gheibh thu bainne na ba druimfhinn 'uam
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh.
Gheibh thu ciath, is iasg, is sithionn 'uam.
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

Gheibh thu ciath, is iasg, is sithionn 'uam.
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh.
Gheibh thu glùn is mùirn is mire 'uam
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

Gheibh thu glùn is mùirn is mire 'uam
Hà, ho-ró, Maol Ruainidh.
'S tiugainn leam do'n t-sithein urad ud.
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

'S tiugainn leam do'n t-sithein urad ud,
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh.
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh Ghlinneachain,
Hà, ho-ró, Maol-Ruainidh!

All day long in the burnie paddling,
Bà, ho ro, my bady!
Up and down the hillside waddling,
Weary way-worn baby!

What should ail my brave wee manikin?
Bà, ho ro, my bady!

Milk and meal we've got and a pannikin,
Milk with cream for baby.

Hushed is now thy gleeful twittering,
Bà, ho ro, my baby!
Still with bird and butterfly flittering
Fold thy wings, my baby.

T. ATHOLL ROBERTSON.

MRS. T. ATHOLL ROBERTSON.

The Celtic Monthly:

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T. ATHOLL ROBERTSON, LONDON.

THIS month we have pleasure in introducing to our readers two representatives of Clan Donnachaidh, Mr. and Mrs. T. Atholl Robertson, London. Mr. Robertson belongs to the Atholl branch of his clan, and is the eldest son of the late John Robertson, Snaigow, Dunkeld, and grandson of the late Thomas Robertson, Concraigie, both of whom were well-known and highly respected throughout the Stormont district of Perthshire. His mother is a Morrison from "green and grassy Islay," who is also closely related to the Camerons of Lochaber, so that claiming a Highland descent on both sides of the house, Mr. Robertson's keen interest in all Celtic matters can be readily understood.

Educated at Clunie Public School, he spent his early years at home occupied in farming, but the conditions of agriculture in his native county were not sufficiently attractive to induce him to remain in the Highlands, so he found his way to Glasgow, the great "commercial capital of the Highlands," where he hoped to be able to push his fortunes. Here he found employment in the printing and stationery trade, and after a thorough training in the business, he received an appointment with a German firm of fine art publishers. He is now settled in London as agent for the well-known firm of W. N. Sharpe, Bradford, Yorkshire, proprietors of various popular artistic specialties. During the course of Mr. Robertson's business travels on the Continent and in Canada and the United States, he has met many Highland exiles, and can tell very interesting stories regarding the romantic histories and experiences of these enterprising Sons of the Heather.

A keen student of Highland and Scottish literature generally, he possesses an extensive library of books on these subjects, and is particularly interested in everything relating to the Highland tartans and clan crests. His favourite pastimes are golf and fishing. He believes in every effort being used to ensure the preservation of our Scottish songs and music, which he considers infinitely superior to what are described as the "popular songs" of the day. A lover of the *piob mhor*, he frequently amuses himself, and incidentally his Saxon neighbours, with a tune on the pipes.

During his residence in Glasgow he was an enthusiastic volunteer and a member of "M" Coy., "The Glasgow Highlanders," being one of the contingent picked to take part in the Diamond Jubilee celebrations. A keen rifle shot, he retired with the rank of sergeant when he left Glasgow. He takes an active interest in the Scottish Clans Association of London, the London Perthshire and the Clan Donnachaidh Societies. Politically, he is a Liberal, and a member of the National Liberal Club. Before leaving Glasgow he was secretary of the College Division Liberal Association, and was largely responsible for the return of Sir Charles Cameron, Bart., for that constituency.

Mrs. Robertson comes of an ancient Highland family, now settled in Glasgow—the Cummings of Morayshire. Her maiden name was Flora Campbell Cumming, only daughter of James Cumming, L.D.S., Chester, and grand-daughter of James Cumming, L.D.S., Glasgow. She shares her husband's intense love for everything associated with "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood," and is one of the ladies connected with the London Stall at the forthcoming Highland Bazaar in Glasgow. They have one little girl, another Flora.

Mr. Robertson is to be congratulated on being numbered among the many Highlanders who have been successful in business in London, and who take such an active part in the great struggle for commercial supremacy which is being constantly waged between our own country and foreign nations. In this conflict the energy and intelligence of the Gael, backed by his sturdy physique, will in future, as in the past, play an important part.

The Atonement of Maisie Maclean

By ALICE C. MACDONELL of Keppoch.

Comrades in Arms.

CHAPTER IV.

"We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure."

SWINBURNE.

SOME months had elapsed since the marriage of Conn O'Neill, or to call him by the name he continued to be known by, Patrick Adair, to Maisie MacLean, very quietly performed in London, much to his bride's chagrin, who had looked forward to a smart wedding down at Aldershot with a good sprinkling of the "Gordons" and the "Greys" to add gaiety to the scene. But her husband's earnest wish to avoid publicity of his real name overruled all other considerations. There was balm to her little vain soul, however, in the presence of the best man, young Lord Deardon of the "Greys," who might be trusted to hold his tongue, and the only man in the regiment who knew Adair's history. He had only just attained to the dignity of his stripes, as the wild Irish blood that had landed him in the ranks, helped to keep him there.

Maisie was much admired in the regiment, and a great favourite. The life of excitement suited her to perfection, and she was quite conscious of the admiring glances cast after her whenever she took her walks abroad. Even the Colonel had noticed her one day, and inquiring who she was, had ever after, stopped to address a few kind words to her whenever he happened to come her way, so potent is the spell of a pretty face. There was another officer, although not of her regiment, whose open and free spoken admiration would have been a source of annoyance to one less open to flattery, and that was Major Fitzbrayne of the 4th Hussars, a regiment then lying near the Greys. On many occasions, as when the 4th Hussars rode in from their march, Maisie, meeting them by chance, could not fail to notice this officer's prolonged stare, even turning half round on his saddle to gaze after her. Instead of offending her, this attention rather pleased, as a tribute to her pretty face. She felt altogether very pleased and happy with the novelty of her surroundings. For Patrick Adair it was otherwise. Already the gilt was beginning to wear off the gingerbread. He had so looked forward to having someone in whom he could thoroughly confide all his thoughts and aspirations, even as he had done to his own sweet mother, whose refined and intellectual tastes he had fully inherited. In the early days of his marriage he had sought to interest his wife in his favourite authors, especially in the mystic lore of Celtic literature "drenched," as Arnold puts in, "in the dew of natural magic," which permeates to such an extent the minds of modern litterateurs, but to no purpose; he soon found out that Maisie's talents lay entirely on the side of showy accomplishments, she played well, sang well, spoke French to perfection; but for deeper thought or study she had no inclinations whatever, failing most in that test of true refinement, the poetic instinct, which is to the mind what flowers are to a garden.

Another disappointment awaited the dragoon; he had almost hoped that Maisie would have preferred to hold herself aloof from the other women, and that he would have a quiet haven of rest in his little home to look to when the duties of the day were over. But his wife preferred any company to none, and dearly loved gossiping over the affairs of others, more especially hearing of the doings of the officers, and the dresses worn by their wives. Little things perhaps, but galling in no small degree to a man of Adair's temperament.

The sergeants' ball was to come off in a fortnight's time, and Adair, who had hitherto rarely done more than look in for a short time and retire for the rest of the evening, found that Maisie's heart was set upon going, and that

Stewart and Maggie would also expect an invitation; so of course he promised to take her. He had deliberately put the halter round his own neck, and he had no right to make others suffer for his folly.

Maisie was in a wild state of excitement. She knew the officers would attend. The idea of speaking to and dancing with officers filled her mind with entrancing visions. She meant no harm. She was merely a vain, rather empty-headed girl, to whom admiration was as the breath of her nostrils.

The night of the ball, Maggie arrived early. Leaving her husband to talk to the sergeant, she stepped into her sister's room to see if she was dressed. Accustomed as she was to her sister's beauty, she fairly started on beholding her, arrayed in a soft robe of cream coloured satin, trimmed round the bodice with delicate filmy lace, caught up on the left shoulder with a bunch of scarlet geranium, the only spot of colour worn.

"Maisie! how lovely! exclaimed her sister. But, dear, is it not too fine a dress for a sergeant's wife?"

"Not too fine for the wife of Conn O'Neill," answered Maisie, haughtily. "Besides, he wished me to look well, and sent me up last week to choose a nice dress. I got it from Mina Mackenzie who is now maid to the Duchess of S——— She had only worn it once, and Mina let me have it ever so cheap. Pat doesn't know that, or I daresay he wouldn't let me wear it. He has such funny notions about some things!"

"What a pity to hide anything from your husband! I would not hide anything from Willie for the whole world."

"You are such a simple little goose, Meg. Everyone can't be content to go on adoring one man all their lives," laughed Maisie contemptuously.

When the two sisters entered the ball-room, both pretty, but so entirely dissimilar, a burst of admiration greeted them, the handsome Mrs. Adair being besieged for partners, Lieut. Leslie putting down his name on her programme three or four times.

After the first dance or two was over, the young officer brought some one up to introduce to Mrs. Adair, whose face she did not see at first, as he was a little behind Lieut. Leslie and very much shorter than the dragoon. "Mrs. Adair, Major Fitzbrayne of the 4th Hussars wishes to be introduced to you," and Maisie, looking up, found herself face to face with the officer whom she had so often met, staring at her now with his bold black eyes filled with unspoken admiration. A crimson flush overspread her face as she mechanically allowed him to write his name down several times. Her husband before this had been called away, as he was one of the stewards; consequently it was late in the evening when he came towards his wife.

"Well, little one, how are you getting on?" he asked kindly. "Ah! programme filled and overfilled, I see." Then his eye caught sight of one name as he was handing it back.

"Major Fitzbrayne! Is *he* here to-night, and dancing with *you?* Get out of any more dances with him, dear. I do not wish it," said Adair curtly

"Oh! Pat," indignantly answered his wife, "I *can't* refuse to dance with him without any reason at all."

"Find some excuse, Maisie, please; he is a man I do not wish my wife to dance with." And the young Sergeant strode away as if the matter was closed, leaving Maisie very angry and indignant.

"Why should I not dance with him?" she thought. "Pat is only jealous, I do believe, and I'm not going to give in to all his whims!—he'll just see that I've got a spirit of my own." So when Major Fitzbrayne came to claim his dance, she accepted his arm with a sweet smile, passing her husband, who was standing in conversation with the Sergeant Major, with her head very erect and defiant-looking. Adair looked at her with a flash of indignation in his eyes, the next moment turning on his heel and taking no further notice.

"Aha!" smiled the Major, "I fear the gallant Sergeant hardly likes the sensation you are creating, Mrs. Adair. A little jealous, eh?—No wonder, because really, you know, you don't look a bit fit for a Sergeant's wife—you ought to be at the officers' ball,—not here. What a sensation you would make!—Have you never had any ambition to drive in the Park, and wear brilliant diamonds on that beautiful neck?—Why, it is preposterous to think of your wasting all your life among those barrack women." Leading her towards a seat, he continued to entertain her with talks of balls, operas, and the gay doings of the great world to his entranced listener, who thought she had never met anyone half so agreeable before, the subtle deference paid her by this man of the world being most flattering to her vanity.

"I suppose I'll get into an awful row to-night,' she thought, catching sight of her husband's profile in the distance, with a set, cold expression on it. "I wonder what on earth he'll say." Just then the pipers of the Gordons entering to play for the reel created a diversion in her thoughts, Sergeant Dunn coming up to claim her as his partner for the dance just forming.

In a second the whole floor was occupied by the gay sons of Scotia, the Gordons scoring in the reel dancing, as, although many of the Greys danced remarkably well, the cavalry man looks incongruous in a reel, a dance that ought never to be attempted except by a man in the kilt. The graceful and inspiriting reel and strathspey infected even the English visitors present to enthusiasm, as is generally the way with the gay 'abandon' of the Celt.

That night when Sergeant Adair found himself alone with his wife, he spoke to her coldly, and with something of his father's sternness of manner.

"Maisie, you chose to set aside my wishes to-night, probably for a piece of childish wilfulness; in future, kindly remember that I do not wish you to take the slightest notice of Major Fitzbrayne should he attempt at any time to speak to you---I have grave reasons for asking this favour."

"Oh! Pat, how absurd you are," burst out Maisie angrily, "just because I have been enjoying myself so much, you choose to throw cold water on my evening's pleasure, to spoil it all. I do believe you are jealous, and nothing else."

"You can't mean what you say," haughtily replied her husband, "I merely warn you of a man whose attentions to any woman are now looked upon in the light of an insult. But there, child, I daresay I spoke harshly to you, but I thought, Maisie—I thought—my wish would have been sufficient."

"Oh! well," said Maisie a little sulkily, "there is no need for all this fuss. I'm not likely to see any more of him, I'm sure."

"Hardly," said Adair lightly. "Let us forget his abominable existence, and think of other things. How sweet little Meg looked to-night, and how devoted she and Will are to each other."

"Yes. *They* suit all right," said Maisie spitefully, determined to pay her husband out, as she called it, for the scolding.

A slight curl of contempt of the lips was the only sign her husband gave that he had heard the thrust. Truly the breach was widening every day between these two. Adair was face to face with the truth at last, and the fancy, for he knew it was nothing else now, for the woman he had married, was slowly beginning to fade, showing the image he had created in his own mind, to have been only a creature of his imagination, and in no ways resembling the reality. To-night the refrain of a song he had heard years ago haunted him:—

"If you only knew, dear, if you only knew,
False love from the true, dear, false love from the true;
There's a world of care, you need never share,
If you only knew, dear, if you only knew,
False love from the true, dear, if you only, if you only knew."

Whittier, in his exquisite poem of "Maud Muller," says, "For all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these:—'It might have been!'" I think for equal pathos we may place the two short words, "if only." If only—we had done or left undone! I think the whole tragedy of a lifetime may be summed up in these two little words.

Bravely the soldier set his face to his duty, behaving to his wife as if she claimed his deepest affection. Maisie's craving love of new conquests made her soon tire of domestic felicity, and she took little or no pains to conceal her discontent, simply living to please herself.

(To be continued.)

THE CHANGELING.

A True Story of West Highland Superstition.

THE sun was setting beyond the hills on the far side of the loch. The fisher boats lay at anchor, rocking slowly with the swell of the tide. Some of the men were leaning on the low sea wall, smoking, for the most part in silence, for the West Highlandman is not garrulous. The women, knitting in hand, stood about the doors, while some three or four round the well at the far end of the village had lingered, after their pails were filled, for a gossip over the day's events.

A momentary diversion was caused by the appearance of the minister. With quick, firm stride, he came down the street and entered one of the cottages where his visits had been frequent of late.

"He's gone into Jean Lamont's," said one of the group at the well.

"Aye," said a wrinkled grandmother; "Jamie Lamont's no better since he came home. I'm doubting he'll no' be long here."

"Puir craitur," responded another; "it'll come hard on his mother, and he the last of all her bairns."

Meanwhile, within the cottage a little scene was being enacted. In the kitchen "box-bed" the emaciated figure of a young man lay, gasping for breath in the hot atmosphere. By his side stood the minister, his hand upraised, as he prayed for the youth over whom he saw the shadows of death fast gathering. Further back stood the mother, an inscrutable expression on her comely face. Her lips were tightly pressed together, and she watched the minister and dying lad with eyes which expressed more of horror and repugnance than of motherly anxiety.

As the minister closed his prayer and turned to go, after a few quiet words of farewell, he was struck by a haunting look in the lad's eyes—questioning, yearning, as for something greatly missed, and noting the unnatural attitude of the mother, he felt much puzzled, knowing her to be a quiet, kindly woman, much respected by her neighbours.

Beckoning on her to follow, he left the house, waiting outside till she joined him. Thinking that perhaps she did not realise her son's condition, he gently told her that the end was near. A look of absolute relief passed over the woman's features, a faint smile curled her lips, and, horror stricken at this display of inhumanity in the mother whom he had believed to be tender and devoted, the minister added sharply, "I hope you will be good to him, he will not need your care long. I thought he was your son—surely I am not mistaken?"

With a backward glance, Jean Lamont replied, "Oh no! he's no' my son." Then, lowering her voice to an impressive whisper and drawing the minister away from the door, "ye see," she said, "my boy took sick in town and had to come home. He had to walk four miles from the pier at Inchnacraig; he was weak, ye see, and he had to sit and rest whiles, and he fell asleep. An' when he was sleeping"—her voice dropped until it was little more than a hiss, and she drew the minister yet further away from the vicinity of the door—"when he was sleeping, the fairies came and took my boy away and left this *thing* behind. Jock MacTavish, he found *it* sleeping on the roadside, and he thought it was my boy and brought it home to me. But it's no' my boy. No, no! the fairies have him and I'll never see him more! Oh, I'll be guid to it, never fear that; I'll be guid to it for my boy's sake, or *they'll no' be guid to him.* But och, och! it's never more he'll come back to me!"

A burst of bitter weeping finished the tale, during the recital of which the minister's blood ran cold as he realised the great hold the superstitious belief in "fairies" had on the poor woman. He argued with her, but in vain. She was not to be shaken in her belief that her boy was a "changeling," substituted by the black art of the fairy powers.

Ere another sun had set the poor lad's earthly course was run. He went down to the dark river, missing to the last the motherly tenderness for which his eyes so dumbly asked, and which would have been poured forth in unstinted measure but for the poor mother's firm belief that he was "not her boy." Such was the power of superstition in the West Highlands forty years ago.

J. W. B.

TRANSLATIONS.

THA MO GHAOL AIR AIRD A' CHUAIN.

AIR FONN—"*Jamie's on the Stormy Sea.*"

FEASGAR ciùin 'an tùs a' Chéitein,
'N uair 'bha 'n ialtag anns na speuran,
Chualaim rìbhinn og 's i deurach,
'Seinn fo sgàil nan geugan uain'.
Bha a' ghrian 's a' chuan gu sìoladh,
'S reult cha d' éirich anns an iarmailt,
'N uair a sheinn an òigh gu cianail,—
"Tha mo ghaol air àird a' chuain."

Thòisich dealt na h-oidhch' ri tùirling,
'S lùb am braon gu caoin am flùran;
Shéid a' ghaoith na 'h-oiteig chùbhraidh
Beatha 's ùrachd do gach cluain.
Ghleus an nìgh'nag fonn a h-òrain,
Sèamh is ciùin mar dhrìùchd an òg mhios
'S bha an t-éisd so 'g éiridh 'n còmhnuidh—
"Tha mo ghaol air àird a' chuain."

Chiar an là is dheàrrs na reultan,
Sheòl an ré measg neul nan speuran,
'S shuidh an òigh, bha 'bròn go léireadh,
'S cha robh 'déigh air tàmh no suain.
Theann mi faisg air reult nan òg--bhean
'Sheinn mu 'gaol air 'chuan 'bho 'seòladh,
O, bu bhinn a caoidhrean brònach.—
"Tha mo ghaol air àird a' chuain."

Rinn an ceòl le deòin mo thàladh
Dlùth do rìbhinn donn nam blàth-shùl;
'S i ag ùrnuigh ris an Ard rìgh
"Dìon mo ghràdh 'th'air àird a' chuain."
Bha a crìdh' le gaol gu sgàineadh,
'N uair a ghlac mi fhéin air làimh i,—
"Siob do dheòir, do ghaol tha sàbhailt'
Thill mi slàn bharr àird a' chuain."

'S tric fo sgàil nan geugan bòidheach
'Ghleusar duanag ghaolach, cheòlmhor,
'S bidh an t-séisd so 'g éiridh 'n còmhnuidh:
"Thill mo ghaol bharr àird a' chuain."

FIONN.

GAIDHEALTACHD MO CHRIDHE

(MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS).

Mo chrìdh' air a' Ghàidh'ltachd
Tha 'n còmhnuidh an déidh,
'S am b' àbh'st domh bhith sealgach
An ruadh-bhuic 's an fhéidh;
A' ruagadh nan làn-damh,
'S nan earb anns an fhrìth;
Mo chion air a' Ghàidh'ltachd,
Tìr àillidh mo chrìdh'.

Mo chead leis a' Ghàidh'ltachd
'S le beanntan an fhraoich,
Tir-bhreith na fìor Ghaisge,
Is dùthaich nan laoch;
Gach àite g'an ruig mi
Air uachdar an t-saogh'l,
Cha leig mi as m' aire
Tìr mhaiseach mo ghaoil.

Mo chead leis na beanntan,
'S an sneachd air an cinn;
Mo chead leis na còmhnardan
Bòidheach, 's na glinn;
Mo chead leis na frìthean,
'S na coilltean cho gorm;
Mo chead leis na tuiltean
Is uamharra toirm.

I. B. O.

SONGS OF THE HEBRIDES.

"COLL OF THE WAVES!"

By Rev. DUGALD MACECHERN, M.A., B.D.,
Author of "*Gaelic Poems.*"

Oh! to tread the bright gold of the Crossapol shore,
Or to cull the white cannach of Arinangore,
Or to gather the sea-wrack with her you love best,
The wind in her hair and the love in her breast!

Oh! my hunger of heart when in day-dreams I view
The Island, the Ocean, the dear faces too,
Some asleep 'mong the sea-flowers in deep ocean caves,
Some at rest in Cill-yoonaig in Coll of the Waves!

Could I launch once again from Traigh Chliad my keel,
For the dark shining skerries, the haunt of the seal,
Could I plunge in the surf with young Ruari and Nyall,
Or climb the dark cliffs and the chasm of Ben Fyall,

Could I feel the fresh wind of the West on my brow,
My soul would revive, tho' 'tis withering now,
My soul with the sea-gull when th' ocean-wind raves,
Would exult in the glory of Coll of the Waves!

In Winter when rose the wild song of the storm,
At the ceilidh we'd sit, by the peat-fire so warm;
Oh! what music would flow from the sweet-throated girls,
While the fire shed its glow on the gold of their curls!

Oh! the white-limbed, the pure-bosomed maids of the Isle,—
One dearer than all; I but lived for her smile.
Though we wander the wide world, our hearts still are slaves
To the daughters of ocean in Coll of the Waves!

'Twas there I first loved thee, *a Mhairearad mo roon!*
Sweet child! there thou gav'st me the blood-flower of June,
'Twas there on thy bosom my heart sought thine own,
In days ere life's glory with childhood had flown.

Oh! my heart would be cold as the coffins of stone
In Torraston's sea-grass, where sleep the unknown,
If my cheeks were not wet! For my whole spirit craves
For the sea-wind and Mairerad, and Coll of the Waves!

THE MACDONELLS OF GLENGARRY AND "THE ROCK OF THE RAVEN."

IN the grey dawn of a November morning, many years ago, we were riding in a gig along with our friend the late Rev. Dr. Macintyre, of Killmonivaig, from his manse to Fort-Augustus. In passing Invergarry, we naturally began to speak of the old family, with whom Dr. Macintyre had been for many years on terms of close intimacy, and of the changed times since the Macdonells were all-powerful and could well hold their own against all comers, from the heights of Knoydart to Killeanain on Loch Lochy.

"I well remember," says Dr. Macintyre, "the day on which it was decided that the lands of Glengarry must be sold. I had been spending the night in the Castle, and was standing in the morning by the breakfast parlour fire when the door opened, and Glengarry entered in his Highland dress, as usual, and with a bundle of papers in his hand." "Mr. Macintyre," he quickly observed, "I regret to have to inform you that

GLENGARRY MUST BE SOLD,

and I, your friend Glengarry, be Glengarry no longer!" "Is it *must?*" returned Mr. Macintyre: "is there no alternative?" "None, my good friend," continued the chief, "it is really *must;* within a few days Glengarry shall have passed to a stranger." "What must be, must be," said Mr. Macintyre, "but, at all events, do not part with 'Creagan-an-fhithich,' the old Raven Rock, the watch-word and gathering cry of your clan! With 'Creagan-an-fhithich' yours, you shall still be Glengarry, A dh'-aindeoin co 'theireadh e,' gainsay it who may, and placing your back to that steadfast rock, you can exclaim with undaunted front, like James Fitz-James in your friend Scott's *Lady of the Lake*—

'Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

"It shall be done!" said Glengarry, with a proud toss of his head; "and to this day," continued Dr. Macintyre, "I believe that 'Creagan-an-fhithich' belongs to the representative of Glengarry, whoever he may be, and with the 'Raven Rock' the titles of Mac-Ic-Alasdair and Glengarry." Such was Dr. Macintyre's story to us; and whether the "Raven Rock" was really excepted from the sale or not, we may be certain that its retention was at least in contemplation.

The following spirited verses on the famous rock of Glengarry are by Mrs. Ogilvie:—

THE ROCK OF THE RAVEN.

Beware of Macdonell, Beware of his wrath?
In friendship or foray, oh! cross not his path!
He knoweth no bounds to his love or his hate,
And the wind of his Claymore is blasting as Fate;
Like the hill-cat who springs from her lair in the rock,
He leaps on his foe—there is death in the shock;
And the birds of the air shall be gorged with their prey,
When the chief of Glengarry comes down to the fray,
With his war-cry, "The Rock of the Raven!"

The eagle he loveth dominion on high,
He dwells with his kindred alone in the sky,
Nor heedeth he, sailing at noon o'er the glen,
The turbulent cares and dissensions of men.
But the raven exulteth when strife is at hand,
His eyes are alight with the gleam of the brand;
And still, when the red burning cross goeth round,
And gathers Clan Colla at fortified mound,
The first at the tryst is the Raven.

On the rock of the Raven, that looks o'er the flood,
All scathed with the cannon, all stained with the blood,
Had old Invergarry long baffled the snows,
The gales of the mountain, the league of the foes;
And sternly its bulwarks confronted the tide,
And safely the skiff in their shadow could ride,
For upwards and downwards as far as the sight,
That castle commanded the vale and the height,
From its eyrie, the Rock of the Raven.

But woe for Duke William! his doom shall be bale,
When against him in judgment upriseth the Gael,
When they cry how green Albyn lay weltering in gore,
From Western Loch Linnhé to Cromarty's shore;
How the course of the victor was marked on the cloud,
By the black wreathing smoke hanging down like a shroud
O'er the hut of the vassal, the tower of his lord,
For the fire worketh swifter than carbine or sword,
And giveth more joy to the Raven.

Then downcast was Colla, sore smitten with dread,
And hunted for sport with the fox and the gled,
While old Invergarry, in silence folorn,
Resounded no longer the pipe and the horn.
But the Raven sat flapping his wings in the brake,
When the troops of Duke William marched down by the lake;
Their march was at sunset—at dawning of day
In smouldering heaps were those battlements gray,
And the castle was left to the Raven.

From mountain and loch hath departed its sway,
Yet still the old fortress defieth decay;
The name of Duke William is foul with disgrace,
But the bastions he fired are as firm in their place;
And the clansmen he scattered are gathered again,
The song and the dance are restored to the glen,
And the chief of Glengarry hath builded his halls
On the low woody beach in the shade of those walls
That frown from the Rock of the Raven.

And still hath Macdonell the soul of his sires,
And still hath Clan Colla the old Gaelic fires,
For the pulse beateth strongly for honour and pride,
As it throbbed in their breasts who for loyalty died;
With peace and with plenty the valleys rejoice,
And the wind hath forgotten the slogan's dread voice,
And the home of the Gael is as tranquil and bright
As Loch Oich when it sleeps on a blue summer's night
At the foot of the Rock of the Raven.

On the same occasion Dr. Macintyre told us the following anecdote in illustration of Glengarry's amiability and frank and kindly manner:—"On that same morning," said the Doctor, "although his mind must have been disagreeably busied about his own affairs, he happened to notice, after we had been talking for a little, a bit of thread, or straw, or feather, or something of that kind in my hair. He stepped forwards, and, with a smiling 'By your leave, Mr. Macintyre,' took the offending waif from my head, and holding it up in his hand, remarked, ''S math an sgàthan sùil caraid' ('An excellent looking-glass is a true friend's eye').

This Glengarry, Colonel Alexander Ranaldson Macdonell, was perhaps the last Highland

CHIEF THAT HAD A FAMILY BARD,

and provided abundantly for all his wants. This bard was the well-known Gaelic poet "Allan Dall," or Blind Allan. He was a Macdougall, and originally connected with the *Clan Iain* of Glencoe, a sept of the great family of Macdonald, and could thus the more readily attach himself to the family of Glengarry. Every one must know his excellent song to the chief who so liberally befriended him:—

"Faigh a nuas dhuinn am botal,
'S theid an deoch so mu'n cuairt;
Lion barrach an copan,
Cum socrach a chuach!
Tosda Choirneil na féile,
Leis an eireadh gach buaidh,
Oighre Chnoideairt a bharraich,
'S Ghlinne Garaidh bha thuath.

. . . .

"Co 'thairneadh ruit riobadh
Nuair a thig na bheil 'uat?
Iarl *Antruim* a Eirinn
Leis an eireadh na sluaigh;
Mac-Ic-Ailein nan geur-lann,
Dheanadh éuchd air a chuan,
Aig am bheil na fir ghleusda
'Dhol a reubadh nan stuadh!"

Another Gaelic poet befriended by Glengarry was

EWEN MACLACHLAN, "OF ABERDEEN,"

whom the big-hearted chief not only patronised as a lank, lean, kilted lad of promising talents, but was always glad to see at his table as an honoured guest in after years, when these talents had raised him to eminence and distinction. "Come," said Glengarry one morning to Maclachlan, who was at the Castle on a visit, "Come and let us call upon my bard, Allan Dall." They went, and on reaching the door of the bard's cottage, Maclachlan, bending and putting his head just within the lintel, exclaimed "Am beil am bard dall a stigh, a chi gu gle shoilleir?" ("Is the *blind* bard who is yet so clear-sighted in?") "Tha mi," readily answered Allan, "'S cha 'n 'eil dad air an t'saoghal a b'fhearr leam na sibhse fhaicinn, ge b'e co sibh!" ("Yes, I am in, and nothing in the world could so please me as to *see* you, whoever you may be!") With a loud burst of laughter, Glengarry and Maclachlan went in, and, with an occasional dram from the bard's bottle—a bottle which, by the liberality of the gallant chief, was but rarely allowed to run dry—listened for hours to his songs, anecdotes, and violin performances, for of Allan it might be asserted, as of Neil Gow himself, that he "played the fiddle weel," and even more ardently than the Athole musician himself, "dearly lo'ed the whisky, O!"

Let us add, by way of note, that the Glengarry spoken of here throughout is the celebrated chief,

COL. ALEX. RANALDSON MACDONELL,

who was killed on the rock of Inverscaddle in

1828. In leaping ashore from the West Highland steamer, which had been driven on the rock in a gale of wind, his foot slipped; he fell forward heavily on his head, and sustained such injuries as resulted in his death a few hours thereafter. This Glengarry took a very prominent part in the grand reception given by Scotland to George IV. on occasion of the royal visit in 1822. Scott, who knew him well, introduces him into his well-known ballad-song on the occasion—

"But yonder come my canty Celts,
With dirk and pistols at their belts,
Thank God, we've still some plaids and kilts—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Lord, how the pibrochs groan and yell!
Macdonell's ta'en the field himsell;
Macleod comes branking o'er the fell—
Carle, now the King's come."

AN OLD PIPE TUNE, AND A HIGHLAND CHARM.

MOST admirers of bagpipe music are familiar with the *port* or tune known as "Tigh Bhròinein"—*The Miserly, Miserable One's House.* To an old piper, John Macarthur of Cladaich, on Lochawe side, we are indebted for the story of the origin of this really very fine *piobaireachd*, as well as for a couple of stanzas of the original Gaelic verses attached to it, as to most Highland airs of the same class. Such scraps of information should be collected on all hands and carefully treasured up, as they never fail to lend additional interest to a tune, no matter how beautiful in itself, no less than they do to an old ballad or song.

Some two or three hundred years ago, when the great Clan Campbell was at the height of its power, the estate of Barbreck was possessed by a Campbell, who was the brother or cousin—tradition is somewhat uncertain as to the exact degree of relationship—of another Campbell, the neighbouring laird of Craignish. This latter, the laird of Craignish, kept a piper, while Barbreck did not. Barbreck could afford to keep one, too, as well as his cousin, but he grudged the expense. His stinginess in this respect, or wise economy, if you so like to term it, is still commemorated in a saying common in some parts of Argyllshire—*Tha mi a's ìùnais, mar 'bha 'm Barbreac gun phiobaire*—when you would admit that you want a certain thing, such, for instance, as a horse and gig, yacht, or anything else that your neighbour has, and that you might have too, and could well enough afford to have if you only liked. Barbreck was one day on a visit at Craignish, and as he was leaving, meeting the piper, he addressed him, "The New Year is approaching. On New-Year's day morning, when you have played the proper 'salute' to your master, my cousin Craignish, I wish you would come over to Barbreck and play a New-Year's 'salute' to *me*, for, as you know, I have no piper of my own to do it. Come and spend the day with us." The piper promised, and on New-Year's morning, after first playing his master into good humour, he went to Barbreck as was arranged. He played and played until the laird of Barbreck was in raptures. After a while the piper felt that he was both hungry and thirsty, and hinted as much to the laird. Food was therefore set before him, but unsatisfactory in every way as to quantity, no less than as to quality and kind. The drinkables were no better, and long ere the sun had set, the piper was anxious to return home. "Give us one more tune before you go," said Barbreck. "That I will," responded the piper, and he then and there played impromptu the tune, from that day forth so much admired and widely known as "Tigh Bhròinein"—the House of the Miserly One! The following are two of some half-dozen stanzas attached to this *port* from the very first, whether by the piper himself or by a brother bard is not known, and having a reference to its origin and history:—

"TIGH BHROINEIN."

"Bha mi 'n tigh Bhròinein an diugh,
Bha mi 'n tigh Bhròinein;
Fhuair mi cuireadh
'S cha d' fhuair mi mo leòr ann.
Fhuair mi deoch-bhrochain ann,
A's droch aran eòrna,
Fhuair mi cas circ' ann,
'S air chinnt' gum bi 'm bròn i!
Cuireadh gu'n dreach a chràidh mi;
Fàgaidh mi 'nochd,
Gun bhiadh, gun deoch,
Fàghaidh mi 'nochd 'm Bàr-breac,
'S cha phill mi riut tuilleadh,
A sheinn do phort fàilte," &c.

Only a very literal translation, such as the late Mr. J. F. Campbell of Islay delighted in, can do anything like justice to these curious old lines:—

"THE HOUSE OF THE MISERLY ONE."

"I was in the house of the miserly one to-day,
In the house of the miserly one was I:
I went by invitation thither,
But I got no sufficiency (of meat or drink).
I got a drink of meal gruel there,
And got bad barley *scones*.
I got the leg of a hen there,
And, by my troth, she was a poor and tough one!
This is an invitation that has annoyed me;
I will leave this to-night
Without (I may say) food or drink;
I will leave thee, Barbreck,
Nor will I return to thee any more,
To play thee a piobaireachd salute!" &c.

A curious double-barrelled satire this, musical at once and verbal. It conveys an important lesson, too, which some people would do well to heed. If musician or bard visits you by invitation, and they do the best they can for your delectation and amusement, see that you treat them handsomely, for they are a *genus irritabile*, kittle cattle, a waspish race, every man of them, and, in return for any slight or improper treatment on your part, they may invest your name with an immortality of the least enviable kind. Little did the Barbreck of our *piobaireachd* think that we should have occasion to record the story of his stinginess to the honest piper of Craignish at this, a date so distant from that New-Year's day morning; nor even the piper himself that his impromptu melody on the occasion, in which, when well played, you can still recognise the screams of the tough old hen when her neck was being *thrawn*, would live and be played, and quoted and hugely admired a couple of hundred years or more after he had been gathered to his fathers.

Some little time ago we happened to meet a woman who, in speaking of a recently deceased aunt, said, "By the way, sir, in looking through my aunt's trunk the other day, the *kist*, you know, in which she kept her clothes and everything she valued most, I found a curious sort of thing which I had once or twice got a glimpse of while she lived, and by which I know she set great store, and considered very valuable. It seems to be a plant or vegetable of some kind, and I know that her idea was that while she kept it wrapped up in her dead-clothes, which you must know she had prepared many years ago, she should be free from every illness and ailment whatever, until the final illness of death itself should come." We went next day to see this

WONDERFUL TALISMAN OR CHARM,

and after a little examination, found it to be a stalk, and rather a large stalk, with part of the root attached, of the Great Cat's-Tail Grass or Reed-Mace, a species of bulrush, the *Typha latifolia* of botanists. It was, of course, very much dried up and withered, and had evidently been many years separated from the marshy soil which is its proper habitat. The niece either could not or would not tell us anything more about the matter, but she good-naturedly allowed us to carry the bulrush charm along with us, remarking, with an ill-suppressed smile, that she hoped it had not lost all its virtue, and that we should find it of some value, as we were at the time suffering from a sore throat. More seriously she said, at parting, that it was the truth, whether the bulrush had anything to do with it or not, that for thirty years at least, until a few years before her death, her aunt had not had a single moment's illness.

A few days afterwards we rode a considerable distance to consult an old woman, with whom we chance to be a great favourite, and who is up to the time of day more than anybody else we ever knew as to the philosophy and *raison d'être* of everything in the shape of talismans, amulets, charms, and superstitious *freits* in every shape and form. She recognised the plant at once by its Gaelic name, which was new to us. She called it *Cuigeal nam ban sith*, or the Fairy Wives' Distaff. Had she ever, we asked, known it to be treasured up as the deceased lady, its late possessor, had done, and with the same belief in its virtues? Well, not exactly, she replied, as

A CHARM AGAINST SICKNESS

of *every* kind, but only as a very effectual charm, she had been told—for she had never tried it herself nor seen it tried—against attacks of epilepsy or *tinneas-tuiteamas*, as she called it —the exact equivalent of the vulgar Scottish name for the ailment the *falling sickness*. To have all the virtues that it ought to have, she said that it required to be pulled on midsummer midnight, or on a midnight nearest to midsummer eve possible, when the moon is at the full. It must be pulled by a person who has fasted since the preceding mid-day, who is barefooted at the time, and, if a female, whose hair is loose and ungathered, without pin, or ribbon, or comb, or cap or covering of any kind to trammel its freely flowing in the wind, as the breeze may select to deal with it. Some other particulars, she said, had also to be attended to, but she had forgotten them. Once selected and properly pulled with all the necessary ceremonies, the bulrush was to be taken home to the dwelling of the person to be benefited by its mysterious virtues. It was to be wrapped up in some one or other article of the clothes in which corpses are usually swathed for interment, the patient, as a rule, instantly feeling the benefit of the presence under the same roof of the fairy distaff charm. One remark the old lady made, which is, perhaps, worth repeating. The bulrush charm, she said, is now seldom used, just because epilepsy, at one time very common in the Highlands, is now of rather rare occurrence. She also observed that paralysis, almost unknown in the Highlands fifty years ago, is now becoming very common, while palsy proper, or that tremulousness of the head and limbs known as true palsy, is now almost unknown, while in her younger days it was so common that there were two or three or more cases to be met with in almost every hamlet.

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DEATH OF DR. MACBAIN, INVERNESS.

A Well-Known Celtic Scholar.

DR. ALEXANDER MACBAIN, who was found dead in his bedroom at Stirling on Friday, 5th April, was the Rector of the Secondary Education Department of the Inverness High School, and was a Celtic scholar of European reputation. He was given a Civil List pension of £90 over a year ago in recognition of his attainments as a Celtic writer. Dr. MacBain left Inverness on Wednesday afternoon for the purpose of arranging the publication of a book. He was born at Glenfeshie, Badenoch, in 1855, and received his early education at the parish school of Insh and Alvie. After some experience of teaching and business, he entered the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen in 1874, with the view of a University career. He was dux of the school in 1876, and that year entered the Aberdeen University as second bursar, having a bursary of £35 a year. Four years later he left college, graduating M.A. with honours, and his career was described as brilliant. In later years, on account of his writings, the University bestowed on him the degree of LL.D. For a short period during vacations he was an assistant in the Old Aberdeen Grammar School under Dr. Dey. He afterwards became head assistant, a post which he left in 1880 to become headmaster of the Training School at Inverness, which had been remodelled from an elementary school into a free secondary school for the Highlands. In 1894 the school was taken over by the Inverness Burgh School Board, and the secondary department transferred to the High Public School under the charge of Dr. MacBain. It was as a Celtic scholar that Dr. MacBain made his mark in the world of literature. At Aberdeen he was for two years president of the University Celtic Society. His first contribution to the sphere of work which he made particularly his own was his "Celtic Mythology and Religion," published in 1885. In 1886 he undertook the editorship of the "Celtic Magazine," a position he occupied for two years. He was joint editor of "The Highland Monthly" for five years. He edited the papers of Dr. Cameron, Brodick, which were published under the title "Reliquæ Celticæ," two volumes which form a valuable storehouse to Gaelic savants. In 1896 Dr. MacBain published his greatest work, "The Etymological Dictionary of the Gaelic Language," which received high commendation from Celtic scholars, both at home and on the Continent, particularly by German students. He contributed innumerable articles to Celtic papers, and edited "The History of the Mathesons" and many other works. Dr. MacBain's death, at the age of fifty-two years, will be regretted by Highlanders at home and abroad. Deceased was unmarried.

THE NAME LONDON.

Sir,—Mr. Johnston, in his letter referring to my remarks on the above subject in the February issue of the *Celtic Monthly* says:—"Mr. Campbell seems curiously in error in supposing that Scottish Gaelic is the truest speech by aid of which to interpret the name. The namers of London must have used a speech much nearer Welsh than Gaelic."

With all respect to Mr. Johnston, I fear it is he who is in error.

All Celtic scholars now agree that there were two invasions of the Celts into Britain and Ireland, with a long interval between them. When the first wave arrived no man can say. It may have been before Britain became an island, and this may account for the long interval between it and the second wave. The two were branches of the same parent Celtic stock. The first to arrive was the Gadelic—later known as the Q-branch, which included all the Gaelic-speaking people of Britain, Ireland, and Man. This wave spread north over Britain, and over Ireland, absorbing or exterminating the dark-skinned Pre-Aryan inhabitants until there was no more land to conquer. These were the Gaelic-speaking people who gave London its Celtic name. They also gave Gaelic names to places and rivers all over south-north Britain and Ireland, which still remain, as a look at the map will show.

At what precise time the second wave, the Brittonic, later known as the P-branch, which includes the Cornish, Welsh, and Breton, arrived, it is also impossible to say. It must have been at a much later date, for Cæsar, on his arrival, could see little difference between the then inhabitants of South Britain and the people he had first conquered in Gaul; but when the Romans advanced further north to a point beyond the reach of the second wave, the difference was so great that they thought the inhabitants were the Pre-Aryan aborigine. It is therefore safe to say that there was not a Cornish or Welsh-speaking people in Britain till many centuries after London had received its Gaelic name.

Up to the Highland line Britain became a Roman province for four centuries, and the inhabitants were absorbed and Romanised or exterminated. Within the Highland line the Celts maintained their independence, and to-day the Scottish Highlanders stand as the purest and most direct representatives of the Celts of the first invasion in pre-historic times.

G. MURRAY CAMPBELL.

The Feinne or Gaidhil.

THE characteristics of the *Gaidhil* have been, and are at this moment, grievously misunderstood, which results from some of our neighbours, the *Gall*, taking in hand, from the slenderest real knowledge of us or our language, to give a full and correct estimate of our hereditary qualities, our genius, our springs of action, and, in fact, of our whole actuality. One gentleman has undertaken to show, from our romances and parables, that at the comparatively recent period at which these were invented, our forefathers were in the state associated with the "missing link," when they "would feel more at home with a fox planning some depredation, than with a Hegel or a Huxley contemplating the meaning of the universe" (Transactions of Gaelic Society, Inverness," vol. viii. p. 92). We have the same thing in the folly of travellers and missionaries, fancying they had plumbed the inner life of savage tribes when they only knew the surface, and the still greater folly of scientists building scientific laws on such statements. A notable instance is to be found in the conclusion arrived at a few years ago, with a sneer of old-wifehood towards all who doubted, that there were many heathen tribes who had no idea of a God—a conclusion which further inquiry has about, if not entirely, exploded. It is only those who thoroughly know their language, who have long lived with them—long enough and intimately enough to imbibe their lines of thought, feeling, and special idiosyncrasies—who know their history, written and unwritten, with their usages and customs, who are acquainted with both their ancient and modern literature, and who have reached the root of their religion, that can venture to lay bare the peculiar characteristics of the Gael. It is under the impression that some of the most salient points in our mental being have not been only overlooked, but misstated, by strangers to us and our ways, that I make the following observations:—

Before proceeding, however, a few observations as to our

ANCIENT BARDIC LITERATURE

is absolutely needed. It consists of three kinds, two *spurious* and one *genuine*. The two spurious consist, first, of romances or fairy tales, chiefly Irish, in which the old Gaelic heroes are elevated to the level, not of Hector and Achilles, but to that of Jack of the Bean Stalk or his namesake the Giant Killer. They are of a much later date than the genuine, and except for perhaps a few incidents and references, historically of less than no value, as by their extravagance in fact and language they obscure the real. Second, ancient poems completely transmogrified by the priests into conformity with sacerdotal claims and pretentions, and which, therefore, are of no value. The real old Feinne or Gaelic poetry we find in the remains of Ossian, collected by M'Pherson, whether we look upon these as interpolated with other matter or not, and in the collections of Gillies, Stewarts, and others.* It is noteworthy that Lord Webb Seymour and Professor Playfair, when travelling in the Highlands inquiring into bardic remains, were cautioned against these later tales, which ascribed miraculous feats and the powers of giants to the heroes of the Feinne (see Appendix to Report by Committee of Highland Society, appointed 1797, to report on Ossian's remains). No one really saturated with a knowledge of Gaelic language, literature, history, usages, and idiosyncrasies, can have any difficulty, I conceive, in distinguishing betwixt the real and the spurious.

I will now call attention to a few of the

* For my part I believe that the Fonn-geal lived and his son Ossian sung during the 3rd century, the former coeval with the Roman Caracalla and the Irish Cormac-Mac-Art; and that this is borne out alike by ancient poetry and annals.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SCOTTISH GAIDHIL:—

1. He is both imaginative and ethical. His tales and *sgeulachds* abound in the fanciful, ascribing reason and speech to animals, and inventing incidents quite beyond the region of the actual. In all of them, however, the end and purpose is ethical. In fact they are parables, throwing a strange light on the then ethical development.

2. THE GAIDHIL IS EMOTIONAL.

He does not, however, wear his feelings on his coat sleeve, but looks with supreme contempt on those who go about turning themselves inside out, under the least excitement, for the inspection of all and sundry. Their emotional nature is only reached through the intellectual—a fact well known to the best Gaelic preachers, who never attempt to stir the inner being of a Gaidhil by the mere sentimental. When this emotional nature, however, is fairly roused, its intensity is profound. On this subject much nonsense has been spoken and written, as if the Gaidhil was a creature of mere impulse and sentiment.

3. THE GAIDHIL INTELLECTUALLY

is thorough in his thinking. No proposition can find favour with him which is not founded on intelligible premises, expressed in plain understandable language, supported by honest inductive reasoning, and carried out to its legitimate end. Most distasteful and repugnant to him are the dogmas of "sweet reasonableness," involving utter contempt of logic; or sublimated words, such as we find in modern poets and philosophers, which require a telescope to ascertain their sense, if sense they have. Most amusing it is to see their devotees expending days or months after an idea, and when they find some mystified resemblance to one, necessitating a volume to elucidate it, or further to mystify, as the case may be, rejoicing as over great spoil. Nothing so clearly illustrates this trait in the mental constitution of the Scottish Gaidhil as his fervent attachment to the Pauline, or, in modern language, Augustinian or Civinistic theology. Now, whatever estimation this system is held in, all will acknowledge it to be the most purely logical of all systems. Yet it is the system most congenial to the Gaidhil. Coming from systems to particular doctrines, there is none so hateful to some of our southern neighbours as a belief in God's sovereignty or predestination. Now, in our statement of it, it is both logical and reasonable. We do not believe, as is falsely imputed to us, in fate or necessity. We believe in two things seemingly irreconcilable — God's sovereignty, without which we can't conceive of him as God, and man's free agency. We believe in them, first, because they are in that region where such difficulties are logically expected, that is, in a region above but not contrary to our reason; and, second, because they are two facts. This we have first convinced ourselves of. We believe in them just as we believe in two forces upholding nature—to us seemingly irreconcilable, negative and positive electricity, or centri petal and centrifugal force, not because we understand them, but because they are facts. Further, facts of our infancy as irreconcilable then, are now easily reconcilable; and just so, when we get nearer to God, these seeming irreconcilables of our later age will be easily reconcilable.

OUR SOUTHERN FRIENDS

will not allow this; they will listen to no reasoning; on hearing predestination mentioned they shut their ears, and open their mouths in the most abusive and senseless language, and call us all manner of bad names.* On the other hand, when fairly stated, it proves conclusively my proposition, that the Gaidhil is a reasoning being, and believes on logical principles only. I never can forget a statement by one of the greatest of Gaelic preachers, now no more, which illustrates this subject, viz., that in his experience, a Highlander fairly aroused to religion as a reality of present and future life, never had peace until he argued out with himself the foundation point if there was a God, and, therefore, a legitimate authority to impose a law.

I have dwelt rather fully upon this subject, as there is an impression generally abroad that the Gaidhil is led to a large extent by his feelings, and without depth in his inductive reasonings, and thoroughness in thinking out a subject.

I have spoken of the Scottish Gaidhil alone; and it may be objected to my position that the Irish Gaidhil does not think for himself, but is led by his priest. This, however, results from his having accepted the premise that the priest has a portion of divine powers entrusted to him. Holding this premise, nothing can be more thoroughly consistent than the Irish Gaidhil's deduction from it. I venture to prophesy from the Gaelic characteristics, that, when he comes to doubt of his premises, we will see an ecclesiastical revolution in his ideas.

The Scottish Gaidhil lives under a constant sense of the oneness of his present and future life. This is no new idea, but is found in the most ancient poetry; thus Silric consoles himself at the thought of Binnbheul's death:—

> "I will sit by the fountain cold,
> On the top of the heights in the wind;
> From the heath in the still noon day
> My beloved will speak to me.

* See "Contemporary review," vol. xxi. p. 437, for painful and pitiable example.

Come, my Binnbheul, on the breath of the breeze
Come, like a gleam on the tufts of the cairn,
At silent noon, when thy spirit shadows mine,
Thy voice let me hear, O my Binnbheul!"

This is confirmed by the Roman historians, who state, not only that the

GAIDHIL BELIEVED IN A FUTURE STATE,

but this belief delivered them from the fear of death and incited them to bravery. There is no warrant in the ancient poems for the notion that they believed in the transmigration of souls. This belief in immortality, and that the life hereafter is simply a continuation of the life here, is still most characteristic. I have heard old people speaking of their change, as they call it, with the greatest composure and satisfaction, indeed, with many it forms a favourite subject both of thought and conversation.

5. THE GAIDHIL IS MUSICAL;

but his intense delight in music is not simply as an æsthetical luxury, but as an inspiring means of interpreting and intensifying to him the highest poetic thoughts and feelings. This was exactly the mission of the ancient bards. Whether they raised their impassioned lays as the Feinnian combatants with naked bodies and bared broadswords advanced to battle, and with intensest impetuosity hurled themselves against their adversaries; or whether they sung their lays within the festive hall, their object was, by the sublimest language wedded to the boldest or tenderest music which their highest inspiration could reach, to fill their countrymen with all that was noble, tender, and heroic. The bard was wonderfully equipped for delivering his glowing message. He had not only the gifts of poetry and song in their highest form, but he was also a patriot and a hero, and spoke and sung from the heavings of the grandest and mightiest conceptions stirring within his own spirit. We can conceive the scene when "Fionn," having returned from battle to the "hall by the waves," and partaken of the "bounteous feast with the flowing shell," thus addressed his bards:—

"Ye voices of Cona, of high swelling power,
Ye bards who can sing of her olden times,
On whose spirits arise the blue panoplied throng,
Of her valiant hosts, who were mighty and strong,
My bards raise the song."

And can we not see the bards rapt in ecstasy as the mighty deeds of their fathers swept in power through their spirits, and in prophetic frenzy seizing their harps, and pouring forth words and music that roused and stirred to the very depths of courage and exalted fervour the being of the Gaidhil. Even music purely æsthetic, such as that of the pipes, has a mighty power over the Gaidhil, by its association with his deepest impulses of love, family, or patriotism—those hidden but profound idiosyncrasies which have for ages swayed with entrancing force his inmost being.

PIPE MUSIC DOES NOT STAND ALONE;

in its composition it is united with some incidents or deeds ever memorable, whether these were grievous, joyous, or daring, and hence its power. It was, indeed, a descent when the pipes, as an incentive to bravery in the hour of battle, had to be substituted for the bard; but still the descent is not so great as it looks, when this law of association is taken into account. Lord Byron knew this well, and gives voice to it in his ode on Waterloo, where he says:—

"And wild and high the 'Cameron's Gathering' rose!
The war-note of Locheil which Albyn's hills
Have heard; and heard, too, have her Saxon foes.
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill. But, with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Donald, Evan's fame rings in each clansman's ears."

We have an apt example of the same by Kenneth M'Kenzie, where he says of the pipe:—

"Bheireadh i air ais gu foun
An cridhe dh' fhas gu tursach trom,
'S chuireadh i spiorad 's gach sonn
Gu dol air am gu spadaireachd.

Fhuair i 'n t-urram thar gach ceòl,
Cuiridh i misneach 's gach feoil,
Togaidh i gu aird nan neoil,
Inntinn seoid gu baitealach."

Which I may translate—

"To joyance it would swiftly bring,
Each heart that grief and sorrows wring,
Each champion's spirit it would fire,
And heroism great inspire.

O'er every music is its fame,
The patriot's courage to inflame,
And high as heaven to upraise
The hero's soul in valiance."

In olden times, when the clans engaged in battle,

THE BARDS,

with their harps in their hands, in order to raise them to the greatest heights of valour, rushed through the ranks, and in words the most thrilling sung the deeds of their forefathers. In still more ancient times the warrior imagined, in addition to this, that his war sprites went wheeling on lightning wings above his head, uttering the most frantic shouts. The harp and recitative were afterwards superseded by the pipes. The demeanour of the Gaidhil in the hour of battle, as this has come down to us by tale, ode, and tradition, is strange and remarkable. To realise it aright we must remember that men did not then fight in masses with weapons of precision in their hands, deadly at long distances, but that each warrior fought with his good broad-sword, not only for his nation's weal, but for his own individual life. His joining in the combat was, we are told, often preceded by a strange nervous excitement, called by the

ancients *crith-gaisge*, or quiverings of valour. This was succeeded by an overpowering feeling of exhilaration and delight, called *mir-cath*, or the joyous frenzy of battle. It was not a thirst for blood, but an absorbing sense that both his own life and fame and his country's good hung upon his efforts, coupled with a self-consciousness that, as far as a bold arm, a resolute will, and undaunted spirit could do and dare, all was well. Grandly does the king of great mountains describe this mir-chath, when he says:—

"Well do I remember the champion,
Said the king of the hills and woods,
And how, with *heroic frenzy, in battle he consumed the fight.*"

This "mir-chath" may still be witnessed on the few occasions in modern warfare when the Highland soldier has a chance of charging with the bayonet. Then may be heard that shout which has often wakened the echoes of our mountains, and ever precedes an onset which no foe has yet dared to meet.

CHARLES STEWART.

THE MACKAYS OF GAIRLOCH.

Hereditary Pipers to the Mackenzies.

THAT Hector Roy Mackenzie, the great founder of the Gairloch family, and his son John Glassich Mackenzie, had pipers among their followers is certain; but nothing is recorded of them. The famous hereditary pipers of the Gairloch family were Mackays from Sutherlandshire. There were but four of them, viz., Rorie, John the blind piper, Angus, and John.

Rorie or Ruaridh Mackay was born in the Reay country about 1592. Having early manifested an extraordinary talent for pipe music, he was appointed whilst little more than a boy to be piper to the laird of Mackay. Rorie cut off a groom's hand with his dirk at the Meikle Ferry on the Kyle of Sutherland, and then became piper to John Roy Mackenzie, fourth laird of Gairloch, about 1609. From this time Rorie was a Gairloch man, yet the connection with the Reay country was maintained, as we shall see by his decendants. Little is remembered of Rorie beyond the story of how he came to Gairloch. His elder brother Donald was a great piper, and assisted his brother Rorie during his youth. Donald spent a number of years in Gairloch, but returned to the Reay country before his death. Rorie was piper in succession to four of the chiefs of Gairloch, viz., John Roy, Alastair Breac, Kenneth the sixth laird, and his son Alexander. Rorie lived at Talladale during the lives of John Roy and Alastair Breac, who resided on Eilean Ruaridh and Eilean Suthainn, islands in Loch Maree, not far from Talladale. The two last chiefs to whom he was piper resided at the Stank House at Flowerdale, and accordingly we find that Rorie lived in his later years near Flowerdale. Rorie was over sixty years of age when he married; he had but one child, who became the celebrated "blind piper." Rorie died at his home near Flowerdale about 1689, in extreme old age, being, like his son, almost a centenarian; he was buried in the Gairloch churchyard. Rorie is said to have been a remarkably handsome and powerful Highlander; he literally *played* an important part in the many fights which took place in Gairloch during the earlier part of his career.

John Mackay, the only son of Rorie, was born at Talladale in 1656. He was not born blind, as has been erroneously stated, but was deprived of his sight by smallpox when about seven years old. With the exception of a slight cloudiness on his eyes, it was difficult to the most acute observer to perceive that he had not his sight. He was known as "Iain Dall" (blind John), or "Piobaire Dall" (the blind piper). After mastering the first principles of pipe music under his father's tuition, he was sent to the celebrated MacCrimmon in Skye to finish his musical education. He remained seven years with MacCrimmon, and then returned to his native parish, where he assisted his father in his office of piper to the laird of Gairloch. After his father's death he became piper to Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, the first baronet of Gairloch; and after Sir Kenneth's death to his son Sir Alexander, the second baronet and ninth laird of Gairloch. He combined the office of bard with that of piper. Iain Dall retired when in advanced years, and Sir Alexander allowed him a sufficient pension. Like his father he married late in life; he had but two children, Angus, who succeeded him, and a daughter. After he was superannuated he passed his remaining years in visiting gentlemen's houses, where he was always a welcome guest. Like his father he lived to a great age; he died in 1754, aged ninety-eight, and was buried in the same grave as his father in the Gairloch churchyard. He composed twenty-four pibrochs, besides numberless strathspeys, reels, and jigs, the most celebrated of which are called "Cailleach a Mhuillear," and "Caillech Liath Rasaidh."

When he was with MacCrimmon there were no fewer than eleven other apprentices studying with the master piper, but Iain Dall outstripped them all, and thus gained for himself the envy and ill-will of the others. On one occasion as Iain and another apprentice were playing the same tune alternately, MacCrimmon asked the

other lad why he did not play like Iain Dall. The lad replied, "By Mary, I'd do so if my fingers had not been after the skate," alluding to the sticky state of his fingers after having touched some of that fish at dinner; and this has become a proverbial taunt which northern pipers to this day hurl at their inferior brethren from the south.

Iain Dall's first pibroch, called "Pronadh na Mial," had reference to certain small insects that disturbed his slumbers during the earlier period of his apprenticeship.

One of the MacCrimmons, known by the by-name of "Padruig Caogach," composed the first part of a tune called "Am port Leathach," but was unable to finish it. The imperfect tune became very popular, and being at the end of two years still unfinished Iain Dall set to work and completed it. He called it "Lasan Phadruig Chaogaich," or "the wrath of Padruig Caogach"; thus, whilst disowning any share in the merit of the composition, anticipating the result which would follow. Patrick was furiously incensed, and bribed the other apprentices, who were doubtless themselves also inflamed by jealousy, to put an end to Iain Dall's life. This they attempted while walking with him at Bun-Bhorraraig, where they threw the young blind piper over a precipice. Iain Dall fell eight yards, but alighted on the soles of his feet, and suffered no material injury. The place is still called "Leum an Doill." The completion of MacCrimmon's tune brought great fame to Iain Dall, and gave rise to a well-known Gaelic proverb, which being translated says, "the apprentice outwits the master."

Iain Dall made a number of celebrated Gaelic songs and poems. One of them, called "Coire an Easain," was composed on the death of Mackay, Lord Reay. It is said not to be surpassed in the Gaelic language.

His visits or excursions were principally in the Reay country and the Isle of Skye. It was during one of these peregrinations in the Reay Country that he heard of the demise of his patron, Colonel Hugh Mackay, second son of George, Lord Reay, and composed that beautiful pastoral, "*Coire-an-Easain*," which of itself might well immortalise his fame. Referring to this song, Mr. John Mackenzie, editor of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," says—"It is not surpassed by anything of the kind in the Keltic language—bold, majestic, and intrepid, it commands admiration at first glance, and seems, on a nearer survey of the entire magnificent fabric, as the work of some supernatural agent." He composed a number of other songs, some of which are included in the *Beauties*.

"Coire-an-Easain" is on the way between Lochmor-Stack and Gober-nuisgeach, top of Strathmore. The Donald Mackay mentioned is, no doubt, Donald, the first Lord Reay. He died in Sweden, and his remains were brought to Tongue.

The poem is in the form of a dialogue between the Bard and the Corry, and the verses translated form the beginning of the poem.

The following are the words and music, with a translation.

OUMHA CHOIRE-AN-EASAIN—LAMENT FOR CORRYNESSAN.

KEY A. *Slowly, with feeling,*

l, .,s : l, .d	r.r. m : r .,d	d .,d : s .,l	s .,m : m .r
Mi an diugh a	fagail na tir - e,	Siubhal na frith-e	air mo leth-taobh;
I am leaving	thee, my country,	Through the wilds	my course I'm keeping;

d .,d : d .,r	m.m. s : m .,r	r .,d : m .,r	r .,d : d .l
'Sè a dh'fhag gun	airgead mo phòca,	Ceann mo stòir bhi	fo na leacan.
Penny - less I	now must wander,	Since my friend in	death is sleeping.

'S mi ag iarraidh Choir' an-esain—
Far an tric a sgapar fùdar,
Far am bidh mial-choin 'g an teirbeirt,
'Cur mac-na-h-éilde gu dhùbhlan.

Coire gun easbhuidh gun iomrall,
'S tric a bha Raibeart mu d' chomaraich,
Cha'n 'eil uair a ni mi t-iomradh,
Nach tuit mo chridhe gu troma-chradh.

CORIE.—"S è sin mise Coir'-an-easain,
Tha mi 'm sheasadh mar a b' àbhaist,
Ma tha thusa 'n ad fhear-ealaidh,
Cluinneamaid annas do làimhe."

BARD.—"An aill leat mis' a rùsgadh ceòil dhuit
'S mi 'm shuidhe mar cheò air bealach?
Gun spéis aig duine tha beò dhiom
O'n chaidh an Còirneal fo thalamh.

I am seeking Corrynessan—
Huntsmen's hounds its echoes waking,
Chasing deer 'mong crag and corrie,
When the golden morn is breaking.

Corrynessan ever pleasing
When my gallant friend was near thee,
Now thy very name, dear Corry,
Pains my heart, and makes me dreary.

CORRY.—"Like my plight," says Corrynessan,
"Standing as I did for ages,
If thou art a skilful rhymer
Come unfold thy bardic pages."

BARD.—"Nought but grief can I awaken,
All alone and filled with sorrow,
Since our well-beloved Colonel
Sleeps until the distant morrow."

A CHRÌTH-THALMHAINN 'AN SAN FRANCISCO.

FHIR MO CHRIDHE:—Bha sibh cho caoimhneil 's gu'n do dh'iarr sibh orm sgriobhadh chugaibh a rithist. Tha mi an dòchas nach 'eil sibh a deanamh an iarrtas so gus cothram a thoirt do Ghaidheil na h-Alba a bhi magadh air mo chuid Gaidhlig-sa. Canaidh mi aon fhacal ris na seòid sin, agus is e so e:—Ma bhios sibhse cho dichiollach riumsa ann an cumail suas na Gaidhlig, cha téid i bàs gu latha luain.

Có thainig a nuas orm an là roimhe ach Domhnull Iain Mhoir 'Ic Pharlain, cuaille de bhata darach 'na dhòrn chruaidh, charraigeanach, agus fraoch air mar bhiodh air fear de mhathain riabhach nam beanntan creagach 'nuair a thig e chur cath ri nàmhaid. "A mhic an fhìr mhoir," arsa mise, "gu de tha cur corruich ort"? (cha robh dad de dh' fhios agam aig an àm gu'n robh esan air gloine no dha de dhriùchd nam beann a chuartachadh, air neo cha bhithinn cho dalma). "An thusa," ars esan, a thug 'Iain Maol' ormsa ann am *Miosach Gaidhlig Ghlaschu?*" 's e ag éirigh air a chorra-biod 's e a sguidseadh na h-àileadh leis an dreathann dubh mar gum biodh e feuchain ri sradagan a chur às an athar. "Na 'm biodh tusa," ars esan cho foghlumta 's bu choir dhuit bhiodh fios agad nach deachaidh duine maol riamh air a chuthach." "Faic," ars' e, "Iain D. Rockefeller," nach bu mhath leat a bhi mar esan?" "Cha bu mhath," arsa mise, "na coltach riutsa ni 's mò."

Chaidh mi air sgriob bheag do Shacramento (ainm Spàinteach, a' ciallachadh 'an t-sacramaid') ceanna-bhaille Chalifornia agus air mo thighenn dhachaidh thaghail mi ann an Stockton, ris an can iad Baile na Rumaich (*Slough City*) far am beil tigh caothaich mòr agus còr is 1,800 pearsa ann. A nis ged nach 'eil mi toirt làn aonnta do Dhòmhnull, feumaidh mi aideachadh nach d' thug mi an aire do dh'aon neach am measg nan 1,800 neach gorach cho sgallach ri maol an fhir mhoir fhéin. Am measg nan amadan anns an tigh-chaothaich so tha 150 do Shinich. Thuit tigh caothaich eile, Agnews, leis a chrith-thalmhuinn anns an robh 1,200 pearsa agus chaidh mu 100 dhiu a mharbhadh, 'nam measg feadhainn de'n luchd-gleidhaidh.

Chaidh iomadh cuid, agus, a reir barail mòran, na miltean a mharbhadh ann a' bhaile mhòr so aig an àm cheudna, feadhainn glic ach iomad aon dhiu gòrach gu leoir. Is iomadh neach dhiu so a chaidh a mharbhadh leis na bric-eachan is na clachan mòra dheth 'n robh na h-iomadh de na tighean air an togail, mu'n gann a fhuair iad ùine air 'Dia ga'r gleidheadh' a radh. 'Nuair a bha a chrith-thalmhuinn aig a h-àirde agus na ficheadan teine ag éirigh gu bras bha na miltean an duil gur e deireadh an t-saoghail a bh'ann. Tha caraid coir agam a tha 'na mhaor anns a' bhaile agus bha e fhéin 's a bhean 'nan cadal gu sèamh, socrach. Mar gach neach eile cha de dh'iarr iad an darna cuireadh gu dùsgadh, 'sa bhean a sìneadh a mach a laimhe rug i air tìmeadair gus an uair fhaicinn, agus gun dad de dh' fhios aice gu'n de stad e aig deich uairean 's an oidhche, ghlaodh i aird a claiginn: "Eirich Ioseph, a ghaoil, an ainm Dhia; 'se deireadh an t-saoghail a th'ann; tha a deich uairean agus cha'n 'eil soillse an là anu fhathast." Cha robh feum 'sam bith aig Ioseph còir air brosnachadh aig a cheart àm 's cha bu ruith ach leum leis ag éirigh.

'S aithne dhomh bean uasal a mhuinntir Cheap Breatuinn a tha pòsda aig Frangach Canadianach agus air an leaba anns an robh iad na'n cadal a bhi a cur nam both dhith mar gu'm bithidh i feuchainn ri ruidhle Thulachainn a dhannsadh 's an tigh a crith ghille-mirein thoisich i air ùrnaigh cho-chruaidh 'sa burrainn dhi anns a' Ghaidhlig; 's cha b'i a h-uile ùrnaigh ach an fheadhainn sin. An coimeas ruitha cha'n 'eil na h-ùrnaighean an "Lochran an Anma" a chaidh a chur a mach bho chionn ghoirid le Sands 'sa chuideachd, an Duneidean, ach mar lasair na coinnle ri dearsadh na gréine. Bha am Frangach cho dian 's a bha na' chomas ag ùrnaigh 'san Fhraingis; ach bha ise na leithid de bhoil 's nach robh fios aice air a sin. Ars ise ri a fear: "A Napoleon am beil an dearg chaothach ort? cuist do bhial, 's gabh d'-ùrnaigh." "Dia fhéin ga'm sabhaladh," ars esan, 'cha robh mise riamh cho trang ris an dearbh obair sin 'sa tha mi aig a cheart am so; 's fhearr dhut fhéin d'ùrnaigh a ghabhail, oir cha'n eil toinisg 'sam bith 'san dol air adhart a th' agad 's gun fhios agad gu dé an uair a theid do shluigeadh beo, slan, mar tha thu." Bha an t-uamhas seachad mu'n do stad an connsachadh.

Tha luchd gach cèird gu trang a feuchain ris a' bhaile mhor so a chur anns an staid anns an robh e bho chionn ochd mìosan. Tha moran dhiu ag obair a Dhòmhnach 's a Luan ach cha'n 'eil fhathast tighean gu leoir ann airson an sluagh a dhion bho'n doineann 's bho'n fhuachd.

Dh' eug 's a bhaile so air an deicheamh latha de'n bhliadhna so an t-Ard Easbuig Seoras Montgomeri, duine a bha ro-iomraiteach ann na cearnaibh so anu an cur sios na deoch-ladir. Bha e riamh gu dicheallach ag obair airson measarrachd am measg na h-oigridh agus nan aosda. Bha mòr mheas air aig na Caitlicich na Prostanaich agus na h-Iudhaich. Dia dheunamh sith ri 'anam.

Bhur caraid Am B. A.

San Francisco, 1907.

THE SHADOW.

DARK night lay upon the land, and once more the Shadow walked the glen.

The chill breath of it sent a shiver to the hearts of men and women, and the mothers gathered their little ones closer in their arms, and crept closer around the warmth of the peat-fires.

Many a time had the Shadow walked there; many a time when it had passed had the sounds of grief, the wailing of the dirge, been heard echoing among the mountains. And many a prayer now went up to the Virgin and the saints, that the Shadow might pass *that* door.

The bitter wind of February went shrieking through the glen, and sad was it for those who walked abroad, or were homeless that night. But unheeding of the fear and terror it caused, the Shadow held upon its way.

At the head of the glen there lived a woman —young, fair in the eyes of men—whose life had been one long record of sorrow, and at her door it paused.

If the Shadow walked, "Mo thruaighe!" said the women, "and iss it grief again for Morag, poor sad one!"

Beautiful the woman was, as I have said; tall, with hair long, and thick, and fine, and dark as the night; with a skin white as the snow, and tinted with rose as is the snow of the apple-blossoms; with the deep-blue eyes of the Celt, like mountain-lochs grown around with rushes, so long and dark the lashes that fringed them.

And gifted she was in mind beyond the men and women around; with a vision clearer and an insight far deeper than that granted to most. But strange is it, that they who live nearest the gods, they who are most akin to them, must needs suffer here as gods might suffer, did they visit our sad earth.

That bitter night, when the Shadow came and knocked at her door, she received it with the calmness and stillness which showed that she knew what message it brought, alas, too well. And in the hour of her agony, the glen-folk wept with Morag, for she was well-beloved.

One, near and dear to her, had come to his end in a far-distant land, beneath scorching skies, and far from all who knew and loved him. But the last word on his lips had been "Morag!"

Hers was the dry, tearless grief which burns and sears the heart, withering life at its root. No more for her, she felt, the wild throbbing hope of the spring, the glad up-leaping of the heart in keeping with the springing of the sap in tree and hedge-row, the green fire which burns in the veins of all living things when the Goddess of Spring reigns in the land. For, despite her sorrows, she was young and fair, and, until now, life had held some gladness for her. But now! And worn-out nature giving way, she sank like one lifeless on the floor.

For hours she lay, tended by loving hands and wept over by pitying eyes; for, without one of her own kin left to her, her gentleness and goodness had raised her up many friends. And above her helpless form rose, in the sweet Gaelic, words of tenderness and pity.

For many days she lay suffering, and when at last she rose from her bed of sickness, it seemed as if the springs of life were broken within her. By now the flowers were springing on the green sod, and the land was clothed in beauty. But, Morag felt, no more for her the joy of life and spring. As her feeble frame grew stronger she took long walks on the hills, and though the sorrow of things still held her, her body grew strong and her mind calm and quiet, under the spell of the beauty of the wonderful earth, nowhere more beautiful than under the changing skies of the rugged northern land.

When the warm sun of August ripened the corn and purpled the heather, she lived almost all day in the open air. Still the memory of the Shadow haunted her, although the fear of what it might bring had gone from her. For, she felt, fate could hurt her no more.

Often in the summer evenings she would climb to the mountain-side which towered above the glen, and watch the dying of the day in the western heavens. From her favourite seat she could see the loch at her feet, its deep, dark waters glowing purple and scarlet and gold, in the reflected splendour of the sky.

Once more the Shadow haunted the glen, though he did not darken the door of Morag.

But from many homes went up a cry of pain and anguish, for there were many stricken. And now, when those who had cared for her and nursed her in her own sore grief, were helpless and sad themselves, she went among them as one gifted with divine powers of comfort and healing. For none can feel for others with the same tenderness as those who have borne the like grief, in all its keenness, themselves.

For long the Shadow haunted that fair strath and glen; and strange it was to see the beauty of nature in all the glory of summer's height, and yet to know that in the hearts of the human beings around, there was but despair and woe.

But with the coming of the early autumn, when an Indian summer seemed to brood over that mountain-country, it began to pass.

Morag had now more time to spend on her favourite wandering on the mountain-side, by the shores of the loch, and in the shady haunts of

the glen. Now again the bright tartan of her plaid would be seen making a spot of colour on the hill, as the sun came near his setting. She felt, more than ever, the need to be alone, which had always been hers. Although in times of sorrow and sickness no hand or voice was more gentle or kind, when she was not needed by those about her, she went her way of life alone.

This fair September evening she climbed the hill at the sun-setting, and, seated where the whole beauty of the country-side was clear to her gaze in the last rays of that orb which Ossian loved and sang of, she fell into a state of dreaming. The people in the glen said that Morag had a touch of the "Second-sight." The undimmed vision of the seer at least was hers.

She thought of the way her feet had come through life; a way so marked with crosses, so strewn with rough stones and boulders of sad fortune, that at times it seemed to her as if she held the sorrow of the world in her heart. For not only her own grief had seared and worn her spirit, but her fine and sensitive nature had suffered so in the woes of others, that she had come to feel that life spelt grief, and that only when the smoothing of the hand came—the white, last sleep of all—was there peace.

Yet a sweet, faint happiness, like the reflex glow of joy, came into her heart as she sat there, with a sense of a gentle warmth and comfort which pervaded her whole being.

And as she looked out over the loch with dreaming eyes, on the further shore she became aware of a dark cloud of mist, which gradually evolved into the Shadow—that Shadow of grief, and death, and pain, and sickness, which had so often darkened her life. She gazed and gazed, with wide-open, fixed eyes, and, lo! a wonder happened. The Shadow moved on, and, as it moved, the dark mist-garments floated, parted, in the quiet air, and a vision of a bright and radiant being, clad in white robes of dazzling light, stood at last in the place of the cloudy mist.

Morag felt no fear, only a great peace stole over her spirit. She understood; this was what the Shadow really was; nothing to be afraid of, but, instead, something sent by divine love to draw the heart of man nearer to the source of all life and love.

As she still looked, the vision faded from before her sight, but the dark shadow had vanished also.

She rose, and, stretching out her arms to the glowing sky, a smile of infinite sweetness irriadiated the lovely face, making it seem, for a little, like the face of an angelic being. All was well, she felt, all *must* be for the best.

For her there would be no more repining, no more useless grief. It must now be her lot to be the comforter of her kind, one who could tell the sorrowing that death and pain were no more to be feared, for that the Shadow which they cast only hid the unspeakable glories that lay behind, which the finite eyes of the people who walked in the valleys of life were too weak and blinded to be granted the vision of.

And in the Gaelic they spoke of her as the woman who comforted, the succourer of the helpless—she, who was once Morag "the sad one."

For life was changed to her; she understood. She had seen the truth of sorrow; she would never fear the Shadow more.

MARGARET T. MACGREGOR.

HE'S OWER THE HILLS.

He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel,
He's ower the hills that's true and leal,
He's ower the hills and ower the sea,
An' he'll come back to marry me.

That I had gear an' he had nane
Was cause o' mickle grief and pain;
For this they parted him and me,
But no' for ever—bide a wee!

For a' my gear, wer't ten times told,
In lands, in houses, and in gold,
I'd gi'e it for one word alone,
The word that made him a' mine own.

The burnie wimplin' o'er the lea
Maun find the river and the sea,
And hearts that love, if strong as Fate,
Maun come thegither soon or late.

He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel,
He's ower the hills that's brave and leal,
He's ower the hills and ower the sea,
And he'll come back to marry me.

HURRAH! FOR THE NATIVES OF OBAN AND LORN.

A SONG by A BONAW MAN.

[THE following verses will doubtless prove of considerable interest to our readers hailing from the romantic land of Lorn. They were composed in honour of the "First Annual Festival of the Natives of Oban and Lorn, which was held in the Merchants' Hall, Glasgow, on Wednesday, 22nd January 1868. Lean gu dluth ri cliu do shinnsir (Osein)." The verses have been sent us by a nephew of the author. A successful Social Gathering is now held each winter in Glasgow under the auspices of the Oban and Lorn Association.—ED.]

"TUNE—*Bonnie Dundee*."

Through life's toiling battle, abroad or at home,
It is dreary to march without friends, and alone;
But the sight of old faces enliven and cheer,
Though only beheld by us once in a year.

All trades, clans, and clachans now yearly agree
To have a great ball and a splendid soiree;
Such social enjoyments relieve the careworn,
And why not the natives of Oban and Lorn?

Hurrah! for the natives of Oban and Lorn;
Hurrah! for the glens where our fathers were born;
Hurrah! for old Cruachan and fair river Awe,
Hurrah! for old friends that are here or awa'.

Had our forefathers wished for a great Hansel spree,
They ne'er would have thought of brown water called tea;
The *cuoch* and the *mull* would have filled up the parts
Which their sons now devote to the fruit and the tarts.
But Oban was then quite unknown to renown,
A small dull fishing village—now made a fine town;
*D. C. BLACK, our good Chairman, although then unborn,
Is now a great doctor, from Oban in Lorn.

Hurrah! for the natives, &c.

Said our Chairman to Pairman—Your "Great Sulphur Cure"
Is but hollow quack humbug, too great to endure;
I shall limb and dissect it with lancet-like pen,
And unmask its deception to sensible men.
Your *heal all* shall vanish in smoke and blue flame,
Your fumes and your sprays I shall serve much the same;
Such fudge and delusion might suit a greenhorn,
But not an M.D., sir, from Oban in Lorn.

Hurrah! for the natives, &c.

You would make me believe, sir, with firm solemn air,
That my granny's torn bellows your cure would repair;
If a dose of your nostrum she bought or could beg,
'Twould parasites kill in her old wooden leg;
That the creaks of her clothes chest would surely get ease,
That her kitchen door hinges would need no more grease—
All this might be swallowed by a simpleton born,
But ne'er by "*obscure*" men from Oban in Lorn.

Hurrah! for the natives, &c.

Saint Mungo's great City, now famed far and wide
For her learning, her commerce, and beautiful Clyde,
Is the goal and the dreamland to which we all hie
From the Cobbler's Seat to the Island of Skye.
The Queen of the West is the great house of call
For the old and the young, for the great and the small;
For all who are cleared from the dear hills where born,
And amongst them are natives of Oban and Lorn.

Hurrah! for the natives, &c.

But when they have turned from their tall native oak,
And fairly got into dark Lanarkshire smoke,
Who then can surpass those shrewd canny chiels
In twisting and turning at Fortune's old wheels?
None e'er have excelled them in field or on flood,
And no foeman could conquer their hot Celtic blood,
All dangers and drawbacks they view with deep scorn,
The sturdy brave natives of Oban and Lorn.

Hurrah! for the natives, &c.

In days that are gone, the broadsword and shield,
Were favourite weapons for clansmen to wield,
But now they are turned into ploughshares and hooks,
And chiefs make their forays in counting-house books.
In the race to get rich, too often we fail
To welcome the stranger or comfort the frail,
Or soothe the sick pillow of kinsmen down borne,
Who were once happy natives in Oban or Lorn.

Hurrah! for the natives, &c.

Dunstaffnage, Dunollie, are all in our mind,
And so is Glencruitten, though left far behind;
Old grey Creig a Chait will ne'er be forgot
While an Obanman claims his birthplace as a Scot.
Dark Kerrera sleeps in the ocean's white foam,
But her star shall ascend, and must shine far from home;
She shall yet be the depôt for silks, coals, and corn,
When the railway is finished through Oban and Lorn.

Hurrah! for the natives, &c.

When the great iron horses throw up their grey tails,
And re-echo the hills as they snort through the dales,
Our kindred and cousins may crowd to this hall,
And help us to hold a grand soiree and ball.
They can look on King William, the Cross, and the Green,
And all other great lions that's worth being seen;
They can haste to the station at six in the morn,
And get home to their breakfasts in Oban and Lorn.

Hurrah! for the natives in Oban and Lorn;
Hurrah! for their sons, though in lowlands they're born;
Hurrah! for their daughters, here dressed for the ball;
Hurrah! for the Chairman, Committee, and all.

JOHN M'CALMAN,
Late Lorn Furness, Bunawe, Taynuilt.

*The late Professor D. Campbell Black, a native of Oban.

ROYAL CALEDONIAN ASYLUM, LONDON.—We are pleased to note that Mr. James Mead Sutherland, the popular Chief of the Strathnaver Fairy Circle, has just been elected a director of this ancient and most useful institution for the ensuing three years. In congratulating the Chief on receiving this deserved honour, we feel that the R.C.A. should also be congratulated on securing such a valuable addition to the Directorate.

SCALE OF THE BAGPIPE CHANTER.—At the request of General Thomason, Mr. J. MacKillop, jun., of Polmont, has called a meeting of pipers, pipe makers, and all interested in pipe matters to consider and discuss the chanter scale, with the object of attaining a standard for general future use; the facilities for such an investigation having been immensely increased during the last 50 years. The meeting will be held in the hall of the Royal Gymnasium, Fettes Row, Edinburgh, on Wednesday, 17th inst. General Thomason has kindly placed a "voicer" at the disposal of the meeting, by means of which tests and records of chanters can be made, and anyone having an old chanter in his possession is invited to bring it to the meeting.

HECTOR MACDONALD MEMORIAL OPENING CEREMONY.—The General Sir Hector Macdonald Memorial is to be declared open by the Marquis of Tullibardine on Victoria Day, 23rd May.

A letter to this effect was read at Dingwall Town Council from Mr. W. H. Macdonald, Hon. Secretary, Glasgow, who also stated that special excursion trains were to be run from Glasgow to Dingwall on that date, the return fare being 6s. 6d. It was agreed that the whole Council should form the Committee to consider the arrangements for the opening ceremony and the laying out of the grounds.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

ISLAY has produced its own quota of Gaelic bards. Among them was Dr. George Campbell, of Kinabus, the author of the following beautiful love song. Dr. Campbell was born in 1776, and died April, 1858, at the advanced age of 92. His grandparents were Captain Alex. Campbell, of Kinabus, and that gentleman's spouse, Lady Elizabeth Kerr, daughter of Lord Clancarthy, so there is little wonder that the lady for whom he composed the song now submitted spoke of him as "Caimbeulach rioghail, foinnidh, deas, àrd." Dr. Campbell could play the violin, but some of his rhyming friends did not think him too fine in the touch. At "Tigh-an-droma," where the young fiddlers practised, some one said—

'Nuair a bheireadh oirre Deòrsa
Sheinneadh e gu làidir, seòlta,
'S ann e shaoileadh muinntir Dhòmhnuill,
Gu 'm b'e seòrsa druma 'bh' ann.

The "righinn" of the present song was Miss Taylor, Kintra, Islay. The melody is known as "Cuir a chinn dìlis tharam do lamh." At the forthcoming Mòd, to be held in Glasgow, there is a prize offered for the best rendering of a song by Dr. George Campbell, of Kinabus, Islay, and this song is one which satisfies that requirement.

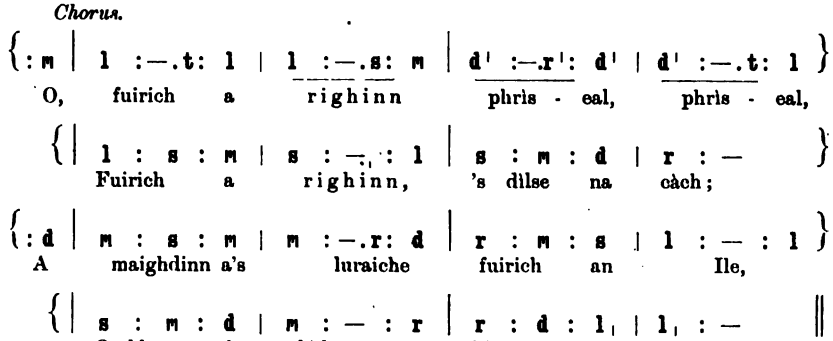
ANNETTA C. WHYTE.

Fuirich a Righinn

(TARRY, MY MAIDEN.)

Key D. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*

Chorus.


: m | l :—.t: l | l :—.s: m | d' :—.r': d' | d' :—.t: l
O, fuirich a righinn phrìs - eal, phrìs - eal,
l : s : m | s :—,: l | s : m : d | r :—
Fuirich a righinn, 's dìlse na càch;
: d | m : s : m | m :—.r: d | r : m : s | l : — : l
A maighdinn a's luraiche fuirich an Ile,
s : m : d | m :— : r | r : d : l, | l, :—
Og-bhean a's dìl - se chi mi gu bràth.

Cha dìrich mi bruthach,
'S cha shiùbhail mi còmhnard
Tuillidh ri m' bheò 's mo smeòrach 'na tàmh
Ach éisdidh mi 'ghàir
Thig o bhàrr nan tonn mòra
'S dh' fhuilling mi bròn gu leòir air do sgàth.

Chunnaich mi 'n t-eithir
A' feathamh na h-uaire,
Mhealladh i bhuamsa gruagach mo ghràidh;
Ma sgaradh o chéile sinn
B'éibhinn an uaigh
Seach an-shocair bhuan 's gun bhuaidh aig a' bhàs.

A mhaighdean is bòidhche
Na smeòrach 'sa chéitean,
'Soilleir an sgeul tha r'a leughadh an dràsd,
Ged 's bòidheach an conasg
Gur stoban gu léir e,
'S faicilleach théid gach creutair 'na dhàil.

Fhuair mise litir
'S mi fàgail na tir so,
Bho fhear a bha dìleas dhomh ann an dàimh
Cha 'n urrainn, mi freagairt
'S mo chridh' ann an Ile
Glaist' aig an righinn 's ise 'n Ceanntràigh.

Mo shoraidh do'n Oa,
Gu bean òg a' chùil shniomhain,
'S deimhin leam fein gu'n tug mi dhuit gràdh,
Ach ma bhios mi maireann
Théid mi fhathast do dh' Ile,
'S dhuit-sa gu cinnteach bheir mi mo làmh.

(Ise 'ga fhreagairt.)

Mo shoraidh do'n Oa,
Gu fhear òg a' chùil shniomhain.
'S deimhin leam-fhéin gu'n tug mi dhuit gràdh,
Tha mo ghaol dhuit cho buan
Ris an fhuachd tha 'san fhìor-uisg',
Caimbeulach rioghail, foinnidh, deas, àrd.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR DONALD JAMES MACKAY, LORD REAY,
G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., D.C.L. (Privy Councillor), *Chief of the Clan Mackay.*

The Celtic Monthly:

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The Clan Mackay Society Gathering in London.

INTERESTING SPEECH BY LORD REAY.

ON Monday evening, 13th May, the Clan Mackay Society had an interesting gathering at the Banqueting Hall, Inns of Court Hotel, Holborn, London, with the object in view of increasing the membership and extending its scope and operations, by holding meetings at stated intervals in London. The place of honour was taken by the Chief of the Clan, the Right Hon. Sir Donald James Mackay, Lord Reay, who was accompanied by Lady Reay, and supported, amongst others present, by the President of the Society, Mr. Jas. H. Mackay and Mrs. Mackay, Colonel and Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth, Mackinnon of Mackinnon and the Honble. Mrs. Mackinnon, Miss Farquharson of Invercauld, Major James Mackay, K.M.G., Mr. and Miss Mead Sutherland, Miss Hay, Provost A. Y. Mackay and Mrs. Mackay, Grangemouth; Mr. John Mackay of the "Celtic Monthly," ex-President of the Society; Mr. John C. Mackay, Hereford; Mr. and Mrs. Eric Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell T. Mackay, Liverpool; Mr. and Mrs. James J. Mackay, and the Misses Mackay, Mr. W. Mackay Tait, Mr. John G. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. G. Mackay, Liverpool; Mr. A. L. Mackay, Glasgow; Dr. George Mackay, Edinburgh; Mr. William U. Mackay, Glasgow; Mr. R. J. Mackay, Secretary's Office, G.P.O., London; Mr. David N. Mackay (hon. secretary), Glasgow; Mr. Chas. Mackay (assistant secretary), Edinburgh; Mr. William Mackay (local treasurer), Edinburgh; Mr. George J. Mackay, ex-Mayor of Kendal; Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Bogle, Mr. A. Mackenzie Mackay, Mr. R. W. Harradence, Ware, Herts; Mr. Cecil Bain, &c.

On the arrival of Lord and Lady Reay the pipers (Donald Mackay and Archibald Mackay) played the Mackays' march and other Clan tunes, and during the evening an excellent programme of Scotch songs, and violin and pianoforte music, was gone through, as well as some excellent Highland dancing by members of the Strathnaver Fairy Circle.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

The President, on rising to give an address of welcome to Lord and Lady Reay, was received with loud cheers. After some introductory remarks, Mr. Mackay went on to say—We are fortunate in having as our Chief of this, the premier clan society of Scotsmen, one whose distinguished position is known to us all, whose career has been followed with the keenest interest by every member of this Society, whose successes in every position he has so worthily filled have been noted with a suppressed delight, for what has brought honour to him has been reflected to some extent on every one of us, his clansmen, and I have no doubt that at certain times his safety and welfare have been the hope and prayer of many, who, to their regret, never have and never may see his face. (Applause.) That is the Scottish character. We not only acknowledge

LORD REAY AS OUR CHIEF,

but we give him a large space in our hearts, and I venture to think he hardly knows the extent of his dominion in that respect, and we all hope that he may be long spared to carry out successfully the high duties he may yet be called upon to undertake. (Cheers.) We are fortunate, too, on this occasion to be honoured by the presence of Lady Reay, our Chieftainess. I think this is the second occasion that her ladyship has favoured a clan meeting with her presence, and knowing as we all do the attachment that exists between her and her lord, we would ask her ladyship to believe that she, too, occupies a high place in our regard and devotion, and we thank her very sincerely for coming

amongst us this evening. (Loud cheers.) You will easily realise how necessary it has become to hold a meeting of this Society in London. During the last 150 years Sutherland has not been big enough to hold us. Mackays have increased and multiplied all the world over, claiming a place in the brotherhood, and desirous of identifying themselves with their fellow-clansmen in every possible way. And all this with no desire to benefit themselves pecuniarily; on the contrary, their sole wish is to be of service generally, helpful to those who may require the aid of a brother's hand to tide them over a period of trouble or misfortune, and to render the help in such a way that the recipient loses none of his self-respect. (Applause.) Now, our object to-night is to invite the stray sheep to enter once again the Mackay fold. (Laughter and cheers.) Some of you have perhaps gone a little astray, and require shepherding to bring you back to the rest of the flock, and the Council have ventured all the way from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and elsewhere for the express purpose of recapturing some of you, and giving you the inestimable privilege of being admitted to the membership of this Clan Society, which, although it may be your birthright, should be duly appreciated nevertheless. (Cheers.) One of the objects of this Society is to foster and maintain the clan sentiment, the fraternal intercourse and the love of that native land which is regarded with such deep affection by us all, and bring into touch those abroad with those at home. Now this is a perfectly voluntary organisation. We have happily no political or sectarian programme to which you are expected to profess adherence. We do not exclude the fair, but are glad to admit both the married and the single to membership. (Applause.) I trust that this will be only the first of a series of meetings that may be held under the distinguished patronage of our Chief and Lady Reay, and on behalf of the Council I beg to tender them our sincerest thanks for coming amongst us and evincing their interest in our proceedings. (Applause.)

And now, my lord, I have a personal favour to ask of your lordship and the Council of this Society. It is usual that office-bearers amongst permanent societies and guilds, whether scientific, municipal, or commercial, should have some insignia which accompanies the holding of a presidency or mastership during the period of office. When I found, on having the honour of the presidentship conferred on me, that this Society did not possess

AN OFFICIAL BADGE,

I asked permission of the Council to present them with one, that might be worn on suitable occasions by the president, and handed down annually to his successors. The Council kindly and unanimously accepted my offer, and with the assistance of the ex-president, we have had designed and executed a badge which combines with your lordship's armorials as chief of the clan, several other distinguishing features, and it is my very agreeable privilege to ask your lordship to honour me by accepting this on behalf of the Clan Society, and I trust it may be held by our presidents not only of this generation, but of many that will follow. (Loud applause.)

LORD REAY'S REPLY.

Lord Reay, who was received with renewed cheers, said that before proceeding to reply to their President's kind address, he would allude to two sad events which had occurred in connection with two distinguished members of the clan. The first was the recent loss of his wife sustained by his distinguished cousin, Baron Æneas Mackay, one of the most accomplished Prime Ministers of the Netherlands, and holding many other offices of public trust in that country; and the other related to the loss of wife and infant son, of which he (Lord Reay) had only heard that day, by another member of the clan, Mr. Thomas Mackay, a most distinguished economist and author, of whom many present must have heard. He desired to convey to these gentlemen the sincere sympathy of himself and his fellow clansmen in their bereavement, and trusted it might prove some consolation to them under the sad circumstances. (Hear, hear.) He need scarcely say how great a pleasure it was to himself and Lady Reay to be amongst so many of them that evening, and to listen to the charming address of their President, which contained so many apt illustrations and references, and was of so cordial and friendly a character towards himself and her ladyship that he offered their very sincere thanks for all that it contained. It was pleasing and gratifying to remark that as time went on there was no apparent abatement of

THE OLD FEELING OF CLANSHIP

and kinship which prevailed in the old days, notwithstanding the many changes in our social relationships and habits of thought and life—that still the same desire existed as much as possible to know each other better and to increase the desire for fellowship and social reunion such as the London section of the society evidenced by to-night's arrangements. (Applause.) Lady Reay appreciated as much as he himself did the cordiality of the welcome accorded to them to-night. Her ladyship's knowledge of clan history and the various branches and septs of the Clan Mackay was much greater than that possessed by himself, and he was confident that if her ladyship was subjected

to an examination on the subject, she would come out of it with the most successful results. (Cheers.) But a Clan Society such as this had not only social intercourse and reunion to keep in view, but they had to think of needful assistance and charity to those of their clansmen who were not so well off as themselves. That was to say, the wealthy amongst them, those with ample means—and he was glad to say the clan was well to the front in that respect—(Laughter and applause)—had to come forward and provide sufficient funds to relieve the wants and necessities of the indigent members of the clan. (Applause.) He desired to lay great stress on that point, for it was one on which they could all meet on common grounds. Unfortunately, in some respects the occasions on which the members of the clan could gather together for their mutual advantage were not so numerous in these days as they were four or five centuries ago, and matters were so different altogether that were either the second or third Lord Reay to reappear amongst his clansmen at this time, nothing would strike him more than the very different relations that existed between the members of the clan in their days and in ours. (Hear, hear.) That change was the result of many circumstances, amongst others the progress of our civilisation, which brought along with it greater extremes of poverty and of wealth than existed in former days. He (Lord Reay) agreed entirely with what Lord Rosebery said the other day, that we must deal very tenderly with our millionaires, the extremes to which he had just referred being such that society and its duties required to be based on a more humane and generous position than formerly. Another duty of their society was to secure and preserve as many as possible of the

RELICS AND MOMENTOES OF THE CLAN

in former times. This was not easy to accomplish, but if anyone got a hint of anything of value in this connection let them apply to their friend, Mr. John Mackay, of the "Celtic Monthly," who, if any man could, would be able to assist in getting hold of the article in question, and depositing it in a museum or elsewhere, such as ought to be arranged for between the various societies interested in such matters. (Applause.) In conclusion, Lord Reay again expressed his warm appreciation of the feelings of affection and fealty extended towards him by the various members of the clan of all ranks and classes, not only that night, but on many other occasions—the knowledge of which in the various incidents and accidents of his career had given him the greatest satisfaction, satisfaction in the thought that whatever he was doing was being keenly watched by his clansmen, in the hope that he would prove equal to the occasion, and to the various duties with which he was entrusted by his King and country. (Loud cheers.) He deeply felt his responsibility in this association, and was sure the same feeling was entertained by all other members of the clan who had risen to positions of trust and honour, whether in political, professional, or commercial life, for to even the humblest amongst them the marshal's baton, as it were, lay in their power. In Scotland they were as keen and pushing as ever they were, and no latent talent amongst them should ever be lost, no one amongst them had a real grievance, and the ladder was ready at hand with which to climb to a career open to all. (Cheers.) They had not come there, however, to discuss social or metaphysical problems, but to exchange ideas on ordinary affairs, and to enjoy themselves in a quiet way. He hoped that many more of the clan would be induced by means of this meeting to join the society, and that they would give Lady Reay and himself other opportunities of meeting them together, which would be to them both one of the greatest pleasures. (Applause.) He then invested the President, Mr. James H. Mackay, with a beautiful badge of office, just presented, and hoped it would be a treasured heirloom to the society. (Cheers.)

OTHER SPEECHES.

After more music, Mr. John Mackay, Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*, gave a long and interesting address, in the course of which he touched upon the various circumstances which induced or forced numbers of clansmen to settle in distant lands, or to take military service under the flag of foreign countries; and referring to members of the clan who had distinguished themselves in the Colonies and in other climes. In conclusion, he dealt with the origins of the various clan sept names, such as Bain, Polson Mackey, etc. Dr. George Mackay, Edinburgh, also spoke at some length, giving particulars of certain relics and antiquities connected with the Mackays, and particularly referring to two bannerettes of the Reay Fencibles, which were on exhibition in the hall, and much admired.

Mr. James J. Mackay, on behalf of the London members of the clan, said it was his pleasing duty to offer their most hearty thanks to the originators of this meeting for the opportunity given them of saluting their worthy and respected chief, of meeting their genial President in friendly intercourse, and hailing so many of their clansmen from different parts of the kingdom. (Applause.) They had not had the privilege hitherto of meeting many of them in the metropolis after the pleasant fashion of to-night, and he trusted that this was only one of many more such meetings to follow. (Applause.)

After more music, and compliments paid to the Chief and President in their respective positions, the company broke up, having just sung a few staves of "Auld lang syne."

During the course of the evening Mr. and Miss Mead Sutherland and the ladies of the Strathnaver Fairy Circle presented every one present with a small bouquet of white heather; while many of the clansmen wore sprigs of the clan badge (the "quilk"), procured from the River Strathy in the Mackay country. The headquarters of the Strathnaver Fairy Circle, "The Elfyn Knowe," were open to members of the clan during the period of their visit, and were visited by several clansmen.

On Saturday evening a large party of ladies and gentlemen of the clan were present at the splendid concert of the Gaelic Society of London, and took part in the Reception of the Colonial Premiers. Several clansmen wore the Highland dress in honour of the occasion.

The following pithy verses were circulated at the meeting, and ably recited by Mrs. Stewart Bogle :—

COIMH-THIONAL CHLANN AOIDH.

(THE MACKAY GATHERING), 13TH MAY 1907.

Gather, gather, Siol Mhorgain, as ye did in days langsyne,
When the blazing signal called ye forth to battle for your line;
When the slogan echoed wildly thro' Strathnaver's wide domain,
Till the eagles from Ben Loyal flew in terror 'cross the plain!

There ye crushed the southern foemen and ye drove them from your land,
And the Sutherlands and Murrays with the traitors in their band
Fell beneath the fearful onslaught of the claymore swung on high
By your hero, Iain Abrach, "with the strong hand" of Mackay.

Gather, gather, Siol Mhorgain, at your gallant Chief's command,
As your fathers did before you, when upon a foreign strand
As Gustavus' Old Invincibles in blood they wrote their name
Where it shall live for ever on the deathless scroll of fame!

Gather, gather, Siol Mhorgain! we are called but now in peace,
For the tumult and the strife of war and deeds of vengeance cease;
Tho' we're far from loved Strathnaver, long the homeland of our race,
And the stronghold of the Saxon is to-night our gathering place,

Yet in joy we'll meet together, and "The Real Mackay" we'll hail
With a hearty Highland welcome and the pibrooh of the Gael;
And we'll call up ancient memories that round our heart-strings twine,
And clasp the hand of kinship for the days of auld lang syne.

London. ERIC MACKAY.

THE LADYE'S VIGIL.

The ladye stood by the turret wa',
And glist'ned the kame in her braided hair;
And among the dames and the gentles a'
There nane was found sae fair.

And it's O but the tear stood high in her e'e,
As sair she lookit ayont the faem,
For the ship wi' its gallant companie
And her lord frae the wars come hame.

Then up and rose the auld-farrant wife:
"There was death in the deid licht's lowe yestreen,
And the omen spak' tae my heart o' strife,
For it bodes nae guid I ween."

"O haud your peace now my servant true,
And speak na' sae glaikit and foolishlie;
But yonder! a horseman in warrior's hue
Comes riding ower the lea.

"What news frae the wars, come, rider tell,
How fares my lord frae his absent dame?"
"Ah! sair is the news and drear and fell
Are the tidings I bring hame.

For val'rous aye hae the northmen fought,
And the lawland ranks like the chaff did flee,
But our gallant knight met the death he sought,
By the side o' the brave Dundee."

And it's O she's unbraided her yellow hair,
And hied tae her chamber couch wi' speed:
"Now what remains in my sorrow mair
But tae lay me wi' the deid."

The sun gaed low in his daily flight
O weary times but only twa,
When the banshee wailed at the dead o' night,
And her spirit fled awa'.

The sun gaed low in his daily roun'
O weary times but only three,
When six gallant gentlemen laid her doun
'Neath the sward by the gowan lea.

But still in the twilight falling wide,
When the flowerets droop by the sighing burn,
The ladye looks o'er Loch Duich's tide
Awaiting her lord's return.

And why her vigil, and what her tale,
There be few daur speir in that northern clime,
But the tune that she chants tae the ev'ning gale
Is a plaint for an olden time.

Edinburgh. MURDOCH MACLEAN.

THE HECTOR MACDONALD MEMORIAL.—The opening ceremony took place at Dingwall on 23rd inst., before several thousand spectators. Mr. D. H. Macdonald, chairman of the Glasgow Memorial Committee, formally handed over the splendid edifice to the custody of the Corporation of Dingwall. Lord Tullibardine delivered an interesting address on the life and military career of the great Highland general, whose tragic death was so universally lamented by his countrymen. His lordship did justice to the soldierly qualities and patriotic feelings of General Sir Hector, and performed what to him must have proved a delicate duty with pleasing tact and appreciation. The one sentiment left unuttered was the feeling of Scotsmen that Hector was harshly treated by the War Office, and had he been of aristocratic descent he would have been allowed to retire from the service.

A Turkish Officer from Lochaber.

By the late Rev. Dr. CLERK, Kilmallie.

WHEN in Marmorice Bay, in the Levant, in 1801, a meeting took place between Colonel John Cameron, of Fassifern, 92nd Gordon Highlanders, and a Turkish Officer, so singular, alike in its opening and its close, that its worth relating. Although the relation seems to partake of the marvellous, it is strictly and literally true.

As Cameron and another Highland officer were one day walking in the country at a few miles' distance from the Bay, they met a Turkish dignitary, evidently of high rank, attended by a numerous retinue, among whom was a train-bearer, carrying the skirts of his long-flowing white robe. The thorough contrast of such a dress to the scant *philabeg*, and the appearance of luxurious effeminacy which the whole scene presented, roused alike the contempt and ire of the Highlanders, one of whom said to the other, in their native tongue, which they of course believed to be unknown in

Colonel JOHN CAMERON, of Fassifern, 92nd Gordon Highlanders, Killed at Waterloo, 1815; and his Armorials.

Turkey: "Do you see the fellow with the tail? it is easy telling who his mother was, the lazy dog!" Greatly to their astonishment and confusion, the Turk promptly replied in Gaelic as genuine as their own: "Ay, my man, and what sort of mother may own you for her cub?" This was not a hopeful opening of a conference. The sound of the Celtic tongue in Turkey, however, operated as a charm. Apologies were freely offered on one side, and frankly accepted on the other. The Turkish officer dined with the 92nd on board ship next day, and requited their hospitality by sending them very handsome presents, among which were boat-loads of fruit, which, owing to the health of the troops at the time, proved particularly valuable. He told them that his name was Campbell—that he was a native of Lochaber, having been born in Fort William—that he had left the place in early youth, and after a variety of adventures in different countries and climes, had entered the Turkish army, where he now held a high post in the artillery department.

[*From Photo by* *W. Drummond Norie*]

Fassifern House.

This strange meeting with his countrymen awakened in him the long slumbering memories of home and kindred. He wrote to Fassifern to make inquiry about any surviving relatives. None of them were found in that neighbourhood; but some, and in a most respectable position, were found in the neighbourhood of Campbelton, Argyleshire. They entered into correspondence with him; but we have not learned what the close of his career was, whether he re-visited his native land, or died in his adopted country.

An old Lochaber man, of whom we made inquiry on the subject, tells us that Campbell, when a boy in Fort-William, had quarrelled with one of his school-fellows, that they retired to some distance from the village to settle the dispute, and fought so fiercely that the other boy died soon after in consequence of the injuries received in the combat. Campbell immediately left the country, nor was he again heard of until the accidental recontre with his countrymen in Marmorice Bay restored his connection with the scenes of his youth.

ORAN DO PHEIGI.

[THE following verses were written by the late Dr. Stewart ("Nether Lochaber"). They would make a good song if set to music.]

"Tha Peigi 's a' mhonadh ag iarraidh a' chruidh,
Saoil de 'tha 'g a cumail cho anmoch?
Tha 'ghrian air dol fodha,
'S iad uile ri'm bleodhan
Saoil de 'tha 'g a cumail cho anmoch?
Tha Peigi 'na cailin cho grinn 's tha 's an dhùthaich,
Ceanalt 'na nàdur, 's i blàth-chridheach, sunndach
Cha d' fhairich mi coire an am Peigi co-dhiu—ach
Saoil de 'tha 'g a cumail cho anmoch."

B'i màthair mo Pheigi 'bha labhairt nam briathran
Saoil de 'bha 'g a cumail cho anmoch:
A' ghrian air dol fodha,
'S an crodh iad ri'm bleodhan,
Saoil de bha 'g a cumail cho amoch;
"Cha ruigeadh i leas 'bhi cho fada 'g an sireadh,"
Thuirt a màthair 's i caramh fòid moin' air an teine,
"Cha robh iad tra-nòin ach air lòn Dhail-na-mine
Saoil de 'tha 'g a cumail cho anmoch?"

Bha mise le Peigi ag iomain a' chruidh
(Cha robh cabhag no guth e 'bhi anmoch!)
Gu 'n 'd thug mi mo phog dhi,
'S mo ghealladh a posadh
('Se sid 'bha 'g ar cumail cho anmoch)
Mu dheireadh, 'n uair 'dh 'fhàg mi mo ghràdh aig a chachaile.
Thuirt a màthair ri Peigi "de idir a thachair dhuit?
Mur bidh Cailein am fleasgach og, speisealt, air taichairt ort.
'S e mo bheachd-sa nach biodh tu cho anmoch!"

Air feasgar Di h-aoine 's ann 'rinn sinn an cordadh
(B'e mo bheatha ged dh'fhan mi glé anmoch),
'S air an t-seachdain 'n a dhéigh sin,
Gu'n d'fhuair mi dhomh fheìn i,
'S thug mi leam do Ghleann Elt' i 's an anmoch.
Tha mi nise cho sona ri neach anns an dùthaich,
'S mo Pheigi ri m' thaobh an àm cadail is dùsgaidh,
'S mor gur fheàrr leam na storas an Righ air a chrùn
A bhi briodal ri m' rùn moch is anmoch.

CHIEFTAINSHIP OF THE CLANS.

By Wm. J. Thomas.

(Picto-Gaelic and Gypsy Tribal-Holdings of Scotland).

(Continued from page 57).

The easiest and surest method to ascertain the origin and ethnological horizon of the Picts is, where the degree of civilisation is known to be different in two races, to detect and indicate the dissimilarities which divide the two. Here, therefore, the Picts being assumed to be "non-Aryan," it is needful to prove them Indo Fir Bolgians. The Picts were Indo Fir Bolgians. They were husbandmen living in agricultural communities and not in tribal domiciles; governed by village-headmen, not tribal chiefs or military leaders. They were not a pastoral but an agricultural people; therefore not beef-eaters but bread-eaters. Finally, since the constant pursuit of agriculture conduces to a relative inferiority in mental calibre with all primitive races because this sort of specialisation demands a corresponding neglect in the study of war and military tactics, the Picts were no great warriors, but, like the rest of their Indo Fir Bolgian kinsmen, would have made excellent Helots, Cumals or bondslaves, as docile as the Corsicans eulogised by Diodorus Siculus.

In British India, the non-Aryan agricultural castes make, as is well-known, very poor fighting stuff. Certainly they are brave in their own way, but their courage and bravery is unable to endure the long physical strain and rigid discipline which modern warfare requires. In proportion to their numbers, the fighting auxiliary force in the Indian army is exceedingly small, and it is one of the goverment's difficulties to instil into the native mind a martial and patriotic spirit which would be of use to us in coming conflicts. The Pallis, for instance, the Kallans (lit. "thieves,") the Vellabas (a Zamil-speaking caste numbering over two millions), the Tottiyans, the Telingas, the Kapus or Reddus (a Zelugu-speaking caste numbering 2½ millions); the Bantas and the Bedars (Kanarese-speaking castes), are all excellent agriculturists after their own primitive ideas, but vastly inferior in military skill or prowess to the Aryan races such as the Sikhs, Panjabis, Mahrattas, Rajputs and others renowned for centuries as lawless freebooters and merciless warriors. Not a whit better are the Kolarian Hos, Mundas, Bhils, Kurkus, Hors of Singhbhum and the Santals or the Dravidian Khonds, Gonds, Bhárs, Uraons, Todas, Badagas, Savaras, Kotas, Irulas and many others who, with few exceptions, are all diligently engaged in the pursuit of agriculture—an Indian low-caste occupation. The native's gods are the gods connected with the village and with agriculture, having very little Totem-religion in their nature and quite unlike the Aryan or Semitic militant "gods of Sabaoth" who delight in the glory of their majesty to see their devotees religiously reap human crops.

On the other hand, the Aryans' love for agriculture is or was, in India, practically non-existent. Their opinions of it they officially expressed. A common proverb is: "You who plough have lost your intellect and strength. You use the sôhâgâ (a kind of harrow), and employ your bullocks to bring grass; and then, you low fellow (lit. "father-in-law") what hope have you of living? We kill one day and eat for fifteen; don't cultivate, and you will pay no revenue (Ind. Antig. XXIV., p. 112)." Among the Mians, the highest Rajput caste which has preserved best the purity of its blood, the rules to be observed are: "Never to drive a plough; to enforce the strict seclusion of their women; never to sell their daughters by accepting money for their marriage; never to marry into a prohibited caste or to give their daughters in marriage to lower castes (Banarjee)." Agriculture is, in fact, to an Aryan not only painful but valueless; the tribal-group is larger and more powerful than the village-unit, and hence the opportunities of living at the expense of weaker castes are increased ten-fold. Manu distinctly denominates it a caste-occupation, and unworthy of the Aryan "upper ten." "A Brahman or even a Kshatiyn (waniox-caste) when living by the means of life enjoined for a Vaisya (merchant-caste) should carefully avoid agriculture, as it causes great pain (X. 83)." The Brahman can live, if he desires, at the expense of the slave-caste. "A Brahman may take possession of the goods of a Sudra with perfect peace of mind, for since nothing at all belongs to the Sudra as his own, he is one whose property may be taken away by his master (VIII. 417)." The same unfortunate class of cultivators "must pay to the king (or manorial lord) a tax amounting to a tenth, an eighth, or a sixth of the produce (Gantama X. 24)." Should they become lazy or wish to abandon their work, the slave-driver is enjoined to mete out punishment. "A servant in tillage who abandons work, shall be flogged. Apastamba II. 2, 28.)"

Aryan agricultural Europe likewise did not exist until after the breakdown of the tribal system, by which period there could be no such thing as a voluntary return to the primitive type of village-community found in India and Africa. Herodotus in his History remarks that "the Throcians, the Scyths, the Persians, the Lydians and almost all the Barbarians, hold

the citizens who practice trade and their children, in less repute than the rest, while they esteem as noble those who keep aloof from handicrafts and especially honour such as are given wholly to war (Rawlinson's Transl. Bk. II., c. 167). The Scyths are given as a race of people who had no town in their whole land (VII. 10). Tattooing among them marks noble birth, and the want of it low birth. To be idle is accounted the most honourable thing, and to be a tiller of the ground the most dishonourable. To live by war and plunder is of all things the most glorious (V. 6). The Budini, a Scythic division, were "a large and powerful nation, all having deep blue eyes and bright red hair (IV. 108)—a physiological description which could never apply to a Khond or a Santal, Kaffir, Basque or Fir Bolg. Among the Budini were the Geloni, speaking a totally different language and occupied in the "dishonourable occupation": "Tillers of the soil who eat bread, have gardens, and both in shape and complexion are quite different from the Budini (IV. 109)," and from the small Scythic group of curious cultivators who "grow corn not for their own use, but for sale (IV. 17)." The Massagetae "sow no grain but live on their herds, and on fish, of which there is great plenty in the Araxes. Milk is what they chiefly drink (I. 216)." The "solita Germanorum inertia" is referred to by Tacitus (Germania, c. 45), yet from the statements of Diodorus and Pliny they do not appear to be afflicted with laziness in times of war or plunder. The Læt or freeman's serf occupied in Germany the same social status as the Irish Cumal, the Grecian Helot or the Indian Dasyu and Mleccha (Gael. daoi and pleoisg). Strabo speaks of the German tribes as "*natives* who easily change their abode, on account of the scantiness of provisions, and because they neither cultivate the lands nor accumulate wealth, but dwell in miserable huts and satisfy their wants from day to day, the most part of their food being supplied by the herd, as nomad races, and in imitation of them they transfer their households in waggons, wandering with their cattle to any place which may be most advantageous (Bk. VIII., c. I., § 3)." The same authority says of the Gauls that they were "warlike, passionate, and always ready for fighting. . . They subsist principally on milk and all kinds of flesh, especially that of swine, which they eat both fresh and salted. . . They have sheep and swine in such abundance that they supply saga and salted pork in plenty, not only to Rome but to most parts of Italy (IV., c. IV., § 3)." Thus the Gaul was a first-class trader in the history of ancient Europe and a warlike shepherd; his military status was not due to strong agricultural propensities.

Of none of these Aryan nations, Hindu, Scyth, German, or Gaul, could we say what Sir Henry Maine (Vill. Comms., p. 120) said of the Dravidion races of India: "The vast bulk of the natives are a grain, and not a flesh-eating people. Cattle are mostly regarded by them as auxiliary to tillage." The difference is caused by the genuine difference that exists between Aryan and Indo Fir Bolgian civilisations.

Leaving Aryan territories, the Indo Fir Bolg reappears. In North Africa, west of the river Triton, were the Maxyans, "Libyans," says Herodotus, "who till the ground and live in houses (IV. c. 191)," dwelling in a highly-cultivated country, said the Delphic oracle to the intending Greek colonists:

"He that is backward to share in the pleasant Libyan acres,
Sooner or later, I warn him, will feel regret at his folly."—(IV. c. 159).

It is the same non-Nilotic (also non-Phœnician) population which Diodorus Siculus calls "husbandmen, having fertile lands, fit for all sorts of tillage" (Bk. III., c. 3). "The whole land, from Carthage to the Pillars of Hercules, is fertile. . . At the present day, when they are well skilled in hunting, they are both masters of the beasts and of husbandry" (Strabo., Bk. III., c. VI., § 33). In non-Aryan Spain, we are told, "a vast number of people dwell along the Guadalquivir, and you may sail up it almost 1,200 stadia from the sea to Corduba (Cordova) and the places a little higher up. The banks and little islets of the river are cultivated with the greatest diligence" (Strabo., III., c. II., § 3). The Indo-FirBolgian Turdetani and Turduli were likewise cultivators, with no inconsiderable attainments in civilisation. "They were esteemed to be the most intelligent of all the Iberians, have an alphabet, and possess ancient writings, poems and metrical laws 6,000 years old, as they say. (6,000 B.C. is the Fir Bolgian Mediæval Age). The other Iberians are likewise furnished with an alphabet, although not of the same form, nor do they speak the same language" (III., c. I., § 6). The Bastetani belong to Turdetania. They inhabit the narrow strip of coast between Calpe (Gibraltar) and Gadeira (Cadiz), and by the sea beyond as far as Guadiana. . . The size of this country in its length and breadth does not exceed 2,000 stadia, still, it contains a vast number of towns,—200, it is said. Those best known are situated on the rivers, estuaries and sea (III., c. 2., § 1). Also: "Turdetania is marvellously fertile and abounds in every species of produce. The value of its productions is doubled by means of exportation, the surplus products finding a ready sale

amongst the numerous shipowners" (III., c. 2, § 4). The exports consisted of corn and wine, oil, wax, honey, pitch, kermes-berries, vermilion, and salted fish (III., c. 2, § 6). In Iberia, therefore, we see that the numerous and populous village-communities were occupied in settled industries. Each village, as an economic unit, is dependent on its own resources, and keeps aloof from its neighbours; hence the weakness of the unit, when compared with the tribe, in warding off external aggressions on the part of the Roman, the Carthaginian, or the Celt. As Strabo accurately says of the inhabitants of the Peninsula: "they are bold in little adventures, but never undertake anything of magnitude, inasmuch as they have never formed any extended power or confederacy" (Bk. III., c. IV., § 5).

(To be continued.)

AN GIULLAN ILEACH 'S NA BROGAN.

BEFORE machine made shoes have driven all ideas of an old art out of people's heads, also lest the wearers, in the pursuit of cheap coverings for their feet, lose the last remaining memories of what good shoes really are, it may be well to give the Islay lads directions for the making of his shoes. This version was taken down many years ago from Lachy MacNeil, then in Bowmore, Islay, and latterly in Paisley. Lachy was perhaps the last man in the world who could recite that Arabian-Nights-like concatination of tales called "Sgeula chois o' Céin," and there is a very good photograph in an early volume of the *Celtic Monthly*, in which he and Hector MacLean and J. F. Campbell, of Islay, are well preserved in the act of putting the same concatination into black and white. Lachy made shoes, played the fiddle; and, although he had a slight impediment in his speech, was a very good reciter of Gaelic tales. I have heard him give the "Arabian Nights" in the most perfect, idiomatic Gaelic. His account of the shoemaking recipe was that in a house at *Tigh-nan-cnoc*, there was a misgrown child always in the cradle (*air a thoirt as*). One day when the able-bodied of the family were in the harvest-field, and a shoemaker at work inside, the child got up and asked the craftsman to make him a pair of shoes, and he would play him a tune on the bagpipes! The tune was played to the very maddening of the shoemaker with delight, so superlatively good was the music produced. Then the fairy occupant of the cradle—for he could be nothing else—gave his directions:—

Bròg an bileach, bailleach, beul-dubh;
'O dhruim leathar nam bò,
'O thàrr leathar nan aighean.
Farra-bhuinn a steach, geara-bhuinn a mach;
Buinn fhada dhireach 'n an sineadh eatorra sin.
Built chiar-dhubh dhonna 'o chirein na droma.
Snathain caol reidh, guin gheur, tarruing air éigin.
Làmh deagh fhòghlum ga 'm fuaghal;
'S nach faiceadh am bonn an t-athar
No 'n t-uachdar an talamh.
Buanadas bròig fir eilein, eireachdas bròig mhic righ,
'S ged bhualadh i air a' chreig
Gum bu mhiosa do 'n chreig no dhi.

J. MURDOCH.

Translation.

IORRAM NAM FOGRACH.

[THE following translation of "The Canadian Boat Song" appeared in "*Mac Talla*" some years ago].

Eisdibh ri m' dhàn-sa mar a dh' éisd sibh riùsan
A sheinn le sùnnd dhuibh ann an tìr nam beann;
An luinneag thùrsach togaibh suas gu làidir,
'S biodh neart nan làmh a cur a bhàt' na deann.

Tha 'n talamh fial 's gur briagh' na coilltean aosd',
Ach 's fòg'raich sinn bho thìr 's bho shluagh ar gaoil.

Eadar am fonn so 's bothain chaoin ar càirdean
Tha beanntan àrda 's fàsach de thuinn dhoirbh,
Ach tha ar cridheachan 'san tìr 'thog suas sinn,
'S gur tric na 'r bruadair sinn mu 'cluaintibh gorm'.

A chaoidh cha 'n fhaic sinn glinn is cnoic na h-àilleachd,
Le 'n uillt ghlan ghàireach 'ruith a sios gu réidh;
Cha 'n fhaic sinn sluagh le uaill mu 'n triath an òrdugh,
No leac nan seòd 'bu dìleas, teòm' 'san streup.

'Nuair bha ar sìnnsre, iomad linn roimh 'n là so,
A dion le 'n clàidheamhan àite taimh na saors',
Cha robh ac' smuain gun cuirt' an clann á 'n dùthaich,
Gu tuilleadh bhrùidean 'thoirt do dh-uachd'rain bhaoth'.

Ma chruinnicheas feachd an aghaidh Bhreatuinn mhòrail,
Bidh feum air connspuinn chròdha, dhian, nach géill;
Ach c'àit am bi iad anns an tìr r'am faotuinn,
'S na Gaidheil aobhach thar nan cuan gu léir?

IS GENERAL SIR HECTOR MACDONALD DEAD?

A NUMBER of highly-sensational reports as to Sir Hector being recognised as an officer in the Chinese army, have been given prominence recently at home and abroad. It is a pity that publicity should be given to such painful rumours. I stood by the side of the grave in Dean Cemetery when all that was mortal of Sir Hector was interred, and I am perfectly convinced that our gallant but unfortunate soldier countryman sleeps his last long sleep in that soil. The circumstances attending that weird funeral I am not likely ever to forget, but to assert that Macdonald is still alive is to raise hopes that are only doomed to disappointment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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MAY, 1907.

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HIGHLANDERS FROM DISTANT LANDS.

"THE CALL OF THE MOUNTAINS," as Miss Alice C. MacDonell of Keppoch so poetically expresses the idea, has not lost its efficacy, judging by the number of our readers from remote parts of the globe, who have been attracted to the motherland at the present time, and are now visiting the scenes once familiar to their ancestors, or to themselves in boyhood's happy days. Recently we were delighted to have a visit from our old friend, Professor D. MacEachran, Montreal, who intended leaving next morning for his native Kintyre. He has now returned, and has sailed for Canada accompanied by several sturdy Kintyrians who are anxious to try their fortune in the great North West.

Another distinguished Canadian, whom we regret we missed seeing when he called, was Dr. A. H. Mackay, Minister for Education in Nova Scotia, who was one of the earliest subscribers to the *Celtic*. He has since visited his ancestral parish, Rogart, Sutherland, and at the Gaelic Conference in Inverness he delivered an address and astonished the learned savants by his intimate knowledge of the ancient language.

Then to-day who should honour us with a visit but Mr. D. N. Macleod of Western Australia, a brother of the worthy Chief of Talisker, a man of outstanding importance among the great ranch owners of Victoria, Australia. Mr. Macleod had never before visited Scotland, so it may be readily understood how immensely interesting his visit to Dunvegan Castle, Talisker (the ancient *duchus* of his ancestors), and the Isle of Skye, must have been to him. It will be a romantic recollection in years to come, away in the uplands of far Australia. In London, Mr. Macleod was present at the Inverness-shire Dinner, and responded for the visitors.

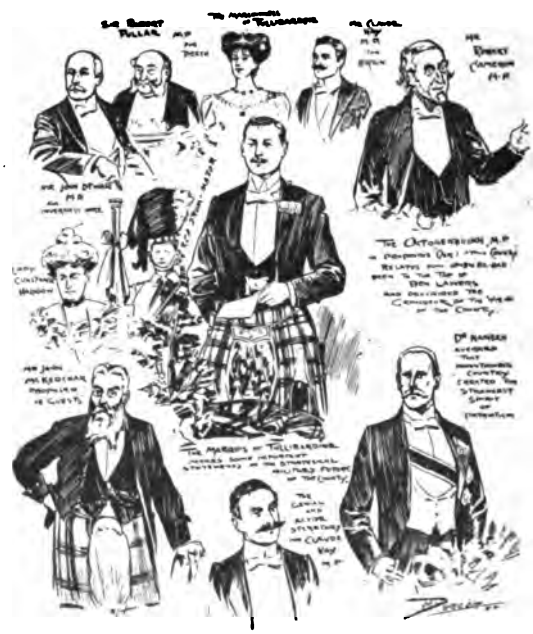
To-day we have just learned that another distinguished Gael is to call upon us to-morrow, Mr. Frank Adam, from North Borneo, familiar to Highlanders as the author of that interesting volume "What is my Tartan?" It seems only like yesterday since this genial Celt took part in a Mackay Tour in Sutherland, and such a glorious holiday we had! On his return he went to the Straits Settlements, where he has prospered. During his stay here he will see a new and greatly enlarged edition of his great work through the press.

A SPRIG OF HEATHER.

"Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor;
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Oft has thou decked, a favourite flower,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower.

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful, varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets, could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart! thy fragrance mild
Of peace and freedom seems to breathe;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land!
Alas, when distant, far more dear!
When he from some cold, foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more!"

The Highland Society's Annual Banquet, 1907.
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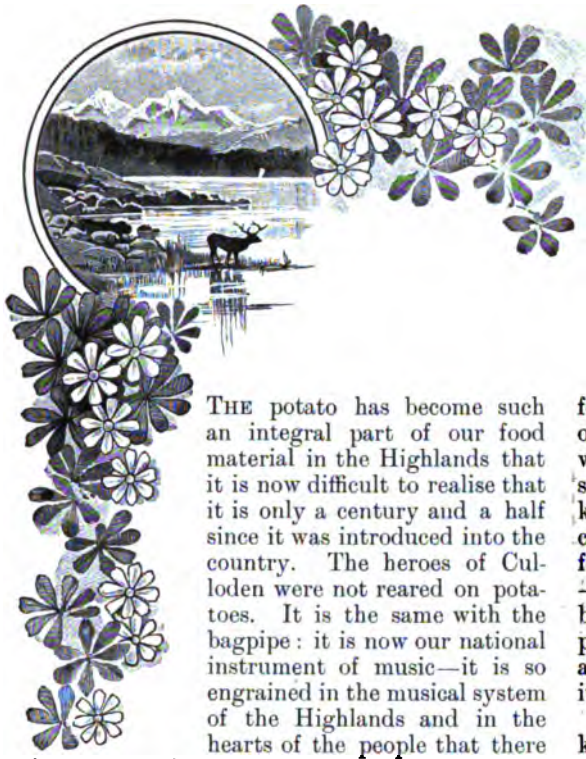


The History of the Highland Bagpipe.

A LESSON IN ANACHRONISM.

By the late Alexander Macbain, M.A., LL.D.

THE potato has become such an integral part of our food material in the Highlands that it is now difficult to realise that it is only a century and a half since it was introduced into the country. The heroes of Culloden were not reared on potatoes. It is the same with the bagpipe: it is now our national instrument of music—it is so engrained in the musical system of the Highlands and in the hearts of the people that there is no wonder that unwary writers have postulated for it a hoary antiquity among the Gaelic, if not among the Celtic, people. The great Highland bagpipe and the philabeg, or modern Highland dress, came into existence about the same time—the beginning of the century before last; but they both represent older forms: the bagpipe then got its third or big drone added to it—hitherto it was the same as the Lowland and Northumbrian bagpipe, having only two drones. The kilt about the same time was made out of the Breacan Féile: in the old dress the kilt and plaid were one; in fact, the plaid was kilted round the lower part of the body, and secured with a belt round the middle, wherein the "sgian dubh" and the pistols were ominously stuck.

THERE IS A PROBLEM TO SOLVE.

Most writers have taken it for granted that the bagpipe is as old as the Gaelic race; and Logan, of the "Scottish Gael," goes so far as practically to say that, like Topsy, he "specs it growed" among them, taking its beginning from the chanter. Others think that the Romans introduced it among the Caledonians, while others hold that the Norsemen brought it from Scandinavia. In neither case have the theorists thought whether either Roman or Norseman used it himself. As regards the Norse, it is a case of explaining the unknown by the still more unknown. The Norsemen are made responsible for many dark points in our archæology when often the obligation is on their side. There were no bagpipes among the Norse invaders and settlers of our isles. The Romans certainly knew the instrument in a modified form: Nero could play upon it, and a coin of his had been found with the *tibia utricularis* on one side of it—a rather elaborate form of it, consisting of a bag with two reeds and a row of nine irregular pipes, blown by a bellows—a miniature organ almost. Usually among the Greeks and Romans it was a bag, chanter, and blow-pipe or bellows.

Dr. Skene and the Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan felt keenly the problem of the origin of the bagpipe and its history among the Highlanders. In his "Highlanders of Scotland" Dr. Skene devotes two pages to the harp and half a sentence to the bagpipe. He says—"It (the harp) was entirely superseded by the more martial instrument, the bagpipe, the origin of which is altogether unknown, although, from the character of the music, there is greater probability in supposing it an ancient instrument of the Highlanders than of foreign extraction." And quotations showing its employment among the Highlanders fail him. Dr. Maclauchlan says—"Although a very ancient instrument, it does not appear to have been known to the Celtic nations. It was in use among the Trojans, Greeks, and Romans, but how or in what manner it came to be introduced into the Highlands is a question which cannot be solved. Two suppositions have been started on this point, either that it was brought in by the Romans or by the Northern nations. The latter conjecture appears to be the most probable, for we cannot possibly imagine that if the bagpipe had been introduced so early as the Roman epoch, no notice should have been taken of that instrument by the more early annalists and poets. But if the bagpipe was an imported instrument, how does it happen that the great Highland pipe is peculiar to the Highlands, and is, perhaps, the only national instrument in Europe? If it was introduced by the Romans or by the people of Scandinavia, how has it

happened that no trace of that instrument in its present shape are to be found anywhere except in the Highlands? There is, indeed, some plausibility in these interrogatories, but they are easily answered by supposing, what is very probable, that the great bagpipe in its present form is the work of modern improvement, and that originally the instrument was much the same as is still seen in Belgium and Italy." The worthy Doctor has answered one of his interrogations satisfactorily: the Great Highland Bagpipe with its three drones is a modern improvement, within the last 300 years, of the bagpipe in Scotland, England, and the Continent in Chaucer's and Shakespeare's times. The doctor is wrong about the antiquity of the pipe in the Highlands or the difficulty of settling when it was introduced. Fairly satisfactory answers can be given to these questions.

CELTIC MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

The Celts of Gaul used at least three musical instruments. The bards played as they sang on an instrument resembling the Classic lyre or harp; it was the national instrument for domestic music. For war they used trumpets and (metal) horns—crooked tubes—and they had harsh soundings, barbaric trumpets calculated to inspire terror in the foe. The noise made by a Gaulish army coming to the charge was terrible and terrifying. Giraldus Cambrensis in 1185 gives us the names of the musical instruments used in Ireland, Scotland and Wales. In Ireland they used two—the "cythara" and "tympanum," that is the harp and a fiddle-harp, for such is the meaning of the Irish "tiompan." To Scotland he assigns three—the "cythara or harp, the "tympanum," and the "chorus;" to Wales he gives also three—the "cythara," the "flute," and the "chorus." There is much dispute as to the meaning of the term "chorus" as used by Giraldus. In a spurious work of St. Jerome's it is explained as a bagpipe with a mouthpiece and chanter, somewhat like the Classical bagpipe, the "ascaulos" or "tibia utricularis;" there were no drones. It is clearly a wind instrument. The "chorus" is mentioned by Bower as one of the many instruments James I. could play, where it may mean the bagpipe. Ancient Ireland had many instruments of the harp kind, and they also used trumpets, but not for musical purposes. No mention is made of the bagpipes save once in a great MS. of 1150, where a semi-mythic fair—that of Carman—is described; and there in a list of the musical instruments used we meet with "papai" or pipes, but, as beside it comes "fidli" or fiddles, the value of the reference is not great—is nothing, in fact. Both words are Anglic borrowed words, and possibly the instruments had by that date reached Ireland. In a MS. illumination of 1390 a pig is said to be represented as intently playing on a bagpipe; but the next literary reference to the pipe belongs to the 18th century. The Irish bagpipe is of late introduction—undoubtedly after the English conquest (1172) considerably. So that we may feel assured that the bagpipe never came to us from Ireland, or that Irish pipes influenced the Highlands at all. The Highland Scots were famous harp players, even beating their masters, the Irish harpers, as Giraldus says. Major, the historian (1521), says the Highlanders were splendid musicians, in lyra dulcissime modulantur, and especially excellent harpists, but James I. could beat even them. He also mentions their musical instruments: Pro musicis instrumentis et musico concentu lyra Sylvestres utuntur, cujus chordas ex aere et non er animalium intestinis faciunt. "For musical instruments and for music the Highlanders employ the harp with strings of brass and not of catgut." There is no mention of the bagpipe. This is in 1521. But in 1582 George Buchanan also describes the Silvestras or Highlanders, and among other things their music. He says: "Instead of a trumpet they use a bagpipe. They are exceedingly fond of music, and employ harps of a peculiar kind, some with strings of brass, some with catgut, &c." The harp was the national, and indeed the only musical instrument until it was ousted by the fiddle and the bagpipe, both introduced at much the same time. The bagpipe was used for war-like purposes by the Highlanders; that is the meaning of Buchanan's expression that they used the bagpipe instead of a trumpet. In no other part of the kingdom was the bagpipe used for such a purpose.

THE BAGPIPE IN HISTORY.

Defined as "an air-tight wind-bag and one or more reed pipes, into which the air is pressed by the performer," the bagpipe is both ancient and of wide diffusion throughout Europe and Asia. Such an instrument was known to the Greeks and Romans; bas-reliefs, miniature figures, and other representations of it, belonging to the early centuries of our era, exist. At Tarsus a terra-cotta has been excavated whose date is about 200 B.C., and it represents a performer with a wind-chest firmly attached to him, the chest having vertical rows of reed pipes. It was rather among the rustic population that it was used in Classic times. Procopius (550 A.D.) asserts that the Roman infantry made use of the bagpipe for marching purposes; if so, it was in the later days of the Roman Empire. In mediæval Europe it was fairly popular, and representations of it are found in carvings, MSS., arms, and the like. Figures human, angelic, diabolic, and bestial, are represented as

playing on it. Churches especially have these carvings. A bagpipe player is represented in marble in the cathedral of Upsala, in Sweden. The famous artist of Germany, Albrecht Durer (circ. 1500 A.D.), has it two or three times in his work. In a wood-cut of the "Nativity," one of the shepherds is playing on a bagpipe; and on a grotesque he represents the devil—with Luther's head on—as performing on it. In an engraving of 1514 he introduces a bagpipe which much resembles the present-day Scottish instrument. In England it appears often in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, while thereafter, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, of course there is plenty mention of it. There are carvings of it in churches at Boston, Great Yarmouth and Hull; grotesque bagpipes are carved on the stalls of Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster and at Beverley, in Yorkshire. The arms of Winchester School (founded 1370) show an angel playing a bagpipe; and Logan asserts that in an old Dutch Missal in King's College, Aberdeen, one of the angels at the Nativity is represented as playing it. A silver-mounted crozier, presented in 1403 by the founder of Winchester School to New College, Oxford, has also, among other figures, that of an angel playing the bagpipe. Italian tradition has it that the shepherds played on the pipes "inter alia" at Christ's Nativity.

The English literary references to it do not begin till Chaucer (1380). The Miller of his "Canterbury Tales" played the pipes—

> "A baggepype wel cowde he blowe and sowne,
> And therwithal he broughte us out of towne."

This means that the company of thirty pilgrims marched from Southwark to the strains of the bagpipe—like any popular Highland wedding procession. Spencer, in 1579, in the "Shepherdes' Calendar," represents the one shepherd asking his melancholy neighbour—

> "Or is thy bagpype broke, that sounds so sweete?"

Shakespeare does not appear to have thought it by any means sweet; its effect was depressing, for he compares the lover's lute for melancholy with "the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe," a county which seems to have taken to the instrument, for Fuller mentions it in his "Worthies," and it is a fact that the bagpipe has been in use there till within this century. Indeed, Sir A. C. Mackenzie regards East Anglia as the cradle of the English and Scotch bagpipe. Shakespeare makes Shylock speak of it as abhorrent to some people, and in another place the poet mentions one of those strange fellows who "laugh like a parrot at a bagpiper." It was therefore a favourite rustic English instrument from the fourteenth till the seventeenth century. When before 1300 it was introduced into England it is at present hard to say. Contemporaneously also with England, it was popular in Germany.

Its introduction into Scotland is as difficult to trace as its introduction into England. Of course it came from England into Scotland. It is carved on Melrose Abbey, built in 1136; but the carving is of later date than the edifice, and argument thereon is useless. The King's pipers are mentioned in the Exchequer Rolls in 1362, when a payment of 40s. is made to them. It is usual to assert that pipers were present at the Battle of Bannockburn; Sir Walter Scott represents the men of the Isles as charging to the inspiring strains of the bagpipes. Barbour, however, who speaks of the war horns used then, does not mention it; nor does Major, who gives a list of the instruments used: "Tubarum, litnorum, cornnum et hujusmodi instrumentorum quae martem accendere solent fit ingeus et horrisonus in aere clamor"—a picture of Bannockburn that reminds of Pollybius' account of the Gauls entering into battle. Nor is it mentioned in the accounts of the Battle of Harlaw. It had, however, become popular by the time of King James the First among the Lowlanders. If that King is the author of "Peblis to the Play," he mentions it there:

> "The bagpype blew and they outhrew
> Out of the townis untald."

And also:

> "With that Will Swane came smeitand out,
> Ane meikle miller man,
> Gif I sall dance have done, lat se
> Blow up the bagpype than."

The fifteenth century saw the bagpipe become a national institution. The Scotch burghs supported out of the public funds a band of minstrels, and the piper was a leading personage therein. Edinburgh in 1487 had three public pipers, and the town Council then ordained that the pipers get their food day about from persons of substance, or else such persons must pay them each a money equivalent of threepence per piper. At Jedburgh the office of town's piper was hereditary till last century, livery and salary being provided from the public funds.

Notices of the bagpipes occur frequently in the sixteenth century. It was employed in the Church service in Edinburgh in 1536. John Knox tells us that the Queen Regent in 1556 led a procession in honour of St. Giles, accompanied by bagpipers and other musicians. James VI., on a Sunday of 1581, returned from church at Dalkeith with two pipers playing before him. But what the King did on Sunday, the poor pipers were not themselves allowed to do; and we find them strictly prosecuted for playing on Sunday towards the end of the century. In 1570, three pipers at St. Andrews

are admonished not to play on Sunday or at night. In 1591, 1593, 1595, and 1596, pipers from Water of Leith and thereabouts bound themselves straitly not to play on Sundays. We saw that Durer represented on a grotesque the devil as playing on a bagpipe. Popular belief in the seventeenth century regarded it as the devil's favourite instrument; and some witches burned in 1679 at Barrowstonness were accused, among other things, of nocturnal revelry, where they all danced and the devil acted as piper. The notion of Satan playing the pipes in the shape of a dog is older than Burns, for he performed in this shape at a dance in the Pentland Hills in those "witching" times. Its popularity did not wane in the early seventeenth century, for when James I. came to Scotland in 1617, and decorated his chapel at Holyrood with images and the like, one of his retinue tells us that the people were determined to clear every symbol of idolatry out as soon as His Majesty left, and he adds, jestingly, "that the organ itself would find mercy, because, as they say, their is an affinity between them and the bagpipes." The bagpipe was all along in the Lowlands a favourite instrument at wedding processions and parties, as an English traveller in 1679 observed.

We are now come to its introduction into the Highlands; for, once it came there, it found a Highland welcome. We saw that Buchanan was the first to mention it in connection with the Gaelic people, and he regarded it solely as their instrument for martial music: the harp still was holding its place as the domestic instrument. An unpublished poem of the Rev. Alex. Hume, minister of Logie, in 1598, contains this couplet—

"Caus michtelie the wearlie nottes breike
On Heiland pipes, Scottes and Hyberniche."

This seems to show that the Highland pipers had begun to improve on the Lowland variety, as we know they did before ever they put the third drone on. If we were to judge the point by the advance of any new religious or intellectual movement into the Highlands, we should maintain that the northward advance of the bagpipe must have been slow. The Puritan movement of the Lowlands in the seventeenth century scarcely touched the Highlands till the latter half of the eighteenth century, and it abides with us still, while its Lowland birthplace has gone in for "innovations," to say the least of it. The bagpipe was in full blast in the Lowlands from 1425, or thereabouts, till the Reformation. We cannot be far wrong in putting 1500 down as about the date of the introduction and spread of the bagpipes in the Highlands. We saw that Major mentions only the harp as the musical instrument of the Gael; if the bagpipe had a strong hold in this time we would surely notice it, if only to show that the Sylvestres were also Sylvatici or savages; but he praises highly their skill in music.

The Macphersons of Cluny possess a pipe chanter which they call "Feadan Dubh Chlann Chatain"—the "Black Chanter of Clan Chattan." The instrument mysteriously descended on the North Inch of Perth in 1396 at the great clan combat, and the victorious Macphersons took it up and made it their clan charm or amulet. Waiving the question as to the Macphersons ever being at the North Inch combat at all—I believe they were not—I am told the Feadan itself was a fraud of the first magnitude. A former servant of Cluny's for seven years, now in town, no mean piper himself, often tried the Black Chanter, but it would not play. The famous Cluny piper also tried it, with the like luck. The fact is that it must be a spoilt or mismade chanter—rejected by the pipers, but made the corner-stone or palladium of "Old Clan Chattan!" It is as bogus as the Douglas genealogy of Cluny or their claim to the chiefship of Clan Chattan. Will the Bratach Uaine stand a shaking, I wonder? The pibroch of Donul Du is claimed by the Macdonalds as having been played for Donald Balloch at Inverlochy in 1431. Poor Logan calls him Donul Dubh Balloch. Balloch mean "freckled," which rather contradicts the "dubh." Anyway, the family was fair—a descendant being called actually Sorley Buidhe. The words Donul Du apply to Lochiel alone, and the piproch is a general Lochaber one introducing Lochiel, Keppoch and Mackintosh in the mnemonic words attached to it, for the pibroch words are purely mnemonic. It was evidently composed in the seventeenth century. The history given for many pibrochs is very mythical, as, for instance, the one about Cillechriosd, the burning of which never took place at all. But there was a cruel raid of that name.

ORIGIN OF THE MACGREGORS.

THA mi 'faicinn gu'm bheil Mr. W. H. Gregg dol a thoirt dhuinn sgriobhadh air Cloinn Ghriogair a ruith na bliadhna so. Tha cuimhn' agam o chionn cunntas bhliadhnaichean fhaicinn ann am paipeir air choireigin gun do thaghail duin-uasal de Chloinn Ghriogair air a Phap Leo XIII., agus gun do dh-innis am Pap dha mu dheidhinn sgriobhadh a fhuaras ann a leabhar-lann a Bhatican a thug soilleirachadh air mar a thainig Cloinn-Ghriogair. Bha e air aithris gu robh Teachdaire o Phap Gregorius IV. aig cuirt Choinnich 'IcAilpein 'nuair a rugadh mac da. Sheas an teachdair mar oide agus ann an onair a Phap thugar Griogair mar ainm air a leanabh. 'S ann o 'n mhac so a thainig Cloinn Ghriogair; agus ma 's fior an eachdraidh 's dligheach dhaibh an suaicheantas "'S rioghail mo dhream."—Ur caraid,

Cape Breton, Canada. (Rev.) D. M. MACADAM.

LE PAPEGAULT ON PAPEGAI A CAUCALE.
(The Popinjay at Caucale.)*

From 1559 to 1770.

By JOSEPH MATHURIN, Prêtre.

Translated by RAY GALLIENNE ROBIN.

THE little town of Caucale in Brittany is remarkable not only for its oysters but for its beautiful situation, and for the magnificent panorama of sea and land which may be seen from the extreme point of its cliffs, the *Pointe du Grouin*. On a clear day the whole of the Côtes d' Emeraude from Cap Fréhel to Mont S. Michel, and the Normandy coast as far as Granville, may be distinctly seen; for Caucale and Granville stand on either arm of the bay which forms such a fine curve between the two provinces, while in the distance, Jersey, the Minquiers rocks, and the Chausey Islands, rest like pearly clouds upon the horizon. The glittering blue sea, the dark rocks, the green coast, relieved here and there by golden sands and small towns and villages, form a scheme of colour worthy of the brilliant South.

Caucale is divided into two parts, the upper town on the cliff and the lower, *La Houle*, the port from where the fishing boats sail and where lie the famous oyster beds. The road from S. Coulomb down the cliff to La Houle is extremely picturesque, for it commands the bay of Caucale as well as the town, and, when the harbour is alive with the fleet setting sail, the view is enchanting.

When considering the modern Caucale it appears an unlikely mise-en-scène for such festivals as the military game of the Papegault; nevertheless it had this distinction as being an "authentic city," and it was proud of its privileges. The following account of these games held at Caucale has been translated from the French of M. l' Abbé Mathurin, whose article appeared in the "Annales de la Société historique de l' arron dissement de S. Malo" in 1900; published at S. Servaw.

This mediæval touch may add still another attraction to Caucale, for though the games are now abolished, the scene of their enactment is still there in all its glowing beauty. . . . .

"Only the large towns of France were privileged to shoot the "papegault"; S. Malo was one which enjoyed the honour through an act of concession from Francis I., 17th March 1534, and S. Servaw was only admitted to take part in the game through relinquishing in 1755 its parish autonomy and becoming a suburb of S. Malo. The town of Caucale, on the contrary, was from 1559 allowed to set up and shoot the popinjay. This privilege was due to its being an authentic city, having received the official title from Francis I., 1545; from Henry IV., 1596 and 1598; from Louis XIII., in 1686, and Louis XIV., in 1644 and 1648, and not because it was merely a rural market town, though the popular error is still to call it the "country town of Caucale." The privilege was, in reality, granted as a royal acknowledgment of the oysters which Caucale furnished for the King's table from 1559, as well as a public testimony to the superiority of the Caucale mollusc.

"Be that as it may, the right to elevate the popinjay every year at whatever hour and day suited them, was granted by the nobles and citizens of the town and parish of Caucale by letters patent of King Henry II.—whom may God absolve—delivered in May 1559, and confirmed the same year by Francis II., his successor. These letters were confirmed the following year by Nicolas of Troyes, Seigneur of the Bois, Regnault and Treasurer of France, and were afterwards presented to the Parliament and States of Brittany (1560)."

Henry III. in 1585, Henry IV. on April 3rd 1596, Louis XIII. in 1641, and Louis XIV. in 1644, confirmed the rights of the Caucalais. The letters of Louis XIV. were registered by the Parliament of Brittany, sitting at Rennes, March 7th 1645, and on the 7th April of the same year by the Chamber of Accounts of Brittany. In 1669 the rights of the popinjay were presented to the Council of State by Etienne Cadiow, the Syndic Attorney for the inhabitants of Caucale. Finally, in July 1672, the same presentation and new letters of concession were granted by the Council of State.

It is well known that the popinjay was a wooden bird like a pigeon, which had to be broken either with bow and arrow, the cross-bow, or shot from the arquebus. Naturally, the Count of Plessix-Bertrand, Seigneur of Caucale, presided over the ceremonies, and it was his duty to name the "*garde-rolle*" that is the Secretary entrusted to make out and keep the list of Caucalais who were admitted to shoot.

The games took place on the 1st May at the part La Houle in the quarter called "*La Fenêtre.*" Here, against the ancient Chapel of S. Antoine, a covered stand was erected to shelter the notables from the inclemencies of the weather; and on this stand, grouped around the Seigneur, were the rector, the vicar and curates of the parish, the captain and lieutenant of the military coast-guard, the Seigneur of Hindray, the postmaster-general, the commander and midshipmen of the royal vessel anchored in the roadstead, the members of the general parish council, the treasurer in charge, and others. Before the stand, at about ten feet from the

barrier, which was kept and opened by the winner of the preceding year, stood a small sentry-box for the marksman, so arranged that the projectiles could not hit the spectators. Sixty feet further on, close to the sea-shore, stood a little pole, three and a-half feet high, surmounted by an iron plate pierced by a hole about six inches in diameter. It was through this hole that the wooden bird, which was fixed behind on an iron pillar, had to be hit, a feat very difficult to accomplish. Sometimes the ancient arquebus would not go off, but this accident was provided for in the rules. . . The man whose gun missed fire had to leave the barrier, and was replaced by the one who followed him in turn. As soon as his gun was again in working order, he re-entered the lists to take his turn at shooting; but if his gun missed fire three times following, he could not enter the barrier during the calling-out of the list.

In order to end the competition, the popinjay must be entirely destroyed, and very often the trial lasted for several days. The marksman who had the good fortune to fire the last shot and knock down the last piece was proclaimed "King of the Popinjay," and was solemnly conducted to the hall of Jurisdiction of the Seigneurie. Here a deed recording his victory was drawn up, and he was invested with the insignia of his royalty. This was a silver chain decorated with medals which had been fastened to it by his predecessor Kings of the Popinjay, and on which each had had his name engraved, with the distinguishing marks of his profession. Then the procession left the town hall to the sound of fifes and drums, the new King took his place between the Seigneur of Plessix-Bertrand, and the King of the preceding year, and was conducted to his own home, followed by the cheers of the crowd.

He was permitted to wear the title and insignia of his ephemeral royalty for one year, and when the next competition took place he had the right "to open and shut the barrier, and at each trial to fire the first and last shots. He also was allowed to shoot at the popinjay after ten dozen shots had been fired and missed." In the absence of the King of the Popinjay, he was replaced by the King of the preceding year, who had an equal right to open and shut the barrier, and to shoot in the manner already described.

But these were merely honorary privileges. There were others less pompous and more advantageous. The King of the Popinjay "was exempt during the said year in which he had broken the said papigault from all taxation and ."

During the year of his royalty he had the right to sell, or cause to be sold, without paying any duty, a certain number of casks of Anjou or Gascogny wine. In the letters which granted the popinjay to the town of Caucale, Henri II. made a "gift of the immunity from taxation of twenty casks of wine to whoever should break the papiegault at Caucale.—May 1559."

All the inhabitants of Caucale might not lay claim to the honour of shooting at the popinjay. Only the nobles and 'gentry' figured on the lists drawn up by the Seigneur du Plessix-Bertrand. Besides these, all the notables named above, the past Kings and the stewards had the right to shoot at the popinjay without being enrolled upon the list.

* * * *

The Charity Committee which we see in 1699 collecting the fines of the papegault must have been the last to benefit by these privileges. In 1770 the game of the papegault was abolished at Caucale, and it was decided that the equivalent of the receipts which these immunities procured the conqueror should be deposited with the Charity Committee. The poor gained by this, and critics were silenced; at the same time we may be allowed to regret the disappearance of these ancient customs, whose picturesque pomp cast a joyous glamour over the hard lives of our ancestors."

* The article has been somewhat abridged.

Translation.

THA 'N GEAMHRADH GRUAMACH UAINN AIR FALBH.

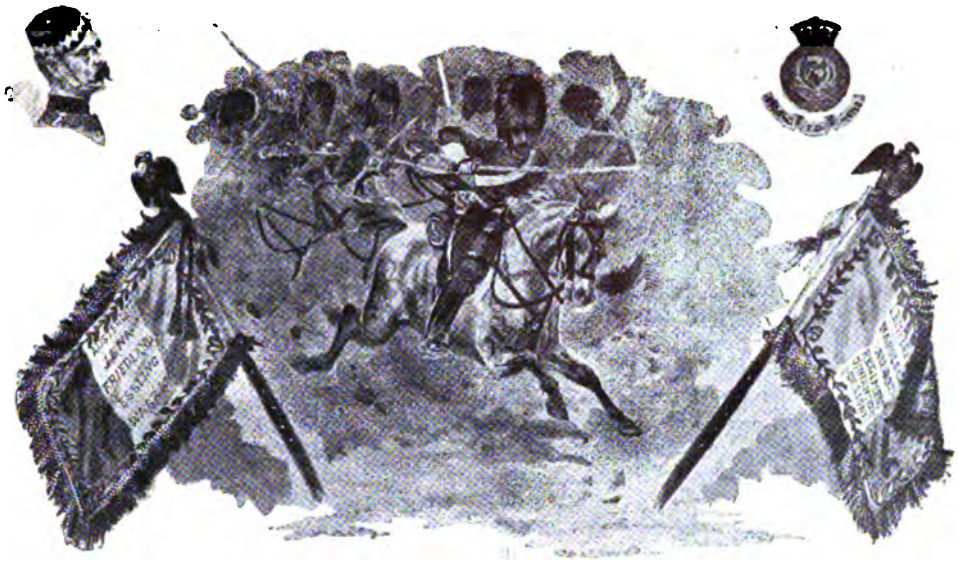
(GLOOMY WINTER'S NOO AWA'.)

THA 'n Geamhradh gruamach uainn air falbh
Gaoth an Iar gu ciatach blàth,
Am measg nam bruachan uain tàmh,
  Tha' n smeòrach 'seinn gu h-éibhinn ard.
'S milis cùbhraidh leam gach flùr,
Tha fàs 'san doire dhealtach, dhlùth,
Mar t-aogas féin a mhaighdinn chiùin
  Gur tu mo rùn mo ghruagach òg.

Gluais mo chailin 's biomaid 'triall,
Do'n bhruthach dhuilleach 's dealrach grian,
'Nar laidhe éibhinn anns na glinn
  Caithidh sinn gun sgìos gu bràth
'G eiridh suas 's na neòil gu h-àrd,
Tha 'n riabhag mhaidne seinn do ghnàth;
Blàth an t-seilich anns na blàir,
  Mar chanach bàn nam fuaranaibh.

Ma'n cuairt do 'n t-sithein fàs gu dlùth
A còmhdach chreag tha 'n raineach ùr;
Tha 'n t-alltan falbh fo'n bhruaich gu ciùin
  'S gach ni gu sunndach uallach ann;
Ach feudaidh coille fàs do ghnàth
'S na h-eòin bhi seinn, 's am feur a' fàs;
Ach aoibhneas cha 'n fhaigh mi gu bràth,
  Mar bi thu féin do'm réir a ghràidh.

"TEACHDAIRE GAIDHEALACH."



Charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo, and French "Eagle" captured by Sergeant Ewart.

The Atonement of Maisie Maclean.

By ALICE C. MACDONELL of Keppoch.

CHAPTER V.

"Alas, alas, ehew!
That the heart is only true
To gather, where false feet pass
The thorn and rue!"
Ronald Campbell Macfie.

ONE evening Maisie informed her husband she was going over to the North Camp to see Meg. Did he care to come?

"I fear I can't. I am on duty this evening, but if you go over early, I know Will can see you home, as I can't."

"Very well," answered Maisie, setting out on the road leading towards the North Camp. She had not gone very far when she heard a quick step behind her, and a cheery voice calling her name.

"Mrs. Adair! Why, what an age it is since I have seen you."

"Good evening, sir," said Maisie, trying to pass on, but the Major, for it was Major Fitzbrayon, kept step with her, talking agreeably the whole time.

"Do you know, I have been longing to have a chat with you for ever so long, and now you look as if you wanted to run away from me. What have I done to offend you?"

"Oh! nothing, sir, nothing," answered Maisie, a blush overspreading her face. After all, what possible harm would there be in speaking a few words like these?

"I see what it is, your husband has been telling you what a bad boy I am. Oh! yes, I can see it in your face. I would perhaps do the same if I had such a charming wife—say nasty things about every other man who admired her."

"Indeed," cried Maisie, inadvertently, "I don't suppose he cares as much as all that."

"Not care for *you*! Oh! that is impossible, I'm sure he's awfully jealous. And, of course, it is very nice and proper of you to give in to him," he said, mockingly. "He's an awfully good fellow, I'm sure, but don't you feel it a little dull here sometimes? You don't often run up to London to the theatre, I suppose?"

"No, we can't afford it," said Maisie, "and I *do* love a theatre so much."

"It really is a shame to shut you up to a life of this kind, but where are you off to now?"

"To see my sister. She is married to one of the Gordon Highlanders."

"Indeed! Was she the pretty blue-eyed girl who was with you the night of the ball?"

"Yes, sir, that was Meg. But please, don't walk with me any further. My husband would be *so* angry if he knew."

"You silly little bird, if men will keep women shut up like caged animals, they must learn to suffer, that's all. But really, little one, I'm a very lonely sort of chap, although I know heaps

of women, I never met one who had the least influence over me for good till I met you. Now promise me if I do happen to see you that you will not refuse a little chat with me now and again. Your husband need not know for the present until he gets into a more reasonable frame of mind—you will, won't you?" said the Major, holding her hand in his, and looking at her with intense admiration.

Frightened, yet bewildered and pleased that a great man of the world should set such store by her, placing her above all the ladies of his acquaintance, Maisie gave a rash promise, then fled through the shadows, across the Queen's Parade towards the Marlborough Lines, her heart in a wild flutter of excitement. Here was a real adventure, and Maisie dearly loved one. It was ridiculous of Pat to treat her like a naughty child, just as if she had no sense to guide herself.

"Whatever is the matter, Maisie? You look as if you had been running. Have you had a fright?" asked Maggie, as she entered.

"No, certainly not; I felt cold and set off running to warm myself."

"You must have felt it lonesome coming by yourself! It was a pity you hadn't someone to keep you company."

Maisie darted a quick glance at her sister, a guilty look coming into her eyes. Could she possibly have seen her? No, another glance re-assured her.

"I'm not afraid of walking alone, Meg. Pat couldn't get off duty or he would have been glad to come, but he sent you his love. I think it a pity Will was in the way, he seems to set such store by you."

"Maisie! how can you speak like that, even in jest? Patrick Adair is a man anyone might be pleased and proud not only to win, but to keep."

"Never mind, Maggie, I always like to tease, you know. Pat and I are more matter of fact than you two."

"Pat matter of fact! Oh no, I never would think him matter of fact," said Maggie.

"Well, I do anyhow," replied her sister. "Hulloa! here comes Will, kilt, sporran, and all. Well, you do look handsome, I must say," she cried, jumping up to salute him.

"Thanks, my little lady, that's as much as to say I don't look nice other nights," laughed the soldier good naturedly, as he seated himself on the edge of his wife's chair, with one arm thrown round her."

"Not tired of that sort of thing yet, Will?" asked his sister-in-law, looking at him under half closed eyelids, as she gently pulled the cat's tail.

"No, my girl, and never will be so long as I have my sweet little wife beside me," replied Will. "You do not look very well to-night, Maisie. Nothing wrong with Pat, I hope?"

"No, no, he is all right, thank you. I was just telling Meg he couldn't get off to-night or he would have come with me."

"Aye, I'm sorry too, I always like a chat with Pat, but you mustn't let him work too hard, Maisie. He looks worried lately."

"Oh! I don't see that he does, he always seems very well and jolly," answered Maisie.

The Highland soldier darted a quick glance at her, but said nothing, turning the conversation to general topics, until the time came for his sister-in-law to go home, when he, and Maggie, accompanied her to the gate of the West Cavalry Barracks.

After that night, Maisie met Major Fitzbrayon frequently, but concealed the fact from her husband's knowledge. Finding his influence growing stronger upon her each day, she had neither the courage to avoid him nor to seek her husband's protection, letting things slide from day to day. Maisie's mother had been ailing, and Adair advised her to go up and stay with her for a little time to cheer her up, a permission she gladly availed herself of. In one of her conversations with Major Fitzbrayon she mentioned the fact.

"How funny! I shall be in London about that time. Now, what is to prevent you're coming with me to the opera one night. You've never seen one, and you really ought to—tell the old lady you are going with a lady friend. That will avoid troublesome questions—and really, what harm is there in a little mild deception like this?"

"If I only dared!" whispered Maisie. "It would be too delightful."

"Let me see, this is Saturday, you are coming up to-morrow, shall we say Tuesday?" enquired the Major, as if the whole matter was settled. "I can meet you at Chapham Junction, and bring you to the opera without a soul being any the wiser; just a bit of a lark, you know," he exclaimed artfully.

After some persuasion the girl at last consented.

It was with no suspicion of treachery Adair walked down to the station to see her off, reproaching himself for the almost buoyant step with which he returned to his quarters alone. Drawing a comfortable arm-chair close up to the fire, he lit a cigar, and taking down his favourite book off the shelves, "The three sorrows of story telling," was soon deep in "Deirdrê and the Sons of Usnach," whilst his wife sped on her way to London, followed in the next train by Major Fitzbrayon.

Chapter VI.

"Then alas! while you lie there a season,
And sob between living and dying,
And give up the land you were trying
To find 'mid your hopes and your fears;
——O the world shall come and pass o'er you,
Strong men shall not stay to care for you,
Nor wonder indeed for what reason
Your way should seem harder than theirs."

The Fountain of Tears.

The weeks sped swiftly by and Adair felt more like his old self than he had done since he married. A letter had come from his wife asking if he could spare her for another week, which he gladly granted.

In the meantime, how fared it with Maisie? From the opera she had gone to the theatre with the Major, and he, once having gained her over so far, found it an easy matter to plan little expeditions here and there. Mrs. MacLean's suspicions having been allayed with a plausible tale of a lady who had taken a fancy to Maisie in Aldershot, and being in town alone, wished her to accompany her to different places of amusement, which she did not like to refuse. The whirl of gaiety and excitement, so different to her usual quiet life, turned Maisie's head, until all scruples being silenced she could no longer distinguish between right and wrong. Dazzling and tempting were the visions spread out as a net before her, and her friend (?) spared no pains to contrast her present life with the future.

The 4th Hussars were ordered off to India in another month—he would let her go back at the end of the week, and feel the dulness of her life in comparison to this. When Maisie returned home her husband met her at the station, fully determined by the warmth of his welcome to make up for his feelings during her absence. But she returned his greeting coldly, complaining of fatigue, and the soldier felt all his good resolutions to try and infuse more warmth into their changed relations towards each other, suddenly damped.

The days followed each other wearily, in startling contrast to Maisie's recent experiences. Major Fitzbrayon was still away on leave, and she felt her life dull and uninteresting without him. One day as she strolled towards the North Camp, she came upon the object of her thoughts quite unexpectedly.

"How I have missed you, Bella Mia! and may I hope that you have missed me just a little bit?" asked Major Fitzbrayon, holding out his hand.

"Yes, I have missed you. Oh! how much," and Maisie placed her hand in his. Then they both turned down a wooded road, in earnest conversation. One of the Scots Greys coming along just then at the gallop, making imaginary cuts at an invisible foe with his drawn sword, reigned in his horse till he threw it on its haunches, at the sight that met his eyes. Maisie turning round saw Lord Deardon, and coloured up to the eyes. Whilst he, with a heavy frown on his brow, galloped on. What should he do? Would he warn Adair? No, he knew his fiery temper too well, and that he was capable of anything when he was roused. Then the rumours he had heard were true, and as usual, the person most concerned would be the last to hear of it. Adair was his friend. Thinking deeply as he rubbed down his horse, his mind was made up. Obtaining leave, he walked off in the direction he had last seen Mrs. Adair, feeling decidedly uncomfortable, yet determined to help his friend if possible. Fortune favoured him so far. Coming towards him he perceived the very lady he sought. "Good evening, Mrs. Adair. What a lovely time for a walk," began the dragoon, tamely.

"Yes," replied Maisie, feeling as uncomfortable as the soldier himself. "I just happened to meet Major Fitzbrayon a little ago. He was kind enough to speak a few words with me."

"Well, I know you will forgive me as we are old friends now, but if I might advise, do not encourage his speaking to you. He is a man few of his own class care to be introduced to, and, for any woman of a class beneath him being seen about with him, is enough to cast doubts on her reputation. Forgive my speaking thus plainly, I feel sure you merely look upon him as a kindly spoken gentleman. I wish to warn you in time."

Maisie struggled with her angry feelings for a moment, then answered quietly: "Thank you, Lord Deardon, I did think as you say, but as my husband already forbade me to speak to him, which I must say I put down to jealousy, please do not mention what you have seen to him."

"On one condition I promise gladly, and that is, that it will not occur again, altho' I cannot answer for the tongues of others. Would it not be better to explain matters to the Sergeant himself rather than let idle tongues put a false colour on your actions?" said Deardon, rather coldly.

"No, no, I cannot," cried Maisie. "Lord Deardon, you are a gentleman, and will understand that I did feel a little flattered at having an officer's attentions—that is all, it is over and done with now."

"I do believe you, Maisie," said Deardon, warmly, "and, thank goodness, the 4th Hussars won't be here much longer to trouble any of us. A little bit of harmless vanity and no great harm done. Good night, Maisie, and thanks," and the young dragoon stepped out

jauntily, having, as he supposed, achieved his object.

"No great harm done," repeated the girl slowly, as she found herself alone. "If he only knew. It is too late now, I cannot draw back, and he has promised me everything—jewels, gaiety, love, all that goes to brighten life, and that I have longed for so often. Ah! well, *he* says other women have done as I have, and been happy always, even having their pictures painted by great artists and hung up in grand drawing rooms to-day—Lady Hamilton, Nell Gwynne, and a host of others—why not I? Adair hates me I know, so why should I care?"

Outwardly she went about her duties much the same as usual, until the day came for the departure of the 4th Hussars. And such is the irony of fate, it was the band of the Scots Greys that played them out. Crowds stood on the platform, watching the soldiers entrain for foreign service. As Major Fitzbrayon passed Maisie, seeming not to notice her and lightly flicking his gloved hand with his handkerchief, he let drop a slip of paper, which Maisie picked up unobserved; on it was written a single word —"Remember." The band struck up "Auld Lang Syne," the troopers leaning out of the windows, waving their caps and singing lustily in the chorus.

Shortly after their departure, Maisie went up to London for a day's shopping. The Greys had been for a long march that day, and, after, Adair had been kept pretty hard at work. It was near seven o'clock when he went to his quarters expecting to see his wife before him, as she was to have been home by five. Whistling carelessly as he ascended the stairs leading to his quarters, he ran into the room only to find it tenantless. "Coming by a later train, I suppose," he muttered; then his eye alighted on a letter lying on the table in his wife's handwriting. "More leave of absence, I presume," proceeding to open the envelope leisurely. As he glanced hurriedly at the contents, an exclamation of horror burst from his lips. Mastering the words which informed him that his wife had left him for ever, with one who truly loved her and whom she loved. Then came the excuses to palliate her conduct. How she had long since discovered that he had ceased to care for her, and that as their tastes and characters were so utterly unsuited, it was useless to live out together a life to which they were both unfitted, and that they would be happier apart; with much more in the same strain.

Although she had said truly, all love for her had ceased, still the horror, the degradation of her act, stung the proud soldier to the quick, mingled with pity for the suffering she was laying up in store for herself. Burying his face in his hands, the strong man wept dry, tearless sobs of shame and agony for his ruined life; for him there was no panacea, until death released one or both, divorce was useless, a heathenish device in which he would have neither act nor part. The whole of the night he spent walking up and down his narrow room. With the morning, he sought and obtained an interview with his kind-hearted colonel, and to him he told his wretched story. As soon as was practicable with the rules of the service, he obtained an exchange for Adair into a regiment then serving at the Cape, which he entered under his own name, Conn O'Neill.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NAME LONDON.

SIR,—I am sorry to trouble you again; but Mr. Murray Campbell, I am afraid, has not yet settled the origin of the name London. Few readers of the *Celtic Monthly* could have needed to be told that Britain was first invaded by a Gadelic branch of the Celts, and afterwards by a Brythonic branch. But the latter had certainly settled in South Britain before Julius Cæsar, and long before Tacitus, the first man who mentions London. It is pure assertion, impossible to prove, and based on little likelihood, that the Gaels named London.

Very wild assertions have been made as to the existence of numerous Celtic place-names in England. As a matter of fact, true Celtic place-names of any type are rare. I have made a special examination of the names of Cheshire, always in closest contact with Celtic Wales, and one of the districts specially claimed as having contained a considerable Gadelic element. Less than 7 per cent. of the names of Cheshire are Celtic, and there is only one name in the whole shire with any decent claim to be called Gadelic. I doubt if Mr. Murray Campbell could point out a dozen place-names in all England, which good Celtic scholars would pronounce to be indubitably Gadelic.

The printer was very unkind to my last letter. May I therefore point out that it is the Gaelic *ton*, a marsh, which I do not think can enter into London or Lundon; and that Guest's derivation is, the Welsh, *llyn din*, "a pool with the fort."—Very truly yours,

JAMES B. JOHNSTON.

CLAN LINDSAY SOCIETY.—This Society has just published Part 4 of the Clan Lindsay publications, edited by Dr. John Lindsay, Glasgow. This interesting volume contains an attractive illustrated variety of information valuable to a clansman, among the leading contributions being "The Lairds of Covington," by the Editor; "The Barony and Castle of Crawford," by Allan Lindsay, Jr., Bearsden; an account of the Clan Gathering at Crawford, September, 1905 (which we had the pleasure of attending), and the other gatherings at Edzell and Kinross. The little volume extends to 100 pages, and should be in the possession of every "Gay Lindsay."

BAILIE WILLIAM MACLAY.

The Celtic Monthly:

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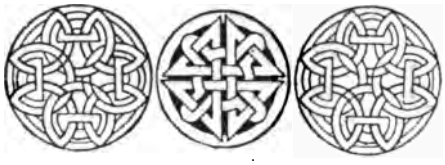


BAILIE WILLIAM MACLAY, GLASGOW.

THERE are few members of the Town Council of Glasgow who are better known or more highly respected than Bailie WILLIAM MACLAY, whose portrait we have pleasure in giving this month. His voice is seldom heard in the excited discussions which are of such frequent occurrence in the Council Chamber—he prefers to be a "worker," and devotes himself with energy and practical knowledge to the performance of the various duties which constantly occupy his attention. The public have a keen appreciation of the exact difference between a "talker" and a "worker," and it is this fact which has earned for Bailie Maclay the great popularity which he enjoys among his fellow-citizens, and the influence which he wields in the Councils of the City.

He was born over sixty years ago at Ballakinrain, in the beautiful valley of the Blane, near Killearn, Stirlingshire, and commenced his career in a branch of the ill-fated Western Bank. He was afterwards employed for a time in a merchant's office, and then commenced business on his own account as a Corn Merchant. The firm has grown to be one of the largest in the grain trade in Scotland, with a branch office in Leith, and agents in all parts of the kingdom. This great success has not been achieved without personal application to all the details of his large business, and a high ideal of integrity governing all his affairs. He occupies a foremost position in the trade, and has filled the presidential chair of the Corn Trade Benevolent Association, and is presently Vice-President of the Glasgow Corn Trade Association, while the Bakers have elected him Deacon of their ancient Incorporation, the oldest and wealthiest in the City. These honours bear testimony to the high esteem in which he is held among his fellow-merchants.

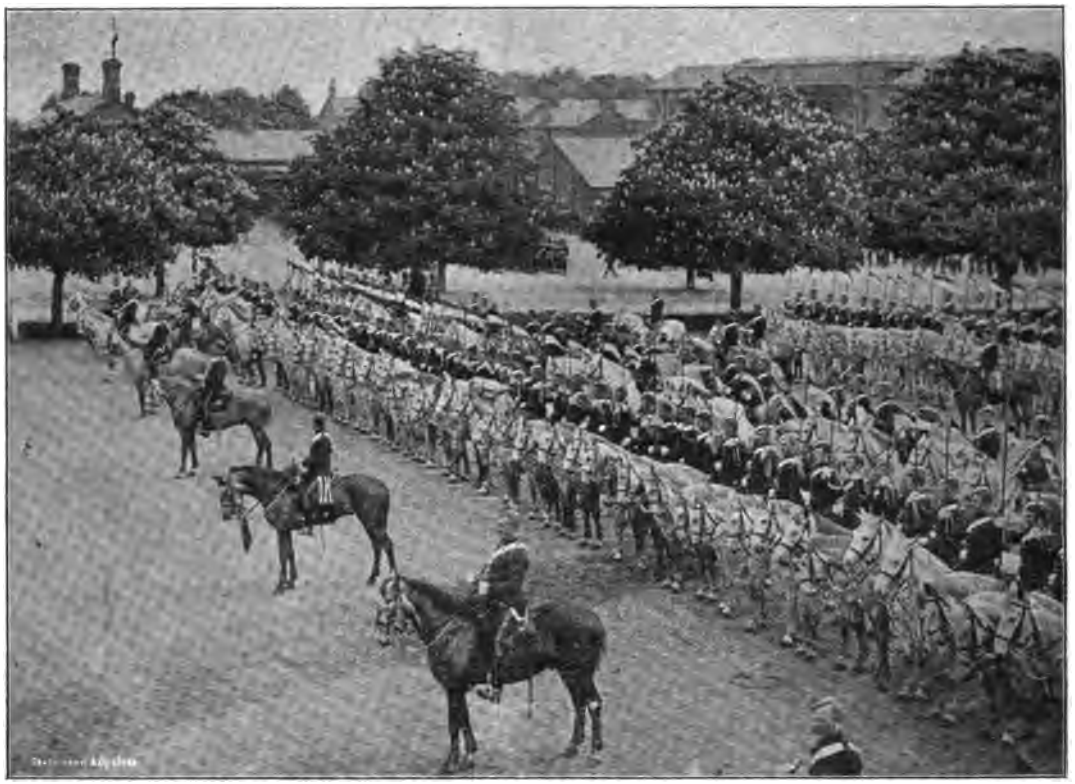
For many years he has taken an active part in public affairs. He was chairman of the local Improvement Committee of the Mount Florida and Langside district, and when County Councils were instituted, he was appointed to represent Mount Florida on the Renfrew County Council, becoming eventually chairman of the Upper District Committee. In 1891, when annexation with Glasgow took place, Bailie Maclay was elected to be one of the representatives for the Langside Ward, serving also as a Magistrate. As Convener of the Electricity Committee in connection with the Town Council, he has devoted himself with untiring energy to the development of this important branch of City business, and has taken a leading part in many important deputations. His practical knowledge of electrical science has proved of great service to him in the performance of his duties.

He has also been deeply interested in educational matters, having served as a member of the Cathcart Parish School Board for eighteen years, during nine of which he acted as chairman. He served for fourteen years as a member of the Cathcart Parochial Board, six of which as chairman.

The Bailie leads too active and strenuous a life to enjoy the necessary leisure for the cultivation of many hobbies, but one, from which he derives much enjoyment, is the study of geology, and in this connection he was a vice-president of the Geological Society of Glasgow, and a Fellow of the Geological Society of London.

Naturally, the subject of our sketch is greatly interested in Highland matters, and claims descent from the Macleays or Livingstones, who followed the banner of the Stewarts of Appin, and suffered so severely on Drumossie Field. Everything relating to the history and traditions of his clan is of the greatest interest to him.

EDITOR.



The Scots Greys.

The Atonement of Maisie Maclean.

By ALICE C. MACDONELL of Keppoch.

CHAPTER VII.

"Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part."
Thomson.

FROM the deepest violet to the tenderest shades of pink the magnificent chain of the Cruach Mountains lay bathed in the glorious light of the afterglow. The great rolling waves of the restless sea, shimmering golden, opal, and red, as they dashed up against the heather-clad rocks bounding the shores of the west coast of the Highlands of Scotland.

Two young ladies strolling arm-in-arm over the moor above, watched the glorious close of the August day in silent admiration. The one with her golden brown hair lit up with the dying rays of the sun, and her large brown eyes fixed beyond the white sea line, was lost in dreamland. Her companion, a petite sparkling girl, with irregular features and a roguish expression of countenance, had her thoughts bound on more mundane affairs.

"Aren't you just dying to see this new man they've got up at Dunskaith Castle, Fiorna, for the shooting? Imagine being presented to a V.C. and a hero, in the actual flesh!"

"Yes, Flora," answered her companion, she of the golden brown hair. "I *do* long to see him. It seems only yesterday that we were reading about his daring acts of heroism at the Cape, and to think he should actually be here now!" Then she added, after a pause, "I think I could almost worship a man as brave as that—one who risked his own life to save a trooper, fighting his way back, pursued by the enemy, after his horse had been shot under him, supporting his comrade, altho' he himself was wounded."

"Now, *you* are not to fall in love with him," cried the vivacious Flora. "*I* have made up my mind to that!"

"You needn't trouble, Florrie. We must both be content to worship him at a respectable distance. Mrs. Cameron told me he was

reported to be a regular woman hater," laughed Fiorna, lightly.

"Oh! the wretch!" cried Flora. "We'll do our best to make him alter his cynical views up here, among Scotland's bonnie lassies; we'll soon shake him up out of his humours. Who could be cynical in a scene like this?"

"We don't know, Flora, he may have had some great disappointment in his life. If so, I'm sure your efforts will be wasted."

The two cousins, for such they were, strolled leisurely along towards a pretty old fashioned house covered with creepers, and half hidden among the trees, facing a small bay. Fiorna MacLeod was the only daughter of a distinguished officer, Colonel MacLeod, whom she had the misfortune to lose three years previously. Being an orphan and alone in the world, she had come to reside with her cousins, who possessed a small property in the Highlands, the Drummonds of Innisfrane. The two girls were more like sisters than cousins in affection.

There was to be a large garden party at Dunskaith the next day, just four days before the county balls, and the two cousins, who led rather a retired life during the rest of the year, owing to Mrs. Drummond's delicate health, looked forward with eagerness to the coming gaieties. They were going with Mrs. Cameron, and the hero of the late war, in whom they evinced such eager curiosity, was also to be of the party, being no other than Conn, now Captain O'Neill. After he had come back from the Cape, commissioned and covered with glory, his father died suddenly, leaving no will, so that the whole of his wealth had gone to his son. Riches, fame, adulation from the fair sex, were his now, yet of what use was it all to him? It could not bring him happiness, for that dark page in his life still remained unclosed. Sometimes he hoped his unfortunate wife was dead, but, although he tried to trace her movements, he failed to find out anything more than that she had parted from her lover after a few years, and was supposed to have gone on the stage. "Would she ever cross his path again?" he often thought; "heaven grant not."

Amid brilliant sunshine, the band and pipers of the 93rd Highlanders discoursed sweet music on the lawn in front of Dunskaith Castle. All the county was present. The pretty, light dresses of the ladies, flitting in and out among the flowers and the shrubs, accompanied by stalwart cavaliers arrayed in the garb of the Gael, or the more prosaic costume of the Englishman, added variety and colour to the scene.

Flora Drummond and her cousin were enchanted, assisting Mrs. Cameron, their hostess, in the entertainment of her guests.

"I do wish I could find Captain O'Neill," said Mrs. Cameron. "I am so anxious to introduce him to you young ladies. I can't think what has become of him. I suppose both he and Ian have hidden themselves away in the smoking room. Oh! here he is at last," she exclaimed, as Conn O'Neill and her son, Ian Cameron, came strolling towards them. A strange feeling took possession of Fiorna. Where had she seen that face before, it seemed to be *so* familiar? As to Captain O'Neill, there was no hesitation on his part, as he found himself face to face with the fair unknown who had impressed him so much at the Aldershot review.

If only—if only again—a great wave of regret swept over him as he bowed low in acknowledgment of Mrs. Cameron's introduction. Ian at once took possession of Flora, leaving Captain O'Neill and Fiorna to wander through the grounds by themselves, finding out as their acquaintance progressed, the similarity of taste and pursuit that existed between them. Fiorna MacLeod was a true renaissance Celt, delighting in the old legends and traditions of her country.

"So, you have never visited Scotland before, Captain O'Neill?" remarked Fiorna, in allusion to their previous remarks. "Now you are here, you should not fail to see Loch Etive, the home of Deirdrê and the Sons of Uisneach."

"That I certainly shall not fail in," answered O'Neill. "Mrs. Cameron tells me it is only fourteen miles from here. Could we not get up a pic-nic there some day?"

"The very thing," said Fiorna. "I know Mrs. Cameron loves pic-nics, and would be sure to fall in with the idea."

"Then we *must* have it," answered the Captain, giving himself up to the charm of his new acquaintance.

That night he walked up and down the terrace of the Castle, smoking, up to a late hour, watching the moon casting her peaceful rays over the wide expanse of sea, listening to the low sob of the ebb and flow, heard in the night tides, whilst far away, out on the moorland, came the lone cry of the curlew, or down by the low lying rocky islands, the scream of a solitary and belated sea-mew. A storm of rebellious thought rose up within him against his fate. If only he could blot out that black page of his life! How sweet she had looked, and how interesting, as her dark eyes lit up with enthusiasm or saddened in tenderness, according to her favourite themes. Just the one prize in the whole world worth winning, and he must stand aside with folded arms, and perhaps see another man win it. No; he felt

that sooner than that he would kill his rival, whoever he might be. Surely *she* was dead, or he would have heard of her. No, let the dead past go: he would think no more of it. There was only friendship to offer any woman now, but even to be on friendly terms was something. His brother-in-law he had never seen since he had left the 'Greys,' for he, respecting his sorrow, knew that any remembrance of the past would only be a source of pain, and had kept silence, neither writing nor seeking him in any way.

Lieut. Cameron, who was in the 79th Highlanders, and a great favourite with the Drummonds, often walked over with Captain O'Neill to Innisfrane, or sailed in a small vessel to take the two girls out for deep sea fishing, so the days sped swiftly past.

The pic-nic was arranged to take place, and at the instigation of some of the more adventurous spirits, it was to be by moonlight, some preferring to go by boat, others to drive. The services of Donald the Piper were, as a matter of course, requisitioned, as they had made up their minds to have at least one good reel on the grass. Two nights before, Captain O'Neill was startled on receiving a letter, deeply edged with black, and in a strange, foreign-looking hand. Some instinct told him that this letter held the clue to his past trouble, so, slipping it into his pocket, he set out for a solitary ramble over the hills, between lunch and dinner. Half-way up the hill he sat down on the heather, by the side of a tumbling mountain waterfall.

Opening his letter, he saw that it was dated from some obscure place in Switzerland.

"Very much honour Sir," it began, "I, Carlo Passero, proprietor of the Lion d'Or, have in my house one English lady ver sick of the cholera. She came here since fifteen days. She wish me write this letter for her. She dying—she say she your wife, Maisie, and she very sorry for all, and beg your pardon, hopes you be happy one day.

P.S.—Pauvre Madame! She dead! Must go to 'La Morgue' to-night. To-morrow I bury. Please send little money."

Somewhere, far up in the blue, a skylark trilled, and trilled, until nothing was seen but a small speck far above the earth. The blue pigeons circled round and round over the waterfall, and far below rose the blue peat smoke from cottage chimneys. In and out among the sweet heather bells wild bees hummed their honey songs. The beauty of valley and mountain lying in the drowsy haze of the summer day. O'Neill was conscious of all these things afterwards. Then a mingled feeling of joy and sorrow filled his heart, sorrow for the poor creature who had shared his home and his affection once, with an immense feeling of relief that at last he could tread this earth a free man. "God rest her soul," murmured the kind-hearted soldier. "I shall send off a cheque this very day, and give directions for a suitable tombstone to be erected to her memory. Alas! poor Maisie."

Long after the inhabitants of Dunskaith were asleep on their pillows, Conn O'Neill wandered alone by the seashore, his heart big with thoughts of pleasure and pain. Free! free! Had it come too late to bring him happiness at last? No, something told him Fiorna was not quite indifferent to him. As for that other, she must never know, never hear of her, his little spray of white heather must not be touched by the bitter blasts of pain.

(To be continued.)

TRANSLATION.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

[By Thomas Moore.]

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under:
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

AN GILLE-CLARSAIR.

[Eadar-theangaichte le Fionn.]

Chaidh 'n Gille-clàrsar dh' ionnsaidh bhlàir,
'S gu dàn do theas na tuasaid;
Tha claidheamh athar aig' 'na làimh,
'S a chlàrsach thar a ghualainn.
"A thìr nam Bàrd!" 's e thuirt an sàr,
"Ged 'bhrathas càch 's an uair thu,
Aon lann bidh dìleas dhuit gu bràth,
'S aon chlàrsach bidh a' luaidh ort!"

Ged 'thuit an Clàrsair, 'chaoidh do nàmh
A spiorad àrd cha ghéilleadh:
A chlàrsach dh' fhàg e balbh gu bràth
Oir gheàrr e aisd' na teudan,
Ag ràdh, "Cha deanar ortsa tàir,
O, anaim gràidh is saorsa!
'S ann measg nan treun bha ceòl do theud,
'S có ghleusadh thu an daorsa!"

MU IAIN CIAR.

DE na h-uile naigheachd bhòidheach a b' àbhaist do 'm shean-mhàthair innseadh dhuinn an uair a bha sinn 'n ar cloinn,—agus b' iomadh té ghrinn a bh' aice,—cha robh a h-aon air an robh sinn cho toigheach ri naigheachd Iain Chiair. Bha i airidh, 'nar beachd-ne, ri bhi air a cur taobh ri taobh le eachdraidhean a' Bhiobuill.

'S math tha cuimhn' agam fathast air a' cheud uair a chuala sinn i. B' ann air feasgar deireadh foghair a bha e. Bhris an latha gu dubhach, gruamach; agus an déigh meadhon-là, an uair a bha 'n làn a' tighinn a stigh, dh'éirich a' ghaoth; dh' fhàs an loch dubh; thàinig na neòil dhorcha 'nan sgaoithean thar na Morbhairne, an còmhail baidealan a bha snàmh os ceann na Beinne Brice, na frasan garbh a' sguabadh a nuas 'nan lùib. Choinnich na neòil dìreach os ceann an t-srath, agus mur ann an sin a bha 'n sadadh 's an sracadh; mur ann an sin a bha 'n toirm 's an tein-adhair! Mac-talla nam beann mar gu'm b'eadh 'gam brosnuchadh, agus na tuiltean ruadha tearnadh 'nan steallan a dh' ionnsuidh nan tonn a bha beucaich a nìos, 's a' briseadh 'nan caoir air a' chladach. B'e sud an rud a thogadh fonn cho math ri "crònan na Linne Muilich."

Ach mo thruaigh a' choille bha cho àillidh gus a nis! Bha 'm beithe 's an t-uinnsean air dhath an òir; bha 'n caorann mar lasair am measg a' challtuinn bràigh a' ghlinne; ach cha bhiodh duilleag air a fàgail air géig dhiubh; cha bhiodh againn fad a' gheamhraidh tuilleadh ach an giubhas ruadh staideil, 'na chleòca tiugh gorm-uaine. Mo thruaighe, cuideachd, na caoirich bhochda! Cha bhiodh creag air an t-sliabh a bheireadh fasgadh dhaibh o leithid sin de dhìlinn! Air son a' chruidh, ge stòlda, ciùin an giùlan an coitcheannas, aig a' cheud bhuille tàirneinich a thàinig, thilg gach té dhiubh a h-earball 'san adhar, mar bhratach, a nuas am monadh ghabh iad, cho eutrom ri buidhinn laogh, 's cha do stad iad gus an robh na h-uile té riamh dhiubh gu sàbhailte 'na buaigheall.

Bha sinne gu seasgair, blàth anns an t-seòmar-suidhe againn; ar màthair trang a' fuaigheal, agus an t-sean-mhàthair a' figheadh stocaidh. Bha 'n stoirm a' sìoladh; bha sinn sgith ag amharc am mach air an uinneig, a chionn cha robh tuilleadh ri fhaicinn a nis ach an t-uisge tuiteam air an asbhuain. Chaidh Raonull beag agus fhuair e furman, 's air suidhe dha aig glùn a shean-mhathar—mar bu tric dhàsan e—dh'iarr e oirre naigheachd innseadh. Air so a chluinntinn chruinnich càch againn 'nar cròileagan m'a timchioll, a' feitheamh na bha ri tighinn.

"Dh' innis mi na h-uile naigheachd a bh' agam!" ars an t-sean-mhàthair.

"Innsibh dhuinn mu Dhonnachadh Caimbeul," ghuidh Deòrsa.

"Tha fhios agaibh air a h-uile facal m' a dhéighinn cho math 's a th' agam fhéin," fhreagair i.

"Innsibh mu'n mharsanda-paca a fhuaradh 'sa bhac-mhòine," thuirt Màisi.

"Huts! An naigheachd ghrànnda; 's iongantach leam fhéin a dh'iarradh sibh a cluinntinn a rithis!"

Chunnaic ar màthair mar a rachadh leis an fhuaigheal aice-se mur a faigheamaide ar sàsachadh. Sméid i air Màisi, agus chuir i cagar 'na cluais. A nall thàinig Màisi gu misneachail far an robh 'n t-seana-bhean.

"Innsibh dhuinn mu Iain Ciar; cha chuala sinn riamh a naigheachd-san!"

Rinn ar sean-mhàthair snodha-gàire, 's thug i mìog-shealladh a nunn air an té a bh' air taobh thall a' bhùird, mar gu'n abradh i—Tha fhios agam cò chuir sin a'd cheann; agus cò shaoileadh e!

Gun tuilleadh dàil, thoisich i air an naigheachd.—

B'e Iain Ciar Triath Dhun-olla. Bu duine gaisgeil e, agus b' iomadh ni a bh' air innseadh uime.

Anns a' bhliadhna 1715, an uair a thug Seumas Stiùbhard ionnsuidh air rìgh-chathair aithrichean a bhuidhinn air ais dha féin, bha Iain Ciar air a tharruing a stigh 's a ghnothuch.

Chaidh an éirigh a chur fodha, agus, mar a thachair do iomadh duin-uasal eile aig an àm sin, chaidh 'oighreachd a thoirt uaithe, agus binn fògraidh a thoirt am mach 'na aghaidh. Cha robh dòigh eile aige air ach teicheadh as an rìoghachd cho luath 's a bha 'na chomas.

Cha b'urrainn da faighinn a chòir aon d'a luchd-dàimh, agus fhuair se e féin anns a' chàs so gun sgillinn airgid aige, ach na dh' fhoghnadh gu e féin 's a ghille,—fear de mhuinntir Mhic-an-Léigh,—a thoirt thairis a Ceann-tìre gu Eirinn.

B'e bha 'na bheachd, taghail air Iarl Anntruim, a bha de shliochd Chloinn Dòmhnuill Chinn-tìre, agus a bha 'n dlùth-chàirdeas ri Iain Ciar.

Bha e cinnteach nach robh aige ach an coingheall iarraidh, agus gu'n toireadh an t-uasal uidhir airgid dha 's a bha feum aige air.

Fhuair e fhéin 's a ghille thairis air a' mhuir gu sàbhailte; agus, air dhaibh Eirinn a ruigheachd, chaidh iad air an adhart gun bhacadh gus an robh iad mar astar chòig mìle do Chaisteal an Iarla. Thàinig iad an so a dh'ionnsuidh coille mhòir. Bha rathad-mòr an Rìgh a' dol deich mìle mu'n cuairt air a' choille so, ach bha slighe athghoirid a' dol dìreach

troimhpe a chaomhaineadh dhaibh còig mile. Bha Iain Ciar eòlach air an dùthaich; mar sin, gun fhacal thall no bhos, thionndaidh iad a stigh air an fhrith-rathad a bheireadh gun dàil iad gu ceann an slighe. Cha deachaidh iad ro fhad air an adhart an uair a chual iad cuid-éiginn air an cùlaibh a' glaodhaich riù stad. Aig tionndadh dhaibh, chunnaic iad boirionnach a thàinig á tigh dlùth aig làimh, a' ruith as an déigh. Sheas iad gus an d'ràinig i far an robh iad, agus an sin dh'innis i dhaibh gu'n robh i féin 's an duin' aice air an suidheachadh 's an tigh sin a chum fios a thoirt do luchd-turuis, nach robh e gun chunnart am frith-rathad a ghabhail, gu sonruichte 's an fheasgar, a chionn gu'n robh robair mòr, le a chuid companach, am falach anns a' choille, deas gu greim a dheanamh air ni a b' urrainn da làmh a leagadh air. Mar an ceudna, bha e mar fhiachadh oirre innseadh dhaibh gu'n robh Iarl Anntruim a' tairgseadh £1,000 sasunnach mar dhuais do dhuine 'sam bith a bheireadh d' a ionnsuidh ceann an Robair.

Dh' éisd Iain Ciar gu furachail ris a' mhnaoi gus an do sguir i bhruidhinn. Thug e tàing dhi air son an t-sanais a thug i seachad.

"Ach" ars esan, "cha'n 'eil a bheag againn ri chall; mar sin, feuchaidh sinn a' choille ciamar air bith a théid duinn."

Air so a ràdh chaidh an dithis fhear air adhart. Bha iad an geall air a' Chaisteal a ruigheachd mu'n ciaradh am feasgar, a chionn bha iad glé sgìth; agus a thuilleadh air sin, cha do bhlais iad greim bìdh fad an latha.

"'S ann a tha 'n deadh chothrom air a chur 'n ar rathad gu sinn fhéin a thoirt as a' chàs so"; thuirt Iain Ciar. "Ma thachras oirnn an duais a bhuidhinn, cha bhi feum air coingheall iarraidh."

A' cómhradh air an dòigh so, chaidh iad le dìchioll air adhart air an turus, a' cumail sùil bhiorach mu'n timchioll fad na h-ùine. Bha iad air tighinn gu teis-mheadhoin na coille, a' coiseachd gun smid a labhairt car ghreis, agus le chéile a' tòiseachadh ri smuainteachadh gu'n robh an slighe réidh glan air thoiseach orra, an uair a chunnaic iad duine mòr àrd a' tighinn 'nan coinneamh. Cha luaithe thug e 'n aire dhaibh na tharruing e 'n claidheamh a bha 'n crochadh ri thaobh, agus a' seasamh air meadhon an rathaid, dh'àithn e dhaibh an sporan no am beatha a liubhairt dhà.

"Ma tà," ars Iain Ciar, "cha chuir thu corrag air mo sporan-sa fhad 's a bhios beatha agam gu dhìon!"

Air so a chluinntinn rinn an Robair—oir 's e bh'ann,—e féin cinnteach gu'm b' fhiach e 'n t-saothair greim a dheanamh air sporan an Albannaich: na'm biodh fhios aige nach robh ann ach aon bhonn sè sgillinn, cha chuireadh se e féin gu tuilleadh dragh mu'n ghnothuch. Ach cha robh e 'm beachd Iain Chiair gu'm faigheadh e fios air a' cheart rud sin.

"Dean deas, ma tà," fhreagair an Robair, "gu do sporan a dhìon!"

"Tha mi deas gu sin a dheanamh" thubhairt Iain Ciar, a' tilgeadh a bhreacain air an làr, agus a' tarruing a chlaidheamh-mòr as an truaill.

"Cothrom na Féinne!" ars an Robair. "duine an aghaidh duine. Abair ri d' ghille seasamh gu taobh!"

"Ceart gu leòir!" fhreagair Iain, "cha'n iarr mi na's feàrr na cothrom na Féinne. Seas thusa a leth-taobh, a Dhòmhnuill, agus gabh ealla ruinn!" thubhairt e ri Mac-an-Léigh; agus gun tuilleadh moille, chaidh na fir an caraibh a chéile.

Car ghreis mhaith cha robh a h-aon diubh a' buidhinn air an aon eile. Ma bha Iain Ciar math air a' chlaidheamh a chluich, neo air thaing mur robh am fear eile cho tapaidh ris féin; agus cha robh coltas orra gu'n tigeadh a' chomh-strì gu crìch an ath-ghoirid. Ach, uidh air 'n uidh, thoisich Iain ri géill a thoirt, a chionn bha e fann le dìth bìdh. Air so fhaicinn, theann an Robair na bu dlùithe 's na bu dlùithe dha.

"Coma leat tighinn! Cha'n eagal domh!" —ghlaodh Iain Ciar ri 'ghille, mar gu'n robh e tighinn g'a chuideachadh. Thug sùil an Robair claonadh an rathad a bha Mac-an-Léigh, agus, am prioba na sùl, bha a làmh dheas gun lùth, an crochadh ri chliathaich, agus a shleagh 'na laighe air an làr. Anns an ath phrioba bha a làmh chlì 'na bhroilleach, feadag airgid ri bhilean, agus an fhead chruaidh, chaol a' dol air a' ghaoith troimh 'n choille.

Cha robh tiota ri chall: mu'n robh an fhead fathast air a crìochnachadh bha'n ceann bhàrr an Robair, agus a choluinn sìnte ri talamh. Le a chlaidheamh gheàrr Iain Ciar sreath de phutain airgid bhàrr broilleach còta 'n Robair; thug e féin agus a ghille leò an fheadag, a mhàileid agus an ceann. Thug iad sealladh grad mu'n cuairt orra. Chunnaic iad, dlùth làimh, dà no trì de chraobhan mòra bh'air tuiteam thairis air a chéile; ruith iad a stigh fo na geugan tiugha, agus chrùbain iad am falach mar an uaimh fo'n sgrath a thog té de na craobhan le a bun, an uair a thuit i.

Mu'n gann a dh' amais iad air faighinn a stigh do'n chùil, bha fead a' Chinn-fheadhna air a freagairt, agus a dhaoine a' trusadh a nuas as gach ceàrn.

Air dhaibh corp an Ceannaird fhaotainn air an làr 'na fhuil, chruinnich na daoine borba sin mu thimchioll, agus ghuil iad mar leanabanan.

Thog iad an corp leò gu bàigheil, urramach,

agus chaidh iad as an t-sealladh an dubhra na coille 's an duibhre an anmoich. Cha d'thug iad ionnsaidh 'sam bith air a rannsuchadh cò an t-eascaraid a rinn an gnìomh, agus a fhuair buaidh cho buileach thairis air laoch a bha, 'nam beachd-san, cho gaisgeil.

Cha bu luaithe bha 'm fear mu dheireadh dhiubh as an t-sealladh, 's as an éisdeachd, na dh' fhosgail Iain Ciar màileid an Robair. Fhuair e aran is feòil ann, agus botul fìona. Thug e ás na bh'ann, agus chuir e ceann an Robair 'sa mhàileid 'nan àite.

Gu tàingeil dh'ith is dh'òl an dithis dhaoine cuid a' cheatharnaich; agus dh' fhan iad far an robh iad gus an do bhris solus fann na fàire.

Cha robh ach mu dhà mhìle aca ri choiseachd; agus bha Iain Ciar a' bualadh aig geata mòr a' Chaisteil mu'n robh duine air a chois ach na seirbheisich. Thàinig nighean a dh' ionnsuidh a' gheata. Bha Iain Ciar an sin, le ceann an Robair air fhalt aige, mar a chì sibh anns na dealbhan 'sa Bhìobul, Daibhidh le ceann Gholiath.

Thug a chaileag sgread aisde, 's theich i stigh le oillt, a' glaodhaich gu'n robh duine aig a' gheata le ceann duine 'na làimh. Dh' éirich a leithid de othail 's a Chaisteal gu'n do dhùisgeadh a h-uile duine bh' ann, agus dh' innseadh do'n Iarl mar a bha.

"'S e Iain Ciar a bhios ann!" ghlaodh e, agus ruith e féin a sìos an staidhir, agus dh' fhosgail e'n geata d' a charaid.

Mur d' fhuair Iain Ciar fàilte cridheil, agus an deadh ghabhail aige, 's neònach leams' e! Fhuair e'n duais, agus cha robh fada gus an robh e slàn tèaruinte 'san Fhràing.

Cha d' fhuair Iain Ciar tilleadh dhachaidh gus an d' rinn a' Bhan-tighearna aige guidhe dhùrachdach gun stad ris an Rìgh, a dh' aisig dhi còir na h-oighreachd, agus a leig le Iain Ciar tighinn air ais d'a dhùthaich féin.

Bha'n fheadag agus na putain airgid air an toirt dachaidh leis do Dhun-olla; agus 's iomadh aon a chunnaic an sin iad.

Ma choisicheas sibh còig mìle mach as an Oban, gu Cladh-nam-Macraidh chì sibh an sin Caibeal Dhun-olla, anns am bheil Iain Ciar gaisgeil air a thiodhlacadh.

"An e sin na bheil ann!" ghlaodh sinn uile, an uair a dh' amais sinn air ar n-anail a tharruing aon uair eile.

"Cha'n e, uile gu léir," thubhairt ar seanmhàthair.

"O, innsibh tuilleadh dhuinn!"

"Cha'n innis an nochd" fhreagair ise; "ma bhios sibh 'nur cloinn mhaith gheibh sibh a' chuid eile 'n ath-oidhche. Sin agaibh Lìosaidh a' tighinn le'r brochan!"

Agus leis a so dh' fheum sinn a bhi riaraichte.

THE WHITE MAID OF GLENLOIG.

A Tale of Arran.

Some hundred and fifty years ago—before Highland lairds had learned that sheep were more valuable than human lives, or had begun to eject poor tenantry to make room for the gor-cock and muirfowl—the island of Arran was much more densely peopled than it is now. The MacFingons and M'Brydes formed two powerful clans—their clachans rose by many a hill side, and their corn-fields stretched over many a now waste glen. Up in the Bishop's Glen, as it is called, about a mile above Glenloig, was a small village of the M'Brydes—there might be some twenty houses in it. Standing a little beyond the rest, in a sheltered hollow, at the foot of Tuie-hill, was a house wearing an aspect of more comfort than many of the others. It was then tenanted by Ronald M'Bryde, the chief's brother—a man well to do in the world. He had sheep on the hill-side and cattle feeding in the strath, and people said there was gold in his coffers too. But Ronald, though an old man, and strong in his love of worldly wealth, had a greater treasure than these. He was a widower, with one daughter, Minna—a fair light-footed maiden—beautiful as the early sunbeam, gentle as the cushat. She was the pride, the idol of old Ronald's heart; nor did the maiden less love her parent. Ever ready was her winning smile and her soft word; often her kind effort spared the domestics of her father's house the dire effects of the bodach's wrath, for old Ronald was irascible and subject to terrible fits of gloom and wrath. Woe to the man or woman who in such an hour dared vex him! Alone could Minna quell the storm. Her words fell like oil on the troubled waters.

But Minna was not loved alone by her parent and his retainers, nay, or even generally, by all who knew her; there was one who loved her with a devotion unchangeable—a sincerity unquestionable. Young Alan M'Bryde, a distant kinsman of her own, had long wooed the fair Minna, and not hopelessly. Often they stole out in the calm evening by the hill-side, and sat watching the sun setting in the western sea till the bright stars gemmed the heavens. And then Alan would tell her tales of heroism and love of former days—of midnight raid and foray—of heartless treachery and true devotion. He had a winning voice as well as a bold heart, and we wonder not he gained the young girl's love. This was no paltry triumph, for many had endeavoured to secure the smile of Minna, but in vain. Foremost among the most unsuccessful was Malcolm Dhu MacFingon. Between him and Alan there was a wide contrast. Alan was open, generous, and brave, while he was

dark, treacherous, and revengeful. Often had he watched, concealed among the hazels, the gloaming wanderings of Minna and his rival. Dark jealousy burned within him, and he nursed the flame. Prudential motives alone deterred him from openly sacrificing his rival; he sought a fitting opportunity.

Alan lay slumbering on his couch while the red sun was streaming on high; he had been chasing the deer on the heights of Glen Ranza by moonlight, at early dawn, and was weary with long toil and watching. His sleep was not sweet—dark visions haunted him—his spirit quailed within its fleshy covering. He thought he stood alone with his loved Minna by the hill side, pouring forth into her willing ear the story of his affection, when a yawning gulf opened at their feet. He reeled and fell, clutching in vain its slippery sides. Down, down, he fell—still above him was the earnest horrified face of his love, stretching forth her hands towards him. An eldrich laugh rent the air, as if a thousand fiends grinned at his despair. Hideous visages surrounded him; a hundred forms of no human mould flitted through the gloom, yelling as he fell. Then the vision changed. A fair spirit, whom Alan knew as the guardian of his clan, stood by his side. There was a mournful sweetness upon her pale countenance. She spoke in low accents, "Go not to the Bishop's Glen to-night!" "Pshaw!" said he, "'twas an idle dream," yet never had Alan dreamed so wondrous-like reality.

The day wore on, and he had forgot the terrors of his slumber; the sun was sinking in the west when a little lad arrived with a message from Minna. She wished to see Alan, but the boy knew not why. Young M'Bryde looked inquisitively at the errand-bearer as he stood before him. There was something peculiar about him—a likeness, yet no more, to the human family. On a close inspection his countenance wore marks indicating age. He seemed shrunk and shrivelled—rather a puny old man than a healthy child; his voice was squeaking and discordant, and, as he spoke, his dark eyes shot forth bright flashes. He looked not like an inhabitant of earth. Alan dismissed him, saying he would not fail to come, though a strange vague feeling stole over his heart as he said so. Prompted by curiosity to look after the boy, he went to the door, but no trace of him could be discovered. This was astonishing, he had not left five minutes, and there was no possible concealment for half a mile on the level ground that stretched out around the house. Hesitating not a little, for Alan, though brave, was not exempted from the prevailing notions of the time, he at length set out for the Bishop's Glen. On reaching Ranald M'Bryde's, he found Minna seated by the fireside. She seemed surprised to see him. Alan wondered, and inquired the reason, adding that he had almost immediately followed her messenger.

"I sent no messenger, Alan, you must be dreaming."

"What! did you not send a strange elfin-looking boy—so strange I wondered where he had came from or whom he belonged to—to bring me hither?"

Minna's blue eyes expressed her astonishment, and, half doubting whether Alan was properly awake or not, asked him to explain. He told her all; his perturbed dreams—the visit of the boy—his appearance, and message. Minna shuddered; a chill feeling stole over her heart, which she could not accouut for. There seemed a shadow, dark and heavy, resting above her. She felt dull and sad, notwithstanding the efforts of Alan to cheer her. The hours passed quickly over—when with lovers did they ever fly tardily?—and Alan rose to depart. A few whispered words of hope and love softly uttered in his mistress's ear, and he found himself on the way homewards. The Bishop's Glen was passed—Tuir Hill was lost sight of in the dark—dimly in the starlight were Craig Vore's dark sides discernible. Alan strode rapidly on till he reached Glenloig; here, in one spot, the ravine was spanned by a rude bridge—a few branches laid with turf, resting upon two ledges of rock, crossed the deep chasm. Alan stood on the bridge; it crashed beneath his feet—he tottered, and, with a despairing cry, rolled over into the dark abyss. A human figure appeared in sight from among some brushwood near the spot. It crept slowly forward, and looked over the bank of the precipice. A straggling beam of moonlight, now rising above the Raven's Crags, revealed the features of Malcolm Dù MacFingon. He gave one low chuckling laugh, but started back horrified, as he heard it echoing among the rocks, repeated in almost domoniac tones on every side. He dared not look again, but, trembling with horror, rushed from the spot.

Morning dawned, and revealed a mangled body lying at the bottom of the chasm. The carrion crow attracted the shepherd's notice to the spot, and the remains of Alan M'Bryde were gathered up. On examination, the half-sawn props of the bridge told the tale of treachery; nor was suspicion long in attaching itself to Malcolm Du, his well-known rival, who could at first nowhere be found. Minna heard the tidings of her lover's death; she rushed wildly to the spot where his remains lay. No entreaty or persuasive effort could prevail on her to leave them. She sat and gazed at the body till it was removed. A wild fire at length burned in her

eyes. She grew haggard and restless: reason wavered—it fled. Helpless now, the once beautiful Minna wandered by the lone hillside. She went and came, none knew whence. Often at night was the traveller startled when passing Glenloig to see a grey form seated on the bank of some precipitous rock, singing a low mournful dirge. One cold winter morning a young female was found frozen stiff by the hillside. It was Minna. Her spirit had gone to join Alan. Tradition says that still, in the clear moonlight, a female figure may be seen seated overlooking the Glen, where she pours forth a song no mortal tongue can learn. Old people, whose grandsires told them the tale, call her "The White Maid of Glenloig."

And what became of Malcolm Dhu?

When he saw the destruction which he wrought, not merely in the death of Alan, but in Minna's madness, and her father's death caused by sorrow, it was supposed he was haunted by remorse. He was a changed man; from that hour he wandered abstractedly about, feared and abhorred. One night, as he sat by the hearth in a moody fit, a knocking was heard at the door. Malcolm went to open it. He started and turned ghastly pale, as he saw in the visitor a little antiquated-looking boy, who whispered something in his ear. Malcolm replied that he would soon come, and the boy departed. Shortly afterwards he left the house, saying that he would return by morning. Morning came, and many mornings followed it, but Malcolm was never seen more. About a year after, the bones of a human skeleton were found in a hollow away up among the Eagles' Rocks. They might be Malcolm's, they might not.

THE CELTIC RACES IN CALIFORNIA FORM A UNION.

In Los Angeles, California, U.S.A., there is a Celtic Club, of which a Scottish Gael, Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, of the Skye branch of the clan, is president. This body includes within its membership representatives of all the Celtic races—Scots, Irish, Welsh, Manx, Bretons, Cornwallians,—and dinners in honour of the patron saints of the various nationalities—St. Andrew, St. Patrick, St. David—are celebrated with great enthusiasm. The objects of the club are to preserve the language, literature, poetry, and music, and all that is best in Celtic character and associations. At a recent dinner the feature of the evening was an address by Bishop Conaty on "Celtic Influences in English Literature." The address was lengthy and comprehensive; full of fact and ancient lore; full of poesy, and warmth for the preservation of his native tongue. The Bishop said in part:

"A national literature is like a beautiful river, trace it to its source and you find an ever-bubbling spring, whence it issues in a thin, silvery thread. In its onward flow it meets other tiny streams, it may be at times lashed by a torrent, until widening and deepening and broadening, in all the grandeur of a mighty river, it makes its way to the great ocean. So it is with the literature of a people.

English stands to-day as a world language, and like the alchemist, it has compounded all into one, and made English literature. What did the Celt bring to the alchemist? The Celtic missionaries from the monasteries and schools of Ireland, who preached of God and sang of religion, formed the letters of that early civilization of the Saxon, and when Caedmon sang at Whitby, he told in rude English the story of the creation, which he had learned from the disciples of the Celtic missionaries.

The Irish love for the spiritual filled their literature with legend and myth; gave them the genial, laughing elves to roam the mountains, gambol in the heather and rustle their garments like the autumn winds.

As a race, the Irish were emotional, sentimental; full of the gay, the sorrowful, the emotional, the patriotic, and their literature breathes of the same.

The Celtic influence is a new and strange music, but it is the beauty at the heart of things. It seems strange that the one people most influenced by the Celtic thought, should be almost the last to recognise it or take part in its revival, but the scholarship of to-day is paying its tribute to the Celtic influence.

English literature needs to-day something of that same influence, to keep it from the matter-of-fact, unspiritual and unromantic phase of writing. The Celt has passed through the nations, scattering here and there along literature's pathway, the sweet fragrance of Celtic genius and sentiment, in magic and wit.

To-night, under the inspiration of the great apostle of the Irish Celts, we unite to rejoice in Celtic influence; Scot and Briton; Welshman and Manxman and Gael; all Celts, to pay tribute to the mother race of us all."

GOLFING MOTTOES IN GAELIC.

Although "St. Andrews" claims to be the senior golf club of Scotland, we may, I think, infer from what Sir Robert Gordon says in his "History of the Earldom of Sutherland," written in 1630, about the Dornoch Golf Links, that the game was played there at an equally early date. Very likely Sir Robert was himself a keen golfer, often to be seen on the Dornoch Links teaching his nephew, the young Earl John, the game as a part of his education.

The language of golf in the Highlands in those days would, of course, be Gaelic. Then, as now, the experience of the best players would probably find expression in short, epigrammatic mottoes, such as we now see over the doors of Golf Clubs. Below I suggest a few which might be used in Highland Golf Clubs:—

"*Mur bi thu suas, cha bhi thu sios.*"
"*Na luathaich an seog.*"
"*Cum do shuil air a' bhall.*"
"*Na saraich.*"
"*Bi suas.*"
"*Cur air ais na foid.*"

G. Murray Campbell.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1907.

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OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. James Sinclair, San Francisco, U.S.A.—I am pleased to hear from you, and to learn that there is a project on foot to start a Gaelic Society in your city, the membership of which will be rigidly confined to native Highlanders or persons of Gaelic descent. Such a society should certainly command the support of all genuine Gaels, and I shall expect to have a report soon of the inaugural meeting. I have posted you copies of the Constitutions of other Gaelic Societies, as desired. Mr. Neil Lindsay called on me recently, and is evidently enjoying his trip to the old country. This will inform him that you have been sending your compliments. The clan post cards have been duly posted. Slainte!

Dr. R. S. Hanna, British Columbia, Canada.—Pleased to hear that you are now settled in your new quarters, and that you "always enjoy reading our little Magazine." Yes, the Judge has added his name to our list of annual subscribers—many thanks. I am afraid a root of heather will not take kindly to transplanting in foreign soil, even though it is Colonial! Perhaps some of my readers may have made the experiment, and will give us the result of their experience. I shall be glad to have the membership list of the Caledonian Society of your town, and indeed that of any Scottish Society abroad. Readers in distant lands might keep this request in view, and send me the roll of members' names and addresses of the local Caledonian organisations.

THE NAME LONDON.

Sir,—Just a few lines, if you will kindly grant me space, in reference to Mr. Johnston's letter in the last *Celtic Monthly*.

I have not indeed settled the origin of the name London—I did not pretend to do so—nor have I made either wild or tame assertions in regard to it. I merely suggested to readers of the *Celtic Monthly* what was, in my humble opinion, a likely etymology. Absolute proof in such a case is, I agree, impossible.

It will not be disputed that a long interval elapsed between the Gadelic and Brittonic invasions. Are we to suppose that during this long period such an important settlement as London must, from its position, have been, was without a name? If it had a name it must have been a Gaelic one. The river on which the settlement stood received a Gaelic name which it has to this day. Is it therefore unreasonable to infer that the settlement also had a Gaelic name? The London described by Tacitus must have been the growth of many centuries.

In correction of what he is pleased to call very wild assertions as to the existence of numerous Celtic place-names in England, Mr. Johnston states that, as "*a matter of fact*, Celtic place-names of any type are rare." Without burdening this letter with a long list of names, I would simply refer to Vol. I. of Chambers' *Caledonia*, where 40 pages of Chapter I. are devoted to a comparative list of such names, to Taylor's *Names and Places*, to the transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and to the *Celtic Monthly*.

In South Britain, over which the Brittonic and other succeeding waves passed, there are naturally fewer Gaelic names left than in North Britain or Ireland. As I write here in Sussex I can hear the sound of the water-fall on the stream that runs through the village of Easebourne. I could cite no better instance of a Gaelic place-name—*Eas-būrn*.

I don't know where Mr. Johnston gets his Gaelic word *ton* which means a marsh. There is only one Gaelic word *ton* known to me, and it certainly does not mean marsh. The word I used was *lòn*, the only Gaelic word meaning a marsh or meadow known to me.

As I said in my first letter, to call the settlement *llyn-din*, pool of the fort, would be rather putting the cart before the horse; making the pool of more importance than the fort. Besides, the pool, a river, had its own name, which it has still. Why give it another?

I have submitted my suggestion to your readers for what it is worth, and, so far as I am concerned, the correspondence ceases, with many thanks for according so much of your valuable space.

G. Murray Campbell.

The Standard on the Braes of Mar.—Does anyone now possess the "Standard" that was raised on the Braes of Mar in the '15? Can anyone inform what the standard was, or where there is any description of the pattern embroidered on it?—L. F.

The illustration given on page 150 (last issue) represented the London Perthshire Association's Annual Banquet, and not that of the Highland Society.

"THE FORGOTTEN GOD."

The northwinds shift the mountain-drift,
  The white flakes spin;
High on white sod broods the old god
  Of old Elgin.

The mist-dews weep upon his sleep,
  The hillstreams moan;
With brows a-frown he gazes down,
  Forgot and lone.

Regina Mariam Bloch.

MacCrimmon, Piper to MacLeod of Dunvegan.

The History of the Highland Bagpipe.

THE late Dr. MacBain, of Inverness, left the Highland pipers, and the admirers of the ancient martial music of the Gael, a hard nut to crack over the history of the Highland bagpipe. Anyone who is not satisfied with W. L. Manson's excellent history and literature of the Highland bagpipe, published in 1901, must be a very fastidious person indeed. We are all apt to be influenced by what we see in books, and if we don't find what we want in our pet books, we are apt to conclude that it did not exist. If Tacitus, for instance, had mentioned that bagpipes were played at the battle of the "Mons Grampius," in 84 A.D., there never would have been any doubt raised about it by any succeeding historian, but because the Rev. James Mackenzie, who was a very able, learned, and pious divine, wrote a History of Scotland in which he says that the pipes were played at the battle of the North Inch of Perth in 1390, and at Harlaw in 1411, some people don't believe him, simply because he is a modern historian, and a Scotsman! Why is this? Why should we believe in all that Tacitus wrote, and not believe in what Aristides Quintilianus wrote in 100 A.D., to the effect that the bagpipe was known in the Scottish Highlands in his day? Why did he touch upon the subject at all if it were a fiction? And why did Procopius, the Greek historian, in 500 or 550 A.D., mention that the instrument was used by the Roman infantry, if they did not use it? The stone which was dug from the ground near Bo'ness in 1870, on which was sculptured a party of Roman soldiers on the march, dressed in short kilts, and some of them playing a bagpipe, is just as good evidence that the Romans brought their pipes with them into this country, as anything an ancient historian could say. Regarding the universality of the instrument, and the frequent mention of it in the Old and New Testaments, and by the Greeks, Romans, and Trojans, and taking a comprehensive view of all that has been written about it in ancient and modern times, it found its way into this country in one of two ways.—It was either brought over by the Celts themselves from the east, or by the Romans in the first century of our era. Though Giraldus Cambriensis, the historian, in 1118 A.D., only mentions the Welsh and Irish pipes, the "Complaynt of Scot-

land," written in 1548, states that the instrument was a favourite with the Scottish peasantry "from the earliest periods." It does not necessarily follow that because Major, the historian, in 1521, makes no mention of it when praising the skill of the Highlanders as harpists, they did not possess it, for in 1582 Buchanan does mention it. How did the instrument appear among the Highlanders between 1521 and 1582? The probability is that it was used long before either of these historians were born, and there is little doubt it was cultivated in Scotland at least as early as the twelfth century. At the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314, the MacDonalds of the Isles are said to have charged to the sound of the bagpipe. The Clan Menzies also are alleged to have had their pipes at Bannockburn. They are supposed to have been played by one of the MacIntyres, their hereditary pipers, and these pipes are still in existence—at least three portions of them, which are preserved with the greatest care.

But to come to closer quarters with the historians. The Rev. James MacKenzie, in his "History of Scotland," which is recommended for schools, makes his first mention of the bagpipe at p. 195, as follows:—"The 'Inch' of Perth—beautiful green meadow beside that fair city—was the scene, in 'Snowbeard's' time (Robert III., A.D. 1390) of a proceeding very illustrative at once of the spirit of the age and the state of the country. Two Highland clans, the Clan Chattan and the Clan Kay, had long been at deadly feud, and their strife filled the whole district with slaughter and confusion. It was agreed to refer the dispute to the judgment of battle. A space was railed in for the combat, which was fought in the presence of the King and a great assemblage of the nobles. Sixty Highlanders—thirty from each clan—stalked into the barriers to the

SOUND OF THEIR WAR PIPES."

Similarly, in describing the Battle of Harlaw, which took place in 1411 A.D., between "a fierce chieftain," Donald, Lord of the Isles, who claimed the Earldom of Ross, and the Earls of Buchan and Mar, he says:—"Albany decided in favour of the Earl of Buchan, so Donald raised an army of 10,000 men, and in a short time the Highland army were blazing in the heart of Ross. The Lord of the Isles was met at Dingwall by a force of the Earl of Buchan's men, which was almost entirely cut to pieces. Donald swept on, overran the fertile province of Moray, and broke into the district of the Garioch, threatening to make Scotland a desert to the shores of the Tay." The Garioch belonged to the Earl of Mar, who was much enraged at the havoc made on his territory. "The burgesses of Aberdeen took down their swords, put on their steel caps, unfurled the banner of the city, and with their Provost at their head, marched with the Earl of Mar. The two armies encountered each other at the village of Harlaw, near the place where the Water of Ury falls into the Don—

WITH PIBROCHS DEAFENING TO HEAR, THE HIGHLAND HOST CAME DOWN."

No other historian mentions the bagpipes at these battles except the Rev. James MacKenzie.

Now, here we shall ask two questions:—1st—Did our reverend historian tell the truth on these occasions? and 2nd—Where did he find his information? Judging from a biographical sketch of his life which I possess, he was about the last man who would tell an untruth. His life was full of religion and piety. He was an able preacher, edited a religious magazine, and altogether was a most exemplary man. As to where he found his information, we are bound by his own preface, the last paragraph of which is as follows:—"Wishing to avoid what might have seemed an affectation of learning, the writer has refrained from loading his pages with references to authorities. He has not, however, ploughed with any man's heifer, but has gone to the sources of our history for himself." I consider it, therefore, proven that the Highland bagpipes were played both at the battle of "Inch," Perth, in 1390, and at Harlaw, in 1411.

Regarding the "Feadan Dubh Chlann Chatain" (the "Black Chanter of the Chlann Chatain"), a relict of the combat at the North Inch of Perth, preserved by the victorious Macphersons, there should be no doubt about it, so far as the musical capacity is concerned. It should be submitted to the Society of Pipers, and tested in every way, and with different kinds of reeds if the ordinary bamboo reeds of the present day can't bring musical sounds out of it. As there is no real evidence to show that it is a fraud, both points might be settled by reference to the Cluny Charter Chest and other sources. The Clan Macpherson are surely a very unfortunate clan, when their hard-earned "Feadan Dubh," their translator of Ossian, and their claim to the chieftainship of the Clan Chattan, have been denounced as frauds of the first water.

A proper history of the Highlands has yet to be written by a select committee of all the clans, on the lines of the Scottish History Society, but dealing with things purely Highland.

21 Clarenden Crescent, Edinburgh. K. N. MACDONALD, M.D.

CLAN MACKAY PIPE TUNES.

A military correspondent, related to Clann Aoidh, and at present stationed with his regiment in Upper Burma, writes me as follows:—"At present I am collecting all the pipe tunes I can find which have connection with the Clan Mackay! and so far I have got four Piobaireachd and about 32 marches, quicksteps, strathspeys, reels, jigs, slow marches, etc. I am taking them out of different Pipe Collections I have in my possession. I often wonder that the Clan Society does not issue a Collection of Clan Tunes on the same lines as "The Music of the Clan MacLean," which was recently published!

I see you call Burma "the land of warm sunshine and rich colouring!" We certainly have "warm sunshine" here; very often a bit too warm! In April and May (the hot months) we get it from 110° to 115° or even 118° in the shade here, and this is cool compared with some parts of Burma!! We, on our part, often sigh for a sight of the frozen Loch or snowy Ben, but, however, man can never be satisfied after all!! Our climate may be very disagreeable at home, more especially in the Lowlands, but out here we exiles often would give anything for an hour or so of the driving rain or the biting 'east' wind!! Personally, I always liked the weather at home, for, after all, to most people—and Highlanders especially—home *is* home, and never was truer word spoken than in the well-known verse:—

From the lone sheiling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas;
But still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

I hope I am not taking up too much of your valuable time, but the Celt is aye ready to talk of the land of his birth, and the farther away from it, the more he thinks of it! Wishing you and the *Celtic* all luck for the year, I give you *beannachd leibh*.—Yours sincerely,

J. H. M. S.

THE MATHESON BARD.

By the late ALEX. MACBAIN, LL.D.

THE accounts given of this bard in Mackenzie's "Beauties" and the literary manuals of Blackie and Macneil are very vague and unsatisfactory. Mackenzie calls him "An t-Aosdana Mac-Mhathain"—the Singer Matheson. *Aosdana* properly means "race of song," but in Gaelic it has come to be used for an individual poet. The poet is represented as living in the seventeenth century, in Lochalsh, and acting as bard for the Earl of Seaforth, from whom he had free lands for this. He composed many poems, but all are lost save two—"Oran do'n Iarla Thuathach" and the elegy on "Alasdair Dubh Ghlinne-garadh." He was not, as some supposed, the author of "Cabar-feidh." So says Mackenzie.

That is all that we know of the Matheson Bard from the ordinary channels of information. The poem to the "Northern Earl," however, fully explains which Earl of Seaforth it is addressed to, though, curiously, this was not noticed by Mackenzie and the rest. A couplet in the seventh verse reveals the secret:—

Mu sheòl thu bàrc air fairge bhuainn
Thu féin 's do Choirneal Calmanach?

Who is Seaforth's Colonel M'Calman? Why, none other than the famous Donald Murchison, who in 1721 fought the battle of Ath-na-Mullach against the Forfeited Estates' factors, and kept the Seaforth estates from passing to the Crown! M'Calman was a "side" name for the Murchisons; they are said to be descended from Murchadh M'Calman, priest of Kintail, in the sixteenth century, and also constable of Ellandonnan Castle. According to Buchanan of Auchmar (1723), this priest was an Argyllshire man; it is in that county we really have M'Calmans. The song to Seaforth seems to have been composed after the Earl's restoration in 1726, but it is not impossible that it was made in 1719, when Seaforth fled to Lewis, and thence abroad, after the fiascos of 1715 and 1719 (Glenshiel). Sir Walter Scott has imitated Matheson's poem in his own piece, "Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail."

The late Captain Matheson of Dornie made much research into the genealogy and history of the Matheson Bard; his account we will now present to the readers of *The Celtic Monthly*. The bard's name was Murdoch; he was son of Alexander, son of Duncan More, son of John Og (circ. 1650), ancestor also of the Mathesons of Ardross. The bard's *floreat*, therefore, is the early decades of the eighteenth century, being a contemporary of Donald Murchison. We quote Captain Matheson henceforward:—

"Alexander, youngest son of Duncan More, married Ann Macrae, a Kintail woman. He died young, leaving one son—Murdoch Matheson, the Seaforth Bard. When Murdoch's father died, his mother went to service in the house of Alexander Macrae of Conchra [*floreat*, circ. 1680,] where her son Murdoch was reared to manhood. When a mere boy, he had a poetical turn of mind. He had been told when young that unless he would make a rhyme to his mother he never would become an expert bard. The first opportunity he got to do this was on a certain day when his mother was baking and toasting bannocks of oats at the fire; he commenced picking at them. On this the mother rebuked him for his conduct; then Murdoch turned her scolding into humour in the following distich:—

Am balach tha 'n tigh Alasdair,
Bu leannan an lon-chraois dha;
'S mo bheannachd aig do ghean-shùilean
A bhean a fhuair mo shaoradh.

"Alexander Macrae of Conchra was married to Florence, daughter of Lachlan Mackinnon of Corrichatachan. Mrs. Macrae went occasionally to visit her friends in the Island of Skye, and generally took Murdoch Matheson along with her as her valet; and on passing upon one of these occasions from Kyleakin to Corrichatachan they met Lachlan MacKerlich Oig with a party drinking in a public-house at Lusay, who invited Mrs. Macrae and her suite into the room where the company was sitting; and as the shell was going round, Lachlan Mac-Kerlich Oig Mackinnon, the poet, said to Murdoch in a merry mood that before he would get any of the liquor he would have to tell his name and kindred in rhyme. Murdoch answered Lachlan in the following poetical stanza:—

'S ainm dhomh Murchadh Mac-Mhathain,
A teas meadhon Loch-aillse;
Clann Mhic-rath a Cinntàil,
Cinneadh mathar dhomh on dream sin,
Car eile dhiom do Linneanaich thuathaich.
Luchd a bhualadh nan lann glas;
Aca bha urram na bardachd
Bho 'n a chailleadh [chaochail] Iain Manntach.

"Mackinnon replied to Murdoch in the following verse:—

Math an gille,
Math an sloinneadh,
Math a "phass,"
Faodaidh e 'n corn sguabadh as!

"Reply—

Ach, a Lachlain duinn mhic Thearlaich,
'S leat urram an dàin air fad,
Ciamar thuig thu mo dhiomhaircachd
'S nach d'fhiosraich thu riamh mo "phass?"

"These stanzas can be translated literally in the following way:—

My name is Murdo Mac Mahan,
From the centre part of Lochalsh;
The Clan Macrae of Kintail
My mother's relations I own them.

Another turn from the Maclennans,
Mighty cleavers with claymore;
They had the chief honour of bards
Since the death of John Manntach.

"Lachlan Mackinnon, the poet, replied:—

The youth has excellent qualities,
His clau is brave and bold;
He is on the pass to genius,
As in his rhyme he told.

"Answer:—

But brown Lachlan, son of Charles,
Who hast the honour of rhyming at large,
How came you into my secret genius,
When you never asked into my private pass?

"After this they resumed their journey to Corrichatachan, the seat of Mackinnon in Skye, where they received a Highland welcome. They remained a few days, and on returning home to Lochalsh Murdoch was recommended to Lord Seaforth to be his bard; he sent him to study under his 'sheanachie' in Kintail, known by the appellation of 'Am Bard Mac Mhuirich,' Iain Ruadh, with whom he arrived to perfection, and had done his preceptor in a sarcastic scroll.

"After this Murdoch, the bard, had gone to Skye to make a purchase of black cattle about the year 1690. A party, headed by O'Domhnuill, a grandson of Lord Macdonald of the Isles, were chasing a large bull in a park near Duntulm. The bull being infuriated, and as Murdoch was trespassing through the park as a near-cut to an adjoining farm, O'Domhnuill told him to turn the bull; but instead of so doing, he composed a rhyme to O'Domhnuill and his party which he took so ill of the bard that he seized him at once, and confined him a prisoner. A Court being held by those at hand, they gave their decision that the bard be executed next day for the offence to the gentlemen. A gallows being erected, and the bard taken to the place of execution, O'Domhnuill commiserated his case, but Murdoch being a very handsome, gallant yonth, and very agile in mind and body, his accuser offered him a reprieve on condition of marrying his sister, who was very ugly and distorted also in appearance with much debility; and, on the bard seeing his intended paramour when exhibited, he thought death sweeter than life, and the sooner he was despatched to the Shades the better for him, and he said in Gaelic—"Suas mi, suas mi! i.e., 'Up with me!' On O'Domhnuill hearing this expression, and considering how grand and magnanimous the elements were that breathed in the poet's mind, said—

Tha mi nur ogha an so bhliadhnachan,
Cha'n fhaca mi riamh gus an duigh,
Triuir a siubhal an arbhair,
Mo nàir is searbh is ro shearbh.

He ordered him to be acquitted and set at large, and immediately afterwards ordered that his sere sister should be executed instead of the bard, which cruel deed was immediately put into execution.

"The bards were always the heralds of the Highland Chiefs, and went always upon business of importance from one Chief to another. This Murdoch Matheson, the Seaforth poet, happened to be at Glencoe House on the night of 12th February, 1692, on his way home from the seat of MacCailein Mor at Inveraray, where he was upon a message from his master, the Earl of Seaforth. This very night on which the bloody massacre took place, he was there; but fortune always favours the brave, and Murdoch Matheson, the bard, escaped along with Glencoe's son, by a miracle. Next day he ventured to return to the vale to see the bereaving scene of the carnage, and found nothing but carnage and desolation dwelling in the habitation of Cona. He sat upon a peak in the centre of the glen, where is said to have been the wonted resort and haunting-place of Ossian, the father of Celtic poetry. From this he could have a picturesque view of every scene in nature around—the terrific rocks to the east, the wold of Mamore to the west, and the serene Loch Linnhe to the north, and the murmuring stream of Cona pouring at his feet. Here he composed a mournful and pathetic elegy in which he narrates—

No leech had they their gaping wounds to clean,
Faint, bleeding, shivering 'mid the drifting snow,
Were the gay band who loved to hear the song,
That praised the kind, the courteous, bold and strong.
But had the foes that sought them from afar
Given the fair combat—the Fingalians' war—
These shaggy birds that tore the Highland breasts
Had found in them a more deserving feast.

"The poet Murdoch Matheson was very zealous in his master's cause—the Earl of Seaforth. When the Earl gathered his clan to arms in the year 1715 to join the standard of King James, and after the Seaforth estates were confiscated, the bard was put upon the alert along with the celebrated Colonel Donald Murchison in defending Seaforth's estates from the Government Commissioners, who made attempts to get possession of the lands, but were always repulsed. After the Rebellion of 1715 Seaforth fled the country and took refuge in Spain and France, and the Government gave a commission to Munro of Foulis to take possession of Seaforth's estates, and had actually taken possession of Brahan Castle. Murdoch Matheson, the poet, went round the country with Colonel Donald Murchison and raised a gallant band of men, who soon relieved Brahan Castle out of Munro's possession. Upon this occasion Murdoch composed the well-known,

popular, and martial song of 'Caberfeidh,' in which he gives great praise to the Earl of Seaforth. This song gave great offence to the Munros, who were determined to have revenge upon the bard. Having sometime thereafter caught him, they formed a ring round him to take him prisoner to Foulis Castle, probably to give him up to Government as a rebel; Murdoch, seeing that he had no other alternative of getting clear from his antagonists, repeated that he had a wish to treat them to a dram before he was put into custody, as probably he would be put to death. The party moved along with Murdoch, who was kept under an escort, to a tavern close by. He then called for a bottle of whisky, which he served out to the party, commencing at the farthest end of the table and coming towards the door. He then gave a glass to the sentinel, who, when quaffing off his dram, was struck by Murdoch a violent blow on the head with the bottle, which felled him. He then leapt over his body, got out, locked the door, took to his heels, and made his escape to the land of Mackenzie before he could be overtaken.

"From William Mackenzie, Earl of Seaforth and Marquis of Kintail (?), he had free lands in Kirkton of Lochalsh until the year 1719. When Seaforth fled after the Battle of Glensheil to the Lewis, Murdoch composed a song to him called 'The Northern Earl,' in which he gave much more praise to Colonel Donald Murchison than to himself, for Seaforth took some offence. The stanza is:—

Mu sheòl thu bàrc air fairge bhuainn,
Thu féin 's do Choirneal Calmanach,
Fhuair cliù an cùirt nan Albannach:
Gur h-iomadh tùrn a dhearbhadh leat:
B'e sud an leòghann ainmeil
Bu mhór seanachas air gach bòrd.

"When Seaforth was restored to his estate in 1726, Murdoch composed to him a stirring clan song, and another called 'The Poet's Blessing,' which we have preserved from falling a wreck, like many others of his songs which are now lost. After this the Bard Murdoch Mathieson became old, and removed to Fernaig, in Lochalsh, where he turned a great penitent and turned his theme to religious purposes. He then composed some spiritual hymns. He composed as many songs as would fill a volume, but they are mostly lost, except a few printed and some in manuscripts lately gathered from tradition. He died at Fernaig a very old man about the year 1757."

So far Captain Matheson. It will be seen from what he says that he collected some of the Matheson bard's poems, and doubtless they are still among his papers, the captain having died in 1897.

MU CHUL-CAISE MUINNTIR GHLINNE COMHANN.

THA gnàth-fhocal coitchionn air feadh na dùthcha, air a chleachdadh le mòran aig nach 'eil fios ciod is ciall da. 'S e 'n sean-fhocal "Bidh tuilleadh uime na bha mu'n chul-chàise." Tha 'mhiann orm an t-àm, an t-àite, agus an t-aobhar mu'n chleachdadh an tùs e, a dheanamh aithnichte dhoibhsan aig nach 'eil fhathasd fios air.

Tha fios againn uile nach robh agus nach 'eil dùthaich no cearn do'n domhan anns nach do thachair air an fhear-thuruis dà inbhe dhaoine bochda. Tha so mar an ceudna r'a fhaotainn anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. Bha seana chleachdadh am measg nam fior Ghàidheal a thainig a nuas re iomad linn, gu'n rachadh na h-uireasbhuidhean so, roimh àm na Nolluig, air "Faoidh Nolluig" am measg an càirdean agus an coimhearsnaich shaoibhir, a chum 's gu'm faigheadh iad nithe leis an cumadh iad féisd na Nolluig. Bha'n cleachdadh so gu ro-shònruicht' air a chumail am measg muinntir a' ghlinne.

Anns a' bhliadhna 1543 air maduinn an 19mh là do cheud mhìos a' gheamhraidh, thàr ochd-fir-dhéug air an turus faoidhe. Bha iad òg, curanta meamnach, nach gabhadh giorrag roimh ghnùis nàmhaid nan uchd cruaidh ghàbhaidh, nach meataicheadh ri garbh-fhrasaich fhogharaidh, no sneachda dùmhail dudlachd geamhraidh, air sliabh beinne. Iadsan a bha 'chòmhnuidh am bràigh a' ghlinne, thog iad a mach ri Gleann-lic-na-muidhe, tarsuinn a nùnn latha-na-cuinneagaidh; agus iadsan a bha 's an t-srath, a mach ri Gleann-an-fhiodha, a nùnn thar Màm-uchdaidh, agus air bheag o latha, shocraich gach buidheann iad féin air Cnocan-na-comhairle, 's e sin tulach bheag uaine bhòidheach air taobh deas Mham-uchdaidh, ionad anns am bu ghnàth leis an luchd-faoidhe comhairle ghabhail o'n mhor bhuidhinn an déigh dhoibh uile cruinneachadh; agus socruchadh air an àm agus air an àite so a' mhòr bhuidheann a roinn 'na trì buidhnean beaga, sèanar anns gach buidhinn agus gach buidheann diubh so ri tachairt air a chéile air feasgar an treas latha, aig Ruithe-na-coinneimh, am bràigh a' ghlinne goirid o'n àit anns a' bheil Tigh-an-Rìgh agus uidhe bheag o'n àit anns an d'thug Fionn fial, o shean, fleagh do mhaithean na Féinne; oir b'e sin an t-ionad anns am bu ghnàth leis an luchd-faoidhe cruinneachadh. Air dhoibh mar so an uile ghnothuichean a shocruchadh air Cnocan-na-comhairle, ghabh buidheann diubh a nùnn guala Chorrabheinn, a mach bealach Caol-chréireann, tarsuinn a nùnn tre Gleann-éite, a mach Lairig-Dhochairt, agus a stigh bràigh Ghlinn-Urchaidh. Ghabh an dà bhuidhinn eile sios Gleann-Créireann, a' dealachadh r'a chéile aig an Eilirig; buidheann diubh a' gabhail sìos

gu ceann Loch-Créireann, agus a' bhuidheann eile 'togail a mach sloc Ghlinn-Uidhir, a nùnn thar a' Chreig Eanacha, agus a stigh Ceann-loch-Eite. Bha mar so gach buidheann gu sùnndach, dian, togarrach a' gairm air gach caraid agus fear-eòlais a thuit tachairt orra. Air an àm shuidhichte, thòisich gach buidheann air an aghaidh a chur ri Ruithe-na-Coinneimh, agus do réir an cùmhnanta, thachair gach aon diubh air feasgar an treas latha. Air dhoibh sgéul a ghabhail gach aon d'a chéile, chuir iad an cuid uile cuideachd chum 's gu'm biodh e a rithist air a roinn 'na thrì earrannan, earrann mu choinneamh gach buidhne, agus gach earrann diubh a rithist ri bhi air an roinn 'n an earrannan beaga, 's e sin earrann mu choinneamh gach fir. Fhuair iad gu maith air an aghaidh leis a 'cheud roinn, gus mu dheireadh an robh aona chùl càise r'a roinn. Thuirt fear gur h-ann air an roinn so bu chòir a chur; thuirt fear eile gu 'm b' ann air an roinn so eile bu chòir a chur; agus thuirt an treas fear nach b' ann idir, ach air a roinn-sa bu chòir a chur; thuirt fear eile nach b' ann idir, ach air an roinn so. Dh' éirich mar so connsuchadh 'n am measg; lìon tnù mar so na laoich làn feirg, 's o gharbh bhriathran gu marbh bhuillean sgaiteach geur, gus fa-dheòidh nach robh mac màthair ann a b' urrainn sgeul a thoirt mar thachair. Thàinig an oidhche 's bha 'n cairdean aig a' bhaile fo mhòr iomaguin agus imcheist ciod an tubaist a thachair air an luchd-faoidhe, a' siubhal o bhaile gu baile, ag iarraidh an sgeòil nach robh r'a fhaotainn. Mu bhriseadh na faire thog buidheann a mach ri Innein a' ghlinne, tarsuinn a nùnn gus an Ruithe. Air doibh a bhi tarruing fagus do 'n ionad, agus a nis an latha air bristeadh gu math soilleir, ar leòtha gu 'n robh iad a 'faicinn mar gu'm biodh daoine 'n an sìneadh air bruaich uillt a bha siubhal seachad ri taobh an Ruithe. Ràinig iad, agus bha sin an càirdean, na h-ochd-fir-dheug 'n an sìneadh gun phlosg! Bha cladach an uillt a bha 'siubhal seachad, agus lochan beag a bha aig ceann an uillt, mar uidhe ceud slat do 'n ionad anns an robh iad 'n an sìneadh, dearg le fuil. Theirte ris an lochan so 's an àm lochan Ruithe-na-coinneimh, ach uaithe sin gus an latha diugh theirear Lochan-na-fala ris. Laimhsich iad na daoine bha 'n an sìneadh gach aon fa leth, agus fhuaras 'n am measg aon anns an robh an deò. Ghiùlain iad e g' a thigh féin, agus le mòr chùram chleachd-adh gach nì b' urrainear a' smuainteachadh chum a chreuchdan a leigheas, ach dh' fhàilnich gach oidhirp, agus bhàsaich e 'n ceann beagan ùine. Ré na h-uine bha'n duine so beò chaidh gach oidhirp a dheanamh air mion-chunntas fhaotainn uaithe, ach cha d' fhuaras uaithe na's fhaide na tha air aithris an so. C. N. G.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

It is a considerable time since I had the pleasure of attending a meeting of the Executive of this Association, but having been appointed the representative of an affiliated Society I considered it my duty to attend the recent meeting held at Stirling. Mr. Arch. Menzies also made his first official appearance since he was elevated in such an amusing manner to the presidency, and really his rulings in several instances were so extraordinary that it would have been to the advantage of the meeting had his absence been indefinitely prolonged.

The enterprising Rector Watson, Inverness, distinguished himself by recommending that a proposal by the Educational Committee to spend £10 on the publication of a report of the proceedings at a Gaelic Educational Conference recently held at Inverness, should be approved of by the Executive. Now, the fact was generally known that the so-called Conference, of which he was one of the promoters, proved a dismal failure, the various orators addressing a most meagre audience, and it was felt that to spend such a large sum on a permanent record of the *fiasco* was only another example of that financial extravagance which I and others so strongly commented upon in the pages of the *Celtic Monthly* and in other quarters. The proposal was strongly denounced by various speakers, and on Rector Watson's motion being put to the meeting it was defeated by a substantial majority. I was delighted to find that at last the members had resolved to put a stop to such useless expenditure. Our recent criticism seems to have had a most beneficial effect in this direction. It is rather amusing to mention that, while the other proceedings and divisions were all fully reported in the Oban papers, this rebuke to the "Educationalists" was passed over in silence! Such is the solicitude which some papers entertain for the feelings of their friends!

Dr. Kenneth Campbell, who for some time past pretty well controlled the Executive, has now evidently found his level. He brought forward a motion which, if successful, meant the eventual dismissal of the energetic secretary, but on my moving an amendment the latter was carried by a large majority. It looks very like as if the reign of the doctor has abruptly ended. It is probable that the recent article in the *Celtic* ended his career as Gaelic Dictator!

Perhaps the most comical feature of the whole proceedings were the speeches of Bailie John MacMaster Campbell, Oban, who could not suppress his wrath at the *Celtic Monthly* disclosures. The state of fury into which he frequently worked himself was most alarming. Several times the chairman had to comment adversely upon his conduct. Bailie Campbell seems to be worried with the idea that he has some proprietary right in the Association! We spent five hours in transacting business which could easily have been completed in half the time. I was pleased to find that all matters of expenditure were more critically considered than was lately the case, and it foreshadows a healthier state of affairs for the future.

In spite of all the official assurances and nonsense so widely published as to the flourishing condition of the finances, the real truth is that if all debts were paid, there would not be as much left as would pay the secretary's salary for the current half-year, and carry on the Association till the end of the session. All depends on the success of the Feill—if it is a failure, then——! We shall feel more comfortable on this point when Mrs. Burnley Campbell gives over advertising her long list of aristocratic patrons, and supplies us with a list of those who have shown their sympathy in cash.

THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

42 Melville Street, Edinburgh.

Dear Sir,—I do not know whether the enclosed article, which was contributed by a relative of mine, —a Scotsman who has for over 40 years been in Canada, Mr. George M. Rae, — to the *Montreal Daily Herald*, on the authorship of The Canadian Boat Song, would be of any interest to your readers. If so, I shall be glad if you saw your way to make use of it. I give you also the song in full, of which only the first line is given in the article. I had difficulty in finding it, as the reference to Blackwood in the article is incorrect. I also add some particulars my relative gives me, which he says are required by way of explanation for readers in Scotland, but which were not required to be put in his letter appearing in a Canadian paper.

My impression is that I have seen some letters in our own home papers now and again upon this question of the authorship of The Canadian Boat Song.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

WM. STUART FRASER.

[Mr. Rae, in his letter to me, says—"In writing for the readers of the *Montreal Herald* it was unnecessary to do more than mention the place where the scene in "Blackwood" was laid. But for readers in Scotland it should be explained that about 30 miles up the St. Lawrence begins the land of Glengarry, whose men have been successfully written about by Ralph Connor. When Galt was in Canada the native born had made their mark in the lumber camps and on the river St. Lawrence. Westward they were making their way and starting new settlements. Glengarry lies on the north bank of the river, and both above and below it are rapids. Galt relates how he was interested in a scheme (which was ultimately carried out) to avoid the rapids by a series of canals, and it is more than probable that he adopted the mode mentioned in Blackwood to look over the situation. Indeed it was the only way to do so. He said in his diary that the Petite Nation River could be easily canalled, and gave his own estimate of the cost. In other excursions he mentions boating and the singing. It therefore seems to me the most natural thing that during the following winter or spring he would write the song and enclose it to his friend Wilson. One of them has referred to the mythical Gaelic original and the equally mythical air, to heighten the effect. The song was written by a Scot who knew what was going on at that time. The ordinary Glengarry boatmen would not know or care about the depopulation of districts in order to turn them into large sheep farms. On the other hand the references to the Canadian landscape, the fertile meads and hoary woods are equally true, as are the Scottish misty hills and Hebrides, which a native-born Glengarry man could not have appreciated."—W.S.F.]

SONG OF THE HIGHLAND EXILE.

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores;
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices as ye pull your oars.
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our father's land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us and a waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.
Fair these broad meads, &c.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where, 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear stream;
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.
Fair these broad meads, &c.

When the bold kindred, in the time long-vanish'd,
Gathered on many a Scottish battlefield;
No seer foretold the children would be banish'd,
Proscribed the tartan plaid and studded shield.
Fair these broad meads, &c.

Come, foreign raid, let discord burst in slaughter!
O then for clansmen true, and stern claymore!
The hearts that would have given their blood like water
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar.
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our father's land.

THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

By GEORGE M. RAE, Toronto.

IN Mr. Morgan's paper on the Scotch in Canada, I see a reference to the Canadian Boat Song. It is wonderful the fascination of this fugitive work which appeared in the course of an article in Blackwood. As time passed its popularity grew and the mystery of its authorship deepened. It has been ascribed to many writers, to some who must have been little boys, at the time of publication. Mr. Morgan claims that the late Vicar-General W. P. Macdonald, of Toronto, was the author and quotes the poem, hardly accurately, however.

Like many other I took an interest in it and did my little endeavour years ago to unravel the mystery. I came to the conclusion that there was no mystery, that it was a very simple matter and that the account as it appeared in Blackwood, was in all probability the simple truth. The poem is always printed and the authorship is then guessed at, but quite apart from the context. It appears in one of the papers which regularly appeared at that time styled Noctes Ambrosianae, in the form of a discussion between Prof. Wilson, the editor, who is styled Christopher North, Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd and others. The dialogue is brilliant and there are introduced fugitive pieces of poetry and other contributions and this one is prefaced in a natural way, by a discussion of Highland depopulation.

After lamenting the clearings in the Isle of Arran, North says: "By the bye, I have a letter this morning from a friend of mine now in Upper Canada. He was rowed down the St. Lawrence lately, for several days on end, by a set of strapping fellows, all born in that country, and yet hardly one of whom could speak a word of any tongue but the Gaelic. They sang heaps of our Highland oar songs, he says, "and capitally well, in the true Hebridean fashion,

and then had others of their own, Gaelic too, some of which my friend noted down, both words and music. He has sent me a translation of one of their ditties (Blackwood 1829, Sept., No. XXVI., page 400).

"Listen to me, as when we heard our father," etc. I need not repeat the verses.

One of the most brilliant Scotsmen of the day was then in Canada, John Galt. He first went to little York (Toronto) via New York, in the winter of 1824-5. He returned in 1826 as commissioner of the Canada Company. He records visiting Quebec in 1827, and that in "an excursion" the boatmen were cheerily singing and seemed altogether unconscious of danger. Later on he traversed the St. Lawrence in the neighbourhood of Prescott to discuss the feasibility of canals to obviate the difficulties of the St. Lawrence. This excursion in 1827 is probably the one referred to in the Noctes. During the next year he was busy on the Canada Company tract and in clearing for his intended residence near Hamilton, and in 1829 he returned to England abruptly. Probably the verses were written during the winter and put in shape and posted in the spring; communication was slow in those days, and for an article to appear in Blackwood in September, the material would require to have been in Professor Wilson's hands some two or three months earlier. Galt overflowed with verse, good, bad and indifferent, in the voluminous novels and essays that he published.

The old Scotch way of saying that a thing was worthless was to say "it was not worth an auld sang," and yet how laboriously they of all people in the world find out all they can about old songs and sayings. There is far more interest taken over there in this Canadian song than there has ever been here, and perhaps some correspondent of the Montreal Herald may elucidate more definite information than either I or Mr. Morgan have obtained. It is not too late to do so—poetry of all kinds just as all kinds of prose has its day and ceases to be. My brother spent a great deal of time and research over the authorship of the letters of Junius and shortly before he died wrote me that he had solved the problem beyond all peradventure. When I got this letter I could not help thinking who nowadays cares about this problem; the interest in it has quite passed away, and no one knows or would care to know. I do not believe that anyone nowadays, except as a punishment, could be bribed to read the old fashioned phrases which at their publication shook ministries, and even in Macaulay's time were thought of vital interest. *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.* But Wesley's hymns, written at the same time, are in all the hymn books, sung in the churches, and the solace and comfort of thousands.

Pardon this long letter, but beyond the authorship of these verses we Canadians have a pardonable interest, and, if I am right, pride in the author. Although he returned to Scotland, the glamour of Canada and his stories of the wonders of the land across the ocean were too strong for his three sons, and as soon as they could they set sail to it. John lived and died the Registrar of the County of Huron, at Goderich, the hoped-for city of the Canada Company. Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt was a leader in his time, and his fame is still remembered in Montreal, while the youngest, Sir Thomas Galt, was the Chief Justice, warm hearted, impulsive, and beloved by all.

JAMES MURDOCH: MINOR POET.

JAMES MURDOCH, the writer of the appended poem, was author of several poetical effusions, several having been written in the strain of our national bard, Robert Burns.

The Backies Birken Braes, to which he fondly refers, are situated in Glenbuchat, Aberdeenshire, and celebrated locally for their pristine beauty and fine situation of surroundings.

The author, my uncle, was the eldest son of Robert Murdoch, farmer, and his wife, Isabella Brodie, and it is well to note that his grandfather, William Brodie, occupied the farm of Backies for several years, and that a branch of the Gordons occupied it at the end of the eighteenth century. James Murdoch, who died in Glasgow, 8th April, 1899, spent many years of his life in Trinidad, having been employed in the sugar trade. During his outward voyage he commenced a diary, in which he narrated not only his experiences and travels, but kept a copy of his compositions. These he intended to print upon his return to the old country—but, alas! a fire broke out at his residence, and all his effects, including his M.S. poems, etc., were destroyed.

Aberdeen. ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.

THE BACKIES BIRKEN BRAES.

O meet me, Mary Ann, at e'en, where fragrant breezes blaw,
And muse upon the witching scenes amang the birken shaw,
Where birdies sing from bough to bough their sweet enchanting lays,
Where burnies flow, and wild flowers grow, alang the Backies Braes.

Come, Mary dear, and rest ye here, in this gay birken chair,
And view the little weeping leaf that drops the dewy tear,
And contemplate this fairy scene, though often it decays,
It dies, but to revive again, and deck the Backies Braes.

The sun has dipp'd his golden wings amang the dark brown heath,
The bright and gorgeous gilded beams glide o'er the birken wreath,
And cheers the wild romantic dale, while Nature's hand displays
The beauty of the Balloch Vale, and Backies Birken Braes.

Here and there along the braes there is yet to be seen
Engraved on the spotted bark the names of those that's been,
As we are now in richest bloom, but youth it soon decays,
And we, like them, must meet our doom, and le'e the Backies Braes.

O, bright, bright, are the evening's beams, and sweet's the pearly dew,
While bonnie is the star that blinks through gloamin's dusky blue,
And captivating is that spell, while lovely is the gaze,
Of Mary, lily of the Vale, and pride of Backies Braes.

[Now, the origin of Backies is rather interesting. Macdonald, in his "Place Names of Aberdeenshire," page 36, writes as follows:—Backies (Glenbuchat). Laing, in the "Donean Tourist," calls this place Bacaiseach, which, he says, signifies an impediment or obstruction. I know nothing of any such form of the name, and Laing gives no authority. *Baukie* (Sco.), "a strip of untilled ground between cultivated ridges" does not suit, the vowel being long. Backie (Sco.), dim. of back, and pl. s, has been suggested, but I never heard the word so used, and do not see the sense of it. Backhouscroft, Haddington, and Bakhouscroft, Kincardine, seem to be close parallels, but these were probably attached to bake-houses. In Aberdeenshire there is a curious custom of calling a farmer by the first syllable of the name of his farm, with *ies* added, thus—Drummies, Whities, Edenies, Scurries, and many such-like. These names do not apply to the farms, but to the occupants, and are really nicknames, although no offence is intended or taken. A farmer in Strathbogie once occupied a farm called "Back o' Field," and for forty years was commonly known by no other name than "Backies." Had this man gone into a croft after leaving his farm, it would almost certainly have been called "Backie's Croft." In some such way this place in Glenbuchat may have got the name.]

MAC-COINNICH 'S AN T-EACH.

[THUGADH an t-òran a leanas o bheul-aithris fir de mhuinntir Bhail-a'-chaolais. Theagamh nach eil na facail uile gu léir ceart no coimhlionta; ach tha iad air an cur sìos an so mar dh'aithriseadh iad.—C.M.P.]

Air fonn, 'O, cha 'n urrainn mi ann.'

Feasgar dhomh mach anns an t-samhradh,
'S mi siubhal gu mall leis a' chairt,
Dh' fhairich mi fuaim air mo chùlaibh;
Is theann mi ri tionndadh air m' ais.

Shaoil mi gu 'm faca mi samhladh,
Nach fhaigh mi ach gann ann mo bheachd,
Nuair chunnaic mi tighinn 'na dheann-ruith
Each Gallda gun cheann no gun chas.

'S e sud an steud a tha stòlda,
Gu sònruicht' nuair tha e 'na stad;
Cha 'n fheum e prasaich no stàbull
No àite 'san cuirear e steach.
Cha 'n iarr e fodar no còmlach,
Min Innseanach, pònair no drabh;
Cha 'n eagal gu 'n teich e gu bràthach
Ged thograidheadh fhàgail am mach.

Na 'm b' e 's gu 'm biodh tu air eòlas,
Dh' fhalbhadh e 'n còmhnard 'na shraid;
Ach thigeadh e dhuit gu ro-sheòlta
A chumail an òrdugh do chas.
Chuireadh e féin e gu àilgheas
Na's luaithe na falaire glas
A chunnaic mi aig Donnchadh Mac-Aidh,
'S e gluasad cho fàilidh ri cat.

Saoil nach bu ghòrach na daoine
A smaointich gu'm falbhadh iad leis;
Nuair thòisich an ceannaich ri shlaodadh,
'S ann theann e ri sgaoileadh a chas.
Rinn an clachair a dhìcheall
Gu'n cumadh e direach an t-each;
Cha luaithe fhuair e gu h-àrd air
Na bha e air mhàgan 'sa chlais.

An t-urram do 'n ionnsachadh òg:
Sud a' chèaird nach d' fhogluim an leasg;
Tha e gun ghiorraig roimh bhòcain;
Cha 'n ionann is mòran a dh' eich.
Ged bhiodh tein-adhair a' boillsgeadh,
Cha chuireadh sud sgaoim air no geilt;
Is dh' fhaodadh tu thoirt leat 'san oidhche
Is fhàgail aig beinnge na leap'.

Leis féin gur a suarach na mìltean
Dol do Shron-an-t-sìthein 's air ais;
'S a choidhch cha 'n aithnich thu sgìos air;
'S ann aig' tha na sìneagan fad.
'S coingeis leis samhradh no geamhradh,
Teas gréine, crainndeachd no sneachd;
'S ged bhiodh e 'm buillsgean nan Innsean,
Cha 'n fhàsadh e tinn leis an tart.

A chiad uair thàinig e 'n taobh so,
Chuir e na daoine gu geilt;
Nuair bha e sìos seach Clò-mhuilinn,
'S an duine 'na dhuradan air,
'S ann theich iad am mach ris a' mhunadh,
Nuair chunnaic iad cumadh an eich;
'S na mnathan 's a' chlann a' glaodhaich
"Tha deireadh an t-saoghail tighinn leis."

An raoir a bhruadair an gàrlaoch
Bhi faotainn tàir leis an each,
Mar chulaidh-bhùird aig na h-uaislean,
Suas seach creagan a' chleit;
'S e 'n impis a thilgeadh gun truas
Ann an cumhann na bruaiche measg chlach,
Mar a dhìùlt an asail Balàam
Nuair a bha e 'ga stràcadh le slait.

THE first edition of a A SHORT HISTORY OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS, by Mr. W. C. Mackenzie, F.S.A., Scot., which was published last year, is now exhausted, and a new and enlarged edition is about to be issued. The forthcoming edition has a new feature in the excursus and notes at the end of the book, in which various topics, necessarily summarised in the text, are discussed in some detail. Price is 6s. 6d. post free. Those wanting copies should order at once from Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

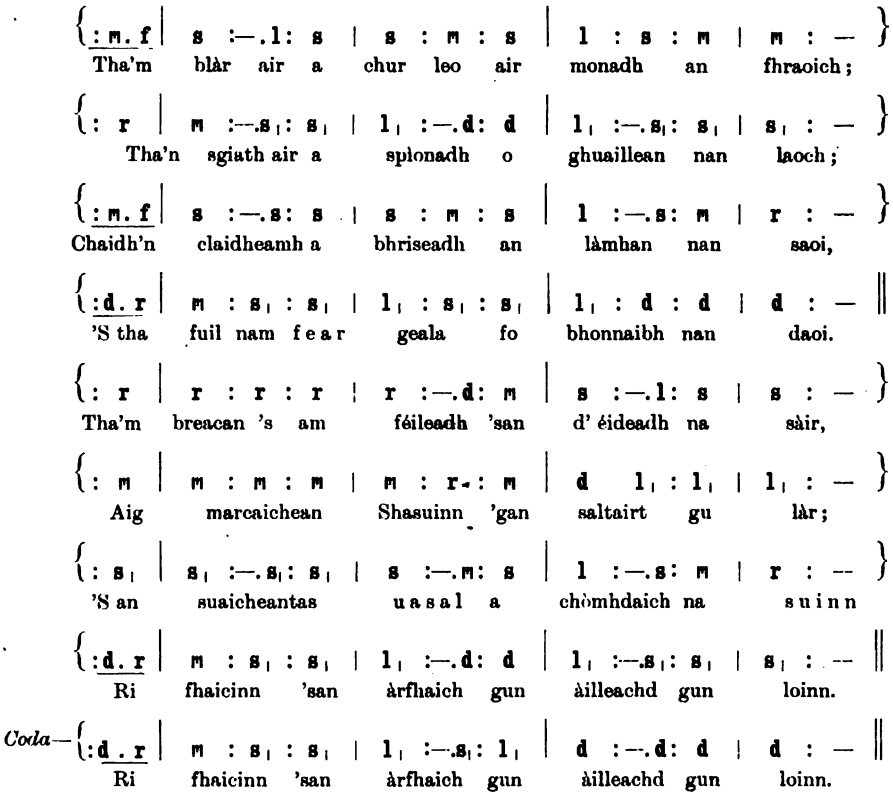
OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following fine song is from the pen of "*Caraid nan Gaidheal*"—the Rev. Norman MacLeod, D.D.—and ought to be better known, not alone on account of the great interest which the subject—Culloden fight—has for Gaels, but also on account of the esteemed author.

C. M. P.

Blar Chuil-fhodair.

Gleus A. *Gu mall, brònach.*


: m . f | s :—.l: s | s : m : s | l : s : m | m : —
Tha'm blàr air a chur leo air monadh an fhraoich;
: r | m :—.s,: s, | l, :—.d: d | l, :—.s,: s, | s, : —
Tha'n sgiath air a splonadh o ghuaillean nan laoch;
: m . f | s :—.s: s | s : m : s | l :—.s: m | r : —
Chaidh'n claidheamh a bhriseadh an làmhan nan saoi,
: d . r | m : s, : s, | l, : s, : s, | l, : d : d | d : —
'S tha fuil nam fear geala fo bhonnaibh nan daoi.
: r | r : r : r | r :—.d: m | s :—.l: s | s : —
Tha'm breacan 's am féileadh 'san d' éideadh na sàir,
: m | m : m : m | m : r : m | d l, : l, | l, : —
Aig marcaichean Shasuinn 'gan saltairt gu làr;
: s, | s, :—.s,: s, | s :—.m: s | l :—.s: m | r : —
'S an suaicheantas uasal a chòmhdaich na suinn
: d . r | m : s, : s, | l, :—.d: d | l, :—.s,: s, | s, : —
Ri fhaicinn 'san àrfhaich gun àilleachd gun loinn.
Coda— : d . r | m : s, : s, | l, :—.s,: l, | d :—.d: d | d : —
Ri fhaicinn 'san àrfhaich gun àilleachd gun loinn.

An dùthaich nam mòr-bheann tha bròn agus cràdh;
Luchd nam boineid 's nam breacan, cha'n fhaicear gu bràth;
Na fiùrain bu tréine nach géilleadh, 's iad beò,
Tha sìnt' air Cuil-fhodair gun phlosg is gun deò.

Nis, slàn leat a Theàrlaich; chaidh 'n iomairt le càch;
Chaidh oighreachd do shìnnsir a dhìth ort gu bràth;
Thug thu 'n oidhirp, 's bu treun i, le gaisgich mo ghràidh;
'S bidh iomradh an cruadail 'ga luaidh gu La-bhràth.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Council of the Clan Mackay Society have expressed to Lord Reay, the Chief of the Clan, their gratification at his selection as one of the representatives of Great Britain at the Peace Conference at the Hague, and their hope that the deliberations of the trusted representatives of the Great Powers will be productive of good in the advancement of international goodwill.

HIGHLAND LITERATURE.—Those of our readers who are interested in Celtic literature should consult our advertising pages this month, where they will find lists of many rare and attractive volumes, pamphlets, old acts, etc., relating to the Highlands. These are only samples of our large stock. Readers wishing books on any branch of Celtic study (historical, genealogical, topographical, Gaelic, etc.), should send a note of their wants to Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

Mr. Wm. Mackenzie, Edinburgh. | Mr. Henry Whyte, Glasgow. | Mr. Alex. Fraser, Toronto. | Rev. A. Maclean-Sinclair, Nova Scotia.

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GAELIC SCHOLARSHIP RECOGNISED.

THE Gaelic Society of Canada's Diploma of Fellowship has been conferred on Messrs. William Mackenzie, Edinburgh; Henry Whyte, Glasgow; Rev. Alexander Maclean-Sinclair, Prince Edward Island, and Alexander Fraser, Toronto.

Several years ago, when the Society was incorporated under the Statutes of Ontario, provision was made whereby a Diploma of Fellowship could be conferred in recognition of distinction in Gaelic Scholarship. It has been long felt by Celts, who have studied and become scholars in the language and literature of their people, that there was little or no recognition of such work by the Universities, outside of Germany, while the scholarship in the Celtic field attained to by many students, was of the highest quality. To some extent, as an offset to this discrimination against Celtic, and as a proof that Gaelic scholarship is held in high esteem by the Gaelic people, the Fellowship was instituted. It is at once an encouragement to persevere, and a recognition of attainments, by the Gaelic people, and as such has a special value to the recipient. It is obvious that great care must be observed in conferring this honour, otherwise the object of its foundation would not be attained. Therefore, it is carefully safeguarded. The qualifications of nominees are presented in writing—in Gaelic—the Council takes advice and without its recommendation the Society cannot act.

For the first time the Society has exercised its right and the first recipients are the gentlemen whose portraits and names are now given. The Society requires and expects (as an incentive to others), that on all appropriate occasions the Fellows will add to their names the initial letters of the title: F.G.S.C.,—Fellow of the Gaelic Society of Canada.

THE NEW FELLOWS.

Mr. WILLIAM MACKENZIE is a native of Western Ross-shire, and has long occupied a leading place among the Gaelic Scholars of Scotland. He appeared prominently on the scene as editor of the Gael (An Gaidhael), one of the most interesting and useful Gaelic periodicals ever published. It is interesting to note that it was founded in Toronto, and that the first three numbers were published by Nicholson & Co., 38 King Street, East, in that city. Mr. Mackenzie gathered around him a brilliant group of contributors, and the pages of that monthly periodical contain material which has permanently influenced Gaelic literature. At this time the office of publication had been moved to Glasgow, Scotland. Later on, in Inverness, he and Mr. William Mackay, were instrumental in stirring up an interest in the formation of a Gaelic Society, resulting in the organisation of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, a society without a peer, so far as the quality of its membership and work is concerned. He became its secretary, and the moving spirit of its early days. Its valuable volumes of transactions bear testimony to his love of Gaelic, his ability as a scholar and his indefatigable industry as a collector of Gaelic lore.

On the appointment of the Crofters' Commission, under the Crofters' Act of 1886, he was selected for the very important post of Principal Permanent Clerk, an office which he still holds, and in which he has rendered services of inestimable value to his countrymen. His duties in this position necessitate much travelling over all parts of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and bring him into intimate contact with the people. He has thus had the advantage, for twenty years, of winning the gratit Je of the peasantry, and access to their stores of folk-lore, ballads, old and new, legends of long ago, myths and superstitions, which he

has rescued from oblivion, by the popular recitation of them, and having collated his material and rendered it useful to the student of ethnology, has published much of it.

His brother is Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, Toronto, the immediate past chief of the Gaelic Society of Canada.

Mr. Henry Whyte, known over the Gaelic-speaking world by his sobriquet "Fionn," is a native of Argyleshire. Early in his career he settled in Glasgow, and at once took first place among the literary Gaels of that city. His literary work (Gaelic) dates back to 1873, and includes a variety of subjects. Indeed, Mr. Whyte is most versatile. An accurate scholar, he is also no mean Gaelic poet, a past master in translating Gaelic into English poetry, a musician who has preserved many of the most beautiful of Gaelic melodies in a series of popular collections of Gaelic songs with English translations; versed in the pipe-music of his people, he has done much to popularize it, and has published tales and traditions associated with piobaireachd tunes, and famous pipers; he has translated English stories into Gaelic; published collections of Gaelic readings; translated and published "Crofters' Act, 1886," and contributed to the press as special Gaelic Correspondent, for many years. His treasury of lore is marvellous, and probably unrivalled, touching every line of Gaelic life and character. He has laboured long and successfully in the Celtic field, and, outside of his literary laurels, has placed the Gael under undying obligation for his services for the material welfare of the Crofters. Recently his worth was recognised by his name being placed on the Civil Pension List of Britain, for his Gaelic literary services and attainments.

The Rev. A. Maclean-Sinclair is a native of Nova Scotia, and in youth was imbued with a love for, and interest in Gaelic, which has endured, and borne such good fruit during his life. He has just retired from the active duties of his parish, and can look back on a long career, replete with results in the Celtic field. An accomplished Gaelic scholar, he has used the opportunities he could snatch from the duties of an arduous profession to prepare for the press and bring out a voluminous collection of Gaelic poetry in chronological order dating far back, and reaching our own times. Clan history he has also elucidated and written upon, his magnificent volume on the Clan Maclean being his magnum opus in this line. In other directions his learning found expression through the press, for he has written to effect on questions within the scope of his studies as a clergyman, as well as on Celtic questions; and his reading in ethnology produced a concise and very useful handbook on the peoples and languages of the world. To enumerate all his works which have seen the light, would require much space, but the object of this note is not to give a full record, but to indicate the nature of the attainments in scholarship of those honoured by the Gaelic Society. Mr. Maclean-Sinclair stands among the few in the first rank of Celtic Scholarship to-day, and it is, to say the least, very surprising that his native province, where Gaelic is still commonly spoken, and where his scholarly eminence is known to rich and poor alike, has not conferred an academic honour on him as one of her eminent and world-recognised sons.

Mr. Alexander Fraser, M.A., was born in Inverness-shire. Gaelic was his mother tongue, and he has studied it through life. He was for many years connected with the Toronto *Mail*, and as far back as 1886, conducted a Gaelic Department in its Saturday edition, to which the leading Gaelic writers in the Dominion liberally contributed. He has been active in Gaelic circles for many years, was secretary of the Gaelic Society of Toronto, also its president for four years; taught a Gaelic class in connection with the Society in its early days, and gave lectures on Gaelic to the students of Knox College. He has made a special study of Celtic philology, literature and antiquities, and takes rank as a scholar higher, probably, than any other in Canada. He has published a great deal in Gaelic, and on Celtic subjects, and is a strong advocate of a Celtic Lectureship in connection with Toronto University. He occupies the position of Provincial Archivist for Ontario, and the volumes he annually publishes are attracting the attention of students of Canadian history.

The Scottish Canadian.

THE BELTED PLAID.

Sir,—A side remark on the Belted Plaid in a recent article on the Bagpipe, by Dr. M'Bain, has reminded me of what I was told when a boy, about 50 years ago. At that time Walter Paton was about the only exponent of the Highland garb in the East of Scotland, and he had a way of showing how in old days a kilt and shoulder plaid might have been readily made with a plaid, without any sewing. He laid a leather strap with buckle on the ground, and pleated a part of the plaid on top of it. He then lay down full length and fixed the strap and folded plaid round his waist. Rising up he had a kilt on and a "belted plaid," the loose end of which he pinned on the left shoulder.—Yours, etc.,

K. Matheson IX.

The Atonement of Maisie Maclean.

By ALICE C. MACDONELL of Keppoch.

CHAPTER VIII.

"This heart is thine, mine own dear love,
Thine and thine only, and forever;
Thine till the springs of life shall fail,
Thine till the cords of life shall sever."

GEORGE W. DOANE.

THE evening of the moonlight pic-nic saw a merry party set out from Dunskaith; among those who preferred a sail were Ian Cameron, Captain O'Neill, Flora Drummond and her cousin Fiorna. The old piper, seated in the stern, played the wonderful piobaireachds and laments of the Gaelic music, sounding weirdly beautiful over the waters, and far over the hills, carrying the mind back to the days when the kilted warriors sprang down those steep and rugged ravines to battle with their foes, armed with targe and long Lochaber axe. Fair indeed looked the shores of Loch Etive, fringed with hazel and birch, in the clear moonlight, the bracken turning already a creamy white under the oak trees, and the rich scent of the heather perfuming the ground in every direction.

Fiorna MacLeod and Conn O'Neill wandered away by the pebbly shores in a dream of enchantment, each jagged peak, each moss-crowned height, teeming with the romance of the past and the hour. No wonder poor, beautiful, ill-fated Deirdrê, with the premonition of the dark future before her, cried out in her pathetic lament for these lovely shores of peace and love which she was leaving forever behind her! And the three sons of Uisnach, manlike, paying no heed to the warning, went over to the fair Eiré to meet their doom! The wild ducks, whirring over the waters, dipped down among the reeds here and there. And Fiorna thought she had never gazed upon a scene so lovely before. Had she not the hero of her choice also, as brave and as handsome as even Deirdrê's Naosi, walking down the valley of dreams beside her?

"And so it was from the far-off Hebridean ancestress you got your pretty name Fiorna,

darling," resumed O'Neill, referring to the subject of conversation.

"Yes," answered Fiorna, "It is a beautiful legend that of Fiorna MacLeod and the Chief of the Lewis. Long, long ago, when the young Chief of the Lewis of the time was crossing over to Skye to see his promised bride, a fearful storm came on and he was drowned in the Minch. Poor Fiorna did not long survive the one love of her life, and died of a broken-heart shortly after. Before death she extracted a solemn promise from her father, to row out with her body to the spot in the Minch where her lover was drowned, and there to cast it into the sea. All things were done as the lady desired, the boats, with the funeral cortêge and the pipers playing, rowed out into the dark waters. The old chief of MacLeod sat in one end of the boat, with his face covered with his plaid, grief-stricken at the loss of his child. When the time came for him to order the body to be lowered into the sea, he could not order his beautiful Fiorna to be consigned to the waves, and told the men to row back to the shore. In a moment the sky grew black and a fearful storm coming on, the men could neither advance nor go back. Then the ancient bard of the clan approached the chief and said: 'If you refuse to obey the lady's last request, we shall all be drowned.' The chief gave the order to lower the coffin, and in an instant the storm ceased. As the men prepared to cast the coffin into the waves they saw a shadowy form arise, which they all recognised as the young chief of the Lewis, with outstretched arms receiving the body of the lady Fiorna, and slowly sinking with it into the depths again. From that day, no matter how stormy the passage of the Minch, that one spot is always calm."

A lovely legend, and full of the delicate old-world charm of the Highland stories. "You would not have wished the body of the lady Fiorna to have lived forgetting her one love, would you, my pet?" asked O'Neill, tenderly.

"Oh! no," replied Fiorna. "No one can care more than once. It would be horrible to think any one you loved could possibly care for any other."

"That is true, darling; one can only love once in a lifetime. The rest is delusion."

"It would be terrible to think that one you loved could ever belong to anyone else; I should always think that they might have cared for the other better. You are sure, Conn, that you really never loved anyone else," asked Fiorna, anxiously.

"Honestly," sighed the soldier, heavily. "I never loved anyone but you, my darling. I have had fancies, but real love I have never known till now."

No! She must never know, it would break her heart. Let the deception be his, he was willing to lie, if that could spare her from pain.

As they rowed back under the stars, weird and beautiful came the sound of the pipes over the water. O'Neill felt his eyes wet with tears of real happiness, that at last the miserable chapter of his life was closed forever. What if Fiorna did idealize her handsome soldier, the idea only ennobled her and helped him to feel better in her presence.

When the two girls found themselves alone that night, Flora, rushing into her cousin's room, flung her arms round Fiorna, twisting and twirling her into a wild impromptu waltz; round and round she flew, until they both fell exhausted on a sofa. "What do you think, little coz.?" said she, as soon as she found her breath. Then, with the most coquettish air possible to imagine, commenced to sing—

'I lo'e nae a laddie but ane,
He lo'es nae a lassie but me;
He promised to make me his ain,
And I plighted my troth yestreen.'

"Now, *who* do you think the laddie is, dearie, for I *have* plighted my troth, and as it is now three o'clock of the morn's morn, I may say, with all honesty, 'yestreen.'"

"Flora, *do* tell me it is that dear boy, Ian Cameron."

"Indeed it is, then. Isn't he a dear of dears?"

"Yes, he is all that, Flora, but you must not think he is the only one."

"Fiorna! don't tell me you have captivated the hater of our sex! That would be too lovely for anything. Well, of all the sly little pussies in existence, never to breathe a word of what was brewing till now."

"Florrie, how *could* I? Only last night I knew myself how unconsciously I had been loving him."

"Oh! you knew very well. You were gone upon him before ever you saw him, I do believe. Making him into a hero and a demi-god as well," laughed Flora.

"That is rubbish," answered her cousin, with a blush. "But I know if I had not met him, I could never have cared for anyone else."

"I really believe you. You are such a rummy, dreamy little chap."

The double wedding was the talk of the county for many a long day. And very lovely the two brides looked. Flora started for Edinburgh after the honeymoon was over, where the 79th were then stationed; Fiorna and her husband, almost immediately for India. Troubles were arising on the Afghan frontier, and Captain O'Neill had been ordered to rejoin his regiment at once.

Chapter IX.

"All who have loved or love, will still allow,
Life has nought like it."—*Byron.*

Two years full of the most perfect happiness had passed. There was not a ripple on the horizon of the married life, which had passed like a dream for Conn O'Neill and his young wife.

Arranged in a soft, clinging material of white, Fiorna O'Neill leant back in a cosy chair on the verandah, watching with loving eyes her little son, lying fast asleep between the great brown paws of Bran, the collie, who looked grave and important over his charge.

Soon the clatter of horse's hoofs was heard as Captain O'Neill rode into the yard, and, springing lightly from the saddle, threw the reins to his groom, and bounded up the steps leading on to the verandah.

"Quiet, Conn, darling," whispered his wife softly, as she nestled against his breast. "Just look at that picture. Isn't it too sweet for anything?" pointing to their little son, still fast asleep, Bran giving a dignified tap, tap, of his tail, in recognition of his master's presence.

"Well, I must say that young scamp knows how to make himself comfortable. He is taking life remarkably easy just at this moment," said the soldier, as he looked down with a smile. "The sweetest picture in the whole wide world to greet a hardened sinner, who doesn't deserve his luck. I think, my pet, I begin to know the happiness that makes one half afraid."

"You silly old darling," answered his wife; "You are tired, and hot, and thirsty. Just see what a lovely cooling drink I have prepared for you. What you call a "peg," isn't it? But you look more than tired, dearie," and seating herself on a low stool beside her husband, Fiorna, who read the faces of those she loved like an open book, gazed up into his face anxiously.

"I've just come down from the hospital, pet, where I have been to see poor young Douglas. I fear he is going fast. The doctors say nothing can save him. He is in no pain now—a bad sign."

"Oh! surely not that nice boy in the 10th Hussars," enquired Fiorna.

"The same, my child, a most promising officer," said Captain O'Neill.

"Oh! how sad! can nothing be done to save him? This awful fighting! one never knows who is to be brought in next. Would to God it was all over," cried his wife, a shiver going through her as she crept closer to her husband.

"Courage, my darling," said Conn, kissing her face tenderly. "There is nothing really to be alarmed about, and I trust that it may, as you say, soon be over." A sentiment he had little belief in, as he knew only too well the serious nature of the rising.

Little Conn, waking out of his slumbers, and stretching out his arm with a coo of delight towards his father, was immediately snatched up into his arms.

"See now the bent of your son's inclinations," laughed the Captain, as the child made a grab with his chubby fists for his sword. "Already he begins to feel himself a descendant of 'Conn of the Hundred Battles,' that old villain of an ancestor of mine who delighted in nothing so much as a slash or a cut at his neighbours."

Fiorna laughed as she bent over to arrange the tartan ribbons that adorned little Conn's sleeves.

"You should not have given him such a name, dearie," she said, with a mischievous smile. "You know all the Conns are nothing but good-for-nothing scamps."

So laughing and chatting together, the time passed quickly until the time came for Conn to re-visit the hospital again, as he had promised young Douglas he would do.

"Good-bye, my darling," he said to his wife. "The hospitals are getting very full, but I hear they've had a lot of new nurses; they will want them all."

The contrast, as he sat by his dying friend's bed-side, between the picture of warmth and light and love of his own happy life and the poor young officer's slowly ebbing away, almost on its threshold, contrasted painfully in his mind. What had he done to be so blest in the end?

"Good of you, O'Neill, to have come up," gasped the poor boy. "My love to your sweet wife—so kind always . . . . . new nurse . . . . . sweet, and lovely . . . . . if I had lived, O'Neill, ... If I had . . . . lived," . . . . . murmured he, slowly. Just then a gentle step approached the bed, and as suddenly slipt behind the curtain, before O'Neill had noticed her. Standing there with clasped hands and distended eyes, she stood gazing at the Captain without herself being seen, every vestige of colour fled from her face, leaving it whiter than that of her patient, until a low sob of despair escaped from her.

"Poor nursie . . . sorry for me . . ." sighed the young lieutenant, as he tossed restlessly on his pillow. The surgeon coming through the wards and seeing the captain, stopped for a moment to speak with him, saying in answer to O'Neill's question.

"A matter of an hour or two at most. There is nothing more to be done."

Turning away with a heavy heart, the Captain strode out into the open air towards his own bright little home. He had not been more

than three hours there, when an orderly, asking to speak with him, said that one of the nurses from the hospital wished urgently to see him.

"Ask her to step up, please," said the Captain. "I fear I know well what her errand is—poor Douglas."

"Please, sir, she says she can't come," said the orderly, "her message is urgent, and her time short; she prefers you would go to her."

"How strange!" exclaimed Fiorna.

"What utter rubbish!" grumbled her husband, in no very amiable mood, as he prepared to obey her behest. "I shall see her. She may be in a deuce of a hurry," he muttered, as he rushed downstairs, his spurs clanking behind him, where he found the cloaked and veiled figure of a nurse awaiting him.

"You wished to see me, madam. Will you not step inside? it is cold for you outside here in the night. My wife desired me to ask you up."

"Thank you," murmured the nurse, in low, constrained tones. "Your wife must never know—never see *me*."

"It is very kind of you, I'm sure, but my wife is fully prepared to hear the worst of our poor young friend, and I take it that you bring sad news of him," said the soldier.

"Alas! yes; he is dead," sighed the nurse.

"God rest his soul, poor lad!" said the soldier, doffing his cap reverently.

"Yes. God rest *his* soul. He is at peace," moaned the nurse. "But mine! mine! will it ever find peace?"

Alarmed and embarrassed, Captain O'Neill said pityingly, "Don't you think if you are in any trouble it would do you good to speak with one of your own sex? I know Mrs. O'Neill would do all in her power to help you."

"Hush!" said the nurse, sharply. "She must never know. I have seen her and your child on the verandah—she is an angel!"

Where had he heard that voice? How strangely familiar it sounded, even in the hushed tones in which she spoke! Could the dead?—Oh no!—a fancied resemblance—that was all.

"Follow me," continued the nurse, "to where we shall be undisturbed; you shall hear my story."

(To be concluded.)

"BARBRECK'S BONE."—In the museum of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh, there is a curious relic of the ancient family of the Campbells of Barbreck. It was in the possession of the Barbrecks for many generations, and was considered a certain cure for madness. It consists of a "tablet of ivory," and was in frequent demand, but so highly were its curative virtues valued that the borrowers had to deposit £100 until its safe return. The last owner records that she had more than once been requested to lend it, or even send a small piece, a proof that there existed a strong belief in its efficacy.

MEMORIES OF KINTYRE.

EARLY HISTORY OF KILCOLMKILL AND DUNAVERTY.

IN defiance of the commonly received account of St. Columba having first landed on Isle Oronsay, near Colonsay, and having thence departed because he could still see Ireland, which he had vowed never to behold again,—the tradition in Cantyre is, that he first landed at the southernmost point of the Moyle; and that, although in full view of the Irish coast, he here built his little church, where he preached for some time before he went to Iona, leaving his saintly mark on many a nook. At the southern extremity of the Moyle or "Mull" the men of Cantyre still point out the "Bay of the Boat," as the spot where his frail currach, of wicker-work covered with hides, first touched the shore, whence he was to make his way to the court of Connal MacCongail, King of the Northern Scots, to whom he was nearly related, being himself of the blood-royal. Connal and his people, being already Christians, gave him warm welcome, and sent him under safe escort to Brude, the King of the Picts. He too declared himself a Christian; and his chiefs and people were not slow to follow his example. Soon even Broichan, the Arch-Druid, was converted, having been cured by St. Columba of a dangerous and sudden illness.

To those who accept this form of the tradition, perhaps the most interesting ecclesiastical site of Cantyre is the aforesaid little chapel, known as

KIL-COLM-KEIL, THE CELL OF ST. COLUMBA,

at Keil, situated at the extreme end of the Mull of Cantyre,—just such an one as that where King Arthur was laid, when sorely wounded in that battle among the mountains beside the winter sea—

> "A ruined shrine, beside the place of tombs,
> Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
> Old knights. And over them the sea wind sang
> Shrill, chill—with flakes of foam."

It is a tiny roofless ruin—its grey walls veiled by luxuriant ferns which cling to every crevice, and form a soft, green coping. It lies so close to the sea, that the salt foam dashes over the old tombs, and the tough green bent creeps up amongst the stones, while bright sea-pinks gleam through the mossy grass. A steep crag of reddish rock rises directly above it; and, just beyond, the bluff headland of the Moyle itself rises abruptly from the sea, which here scarcely ever knows calm, but seems to revel in its joyous liberty.

There is not a sailor or a fisher on all this coast, or the opposite shores of Ireland (Antrim being but twelve miles distant), who does not

dread the mighty green waves that are for ever raging in their ceaseless battle with the stern old Moyle. In quick succession the booming breakers burst on the unfeeling rocks, which have withstood them for such countless ages, and now fling them back once more. With swift rush, the baffled waters fall back on the advancing wave, and thus reinforced, renew the ceaseless, hopeless attack,—then, "white with rage," dash themselves to atoms, and fall in dazzling spray and foam over the cliff.

If you count the waves, you will see that about every sixth is larger than the others, a chieftain in fact; and if, as it curls proudly over, you can catch a gleam of light through the transparent water, you will see its wonderful clear green, at the very moment that the land breeze carries back its crest in tossing spray, like the mane of some white sea-horse. Most beautiful of all, is the moment when two waves, whose courses differ slightly, come to a violent collision, and dash their white spray heavenward,—an encounter which you will here see to perfection, as two strong currents meet at this point. Perhaps if the sea is not very angry indeed, there will come a lull—an amnesty,—and the graves that were drenched with the salt sea spray, will dry in the sunlight; and the shepherds can put off their boat, and row to the grassy islands to see how it fares with their sheep.

It was on one of these unwonted days of rest, that I found my way to Kilcolmkeil. Let each who loves the peace of nature, picture the scene for himself. The beetling crag,—

GOD'S-ACRE BATHED IN LIGHT,—

earth and sky, gleaming with that clear shining that cometh after rain. And the hush and silence of the calm wide ocean, noiselessly stealing on and on, till the great brown rocks, with their wealth of golden seaweeds, lie hidden, like purple shadows, beneath the cool and quiet blue, and only a tiny edge of white rippling foam marks the lip of the lazy wave as it glides to and fro, or brims over the ribbed sand, glancing and gleaming in the bright sunlight. Only here and there, the still surface of the waters is broken by a broad leaf of brown sea-ware, waving idly from the forest below, with quivering motion, like some curious wriggling sea-snake; or a floating tangle, like long human hair, washed to and fro, suggests some fancy of the sea giving up her dead, to this green resting-place. Now and then, there is the quick flash of some white-winged gull, as it darts upon its prey, and then again floating upward, hangs idly poised in the sunny air.

Altogether it is a scene of most blessed peace, such as sinks into the heart with strange sweet power, soothing and lulling the turmoil of its cares. For there is no more dear companionship than that of the sea, which in its ever-changing moods, seems almost like some human thing, that one day claims our sympathies with its own wild joys or sorrows, ready in its turn to weep or laugh with ours; to-day so calm and peaceful, laughing in the sunlight; to-morrow roused to mad excitement, lashing itself into wild rage; then, when its wrath is spent, subsiding as though repentant, lying still and silent beneath the cold mists, dreary and desolate and sad,—like a sorrowful spirit, when all life's energies are subdued.

They only, who have been cradled and nurtured within sound of that ceaseless song of the wild waters, can fully realise their subtle charm, or tell the unutterable yearning for their music,—the craving for their breadth, for their reflections of the great clouds,—for their incessant movement, which oftentimes comes over the spirit, when the body is tied to some monotonous inland region; the unspeakable longing for sight and sound of the great green waves, the tossing spray and screaming sea-birds, and the wild breeze that rushes past, laden with the salt sea-brine. None else can understand the intensity of that passionate love which the sea and its shores can inspire—the thousand memories linked with those wide white sands—those slippery rocks—that brown, wet tangle, each leaf of which seems to have some hidden power whereby to twine itself round the innermost depths of the soul. None else can sympathise with the bitter disappointment of awakening from some blissful vision of shell-gathering, or idling by those great waters, to find that in truth it was but a dream.

To such I say, if you would see Old Ocean in its glory, come to Cantyre; but those who desire true mountain scenery had better stay away, for when once you leave the seaboard and turn inland, you will find that you have left all beauty behind you; the great swelling green hills do indeed rise to a height of 2000 feet; but the very name Cnoc Maigh, or the Hill of the Plain, suggests mere shapeless high ground.

BUT THE GLORY OF CANTYRE

lies in her dairy-farms; the rich fine soil yielding abundant pasture, and supporting from twenty to thirty cows on each farm. It is a land flowing with milk and honey, with comfortable, well-to-do inhabitants, who thankfully told us that the cattle plague had as yet never found its way to their shores. But though the farmer will offer you wine and spirits in abundance, you must not test his hospitality so cruelly as to expect such a bowl of creamy milk as any old "Cailleach" in a black bothy would be proud to offer you, should she own but one gentle "Crummie." At these great dairies, the

farmer prides himself on his unbroken pans of rich milk, therein estimating prospective pounds of butter and cheese for a sure market.

Looking on these prosperous dairy-farms, the idea very forcibly suggested itself, that such farms, worked on a co-operative system, may yet bring gold and comfort to many a district, where, although the soil is unfit for cultivation, it assuredly affords rich natural pastures, which could hardly be more usefully employed, both for the farmer and the public.

TO THE ANTIQUARIAN,

Cantyre offers some special attractions. I am told that no part of Scotland is richer in relics of pre-Christian times; cairns and barrows, monumental pillars erected above stone coffins, and rude urns containing the ashes of bodies that had been burnt, having been found in many of its green downs.

There are countless old legends attached to these green hills, and to the cliffs and caves along the shore; tales of the warrior and mighty hunter, Fingal, and his faithful hound Bran; wonderful holes in the rock, that have served for his cooking pots, wherein to boil rude kettles formed of the skins of the deer, and filled with flesh, such as he loved to eat half raw, and caves that have been honoured by his presence; but these tales have been so carefully collected by Campbell of Islay, that all lovers of such lore need only refer to his "Tales of the West Highlands" for an inexhaustible store of wild Gaelic legends.

Though by no means one of the most ancient ruins, the

FINE OLD CASTLE OF SADDELL,

with its ruined monastery and picturesque kirkyard, are among the most remarkable ecclesiastical remains on Cantyre.

The Monastery of Saddell is one of considerable interest. It was founded in the twelfth century by one of the Lords of the Isles—whether by the great Somerled or by his son Reginald seems uncertain, but it very soon acquired a reputation for sanctity, and great men of old craved to be buried there. Of Somerled, and his wars with Godred, King of Man, both old Sagas and Gaelic legends tell many tales. There were terrible sea-fights, in one of which the Manx fleet of galleys was so sorely beaten, that Godred was compelled to yield all the Sudereys, or Southern Isles, including "Yla and Kintyre," retaining only the island of Man itself. The wife of Somerled was a daughter of Olaf the Swarthy, King of Man and the Isles.

Various accounts are given of the manner of his death, but whether in a sea-fight with pirates, or by assassination in his own tent, seems uncertain. One version is that he sailed with 160 galleys to besiege Renfrew, and fell in action with the Scottish army. In any case his body seems to have been brought to Saddell for burial, and laid where so many turbulent warriors now sleep in stillness, and the only unrest is that of the restless ocean.

This part of Cantyre also has one or two traditions of Robert the Bruce; and the little Isle of Rathlin, off the Irish coast (distinctly visible from the Mull), was to him a haven of refuge in times of danger.

IN THE OLD FORT OF DUNAVERTY

he also found warm welcome. A few scattered stones, on a rocky promontory, are all that now mark this old Castle of Dunaverty, "the Fort of Blood," once a mighty stronghold of the Danes, whose fleet were wont to anchor near the opposite Isle of Sanda, still known to the Highlanders as the gathering-place of the Danes, by whom it was called Avoyn, "the Island of Harbours." Upon it are the ruins of St. Annian's Chapel, once a place of refuge, where all outlaws might find sanctuary.

On the ruins of the Danish Fort a new castle was built by the Macdonalds, who held their own in Cantyre till the days of Montrose, whose cause they espoused even unto death. But when the star of the Covenanters was in the ascendant, and the Royalists were driven even to this Land's End, Sir Allister Macdonald sailed for Ireland, there to raise new forces. He left his castle in the hands of his brother, with a garrison of three hundred men.

Very soon General Leslie, with three thousand of Argyle's men, advanced to besiege the old fort. Bravely it was defended, but after awhile Leslie discovered that the only well for the supply of the garrison lay outside the walls, and that the water was brought in artificially. Of course this was at once cut off, and not one drop was to be had, to quench their raging thirst. It was midsummer, and even the kindly rains from heaven forgot to fall. Vainly were all eyes strained to watch for Sir Allister's return, across the sea, whose cool green waves dashed their salt sea foam so mockingly in the faces of these dying men, at their last extremity. Sir Allister had been slain in battle; so they might watch till they were weary, but all in vain.

At length they were forced to capitulate, and for five days were kept prisoners on their rock together with a hundred more who had been captured in a cave, or rather, smoked out of it, as the manner was. Leslie seems to have inclined to mercy towards the captives, but he was hounded on by a Puritan preacher, Nave by name, and knave by nature, who insisted on the slaughter "of these Amalekites." At length his counsel prevailed, and all the helpless captives were either put to the sword, or dashed from the precipice into the sea, where they

lighted on hard, cruel, jagged rocks. And so they perished (all save one man, and one infant), and from time to time, bleached bones and skulls are still washed up from the clefts of the rocks; and the fishers tell how, when the wind drifts the sand from the bank close by, heaps of human bones are sometimes seen, which the next kindly wind covers up again with a fresh layer of soft yellow sand.

The escape of the little infant was the only gleam of light in that day's devilish work. Its nurse caught it up naked in her arms and fled along the shore. She was stopped by a Campbell, and vowed the child was hers:

"IT HAS THE EYE OF THE MACDONALD"

was the answer. Nevertheless, the heart of Craignish was soft, and, dividing his plaid, he gave her half for the naked baby, and suffered her to escape. During those five days of waiting on the rock, another Macdonald drew near, with a small body of men, to relieve the garrison. As soon as the piper perceived them, he struck up a note of warning to bid them turn back. Thus they were saved from the cruel fate that awaited their brethren; but the piper paid dearly for his tune, the enraged Campbells cutting off his fingers to prevent his playing any more such strains.

Thus it was, that Cantyre passed from the hands of the Macdonalds to those of the *gleed* (squinting) Marquis of Argyle and his clansmen. It seemed as though Heaven's righteous retribution sought them out, when, ere many years had past,

A TERRIBLE PLAGUE CAME

and utterly depopulated the whole of Cantyre. It was the same year that the Great Plague was raging in London. The pestilence swept over the land in visible form, as a great white cloud laden with death—just such a cloud as, in later days, has rested on Malaga, and other cities, in times of cholera (on Dumfries, for instance, where in 1843 the cholera raged for months, nor ever stayed its ravages till one-third of the inhabitants were laid in great pits in the overcrowded churchyards. And during all the time that the Angel of Death thus brooded over the city, a pestilential cloud hung like a death-pall, floating in mid-air, above the circle of hills which enclose the city as in a cup. It was a dull heavy film, through which neither the foul air could escape nor could fresh air circulate, but all was dead stagnation; even the sunbeams passing through were discoloured, and fell with lurid glare upon the scene of horror below). The fever-cloud rested long on Cantyre, and left its traces for many generations. So sorely did Argyle's estates suffer, that moneys were voted by Parliament for his relief, while the poorer folk received such help as the churches could collect. A sunnier legend of Dunaverty in its palmy days, tells how its chief rescued the fair daughter of the King of Carrickfergus from the pillion of O'Connor, the King of Inuisheon, who had run away with her against her will. He restored her to her father, and continued his honoured guest till, in his turn, he claimed the maiden's hand, and was cast into a dungeon to rue his presumption. Thence rescued by the damsel, he escaped to Dunaverty; but once more returning in quest of his love, found that she too was now in durance vile, for having aided his flight. So, like the hardy Norseman of old, he showed that neither bolt nor bar could part him from his own true love, and carried her safely across the sea to his own old castle. The wrathful king followed in his galley, with many mighty men of war, vowing swift vengeance. Happily counsels of peace prevailed, and the lady obtained pardon for her lord; so they all went back together to the Emerald Isle, and lived merrily to the end of the chapter, and their children became kings, from whom the Earls of Antrim claim descent.

(To be continued.)

DRAW THE SWORD.

Written to the tune of "The Haughs of Cromdale."

Draw the sword for Royal Charlie,
Hear the pibroch sounding rarely,
Down the glen comes valiant Murray,
Drummond, and Glengarry.

Hear ye not the pibroch pealing,
Men to deeds of valour steeling?
See the Highland Chieftains kneeling
Filial to Charlie.
Draw the sword, etc.

Yonder flies the eagle feather,
Plume and tartan wave together,
Clan and sept come o'er the heather
At the call of Charlie.
Draw the sword, etc.

O'er the hill with broadswords glancing
See the kilted lads advancing,
Many a Highland heart is dancing
For the cause of Charlie.
Draw the sword, etc.

English laws by alien vermin
Never shall their course determine,
Now they've jouked the little German
For their royal Charlie.
Draw the sword, etc.

Winds which blow from Wrath to Duart
Whisper low to every true heart
That their mountain thrones a Stuart
Now shall rule in Charlie.
Draw the sword, etc.

Draw the sword as in the foray,
Deeds which fame shall crown with glory
E'er shall live in Highland story;
Fight and die for Charlie!

Edinburgh. MURDOCH MACLEAN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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JULY, 1907.

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MACKAY.—At 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow, on 11th July, Margaret Fleming, aged 74, widow of Donald Mackay, late of Strathy, Sutherland, and mother of John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*.

THE HEIRESS OF THE CALDERS.—Tradition has it that the Campbells, after a rapid retreat and a stiff rear-guard action, succeeded in carrying off the only daughter and heiress of Sir Hugh Calder, then a child. In the midst of the joy expressed on this occasion Campbell of Auchenbreck asked what was to be done if the girl died before she reached marriageable age? Inverliver promptly replied, that she could never die, *so long as a red-haired lassie was to be found on either bank of Lochow.* The stolen infant on reaching womanhood was duly married to a Campbell, who secured possession of the broad acres and strong castle of the Calders, near Nairn, which the family retains to this day.

"THE LADY OF THE ROCK" AND THE MACINLERAINS.—In the 15th century Lachlan Maclean of Duart married Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Argyle. After much domestic unhappiness the lady attempted to poison her husband. A woman who tasted the poisoned draught was taken ill, and the remainder being given to the dogs, their speedy deaths confirmed the suspicions. The lady Elizabeth was placed on a rock to perish by the approaching tide, but her life was saved by four brothers of the name Maclean, who conveyed her to the mainland. They never returned to Mull, but assumed the name Macinlerain, under which appellation many of their descendants are still to be found at Craignish. This latter incident is somewhat different from the usual version, which records that the rescue was effected by the lady's own brother, who afterwards revenged the insult by dirking Duart when asleep in Edinburgh.

THE HIGHLAND HILLS.

The Highland hills! There are songs of mirth
And joy and love on the gladsome earth,
For Spring in her queenly robes hath smiled
In the forest glade and the woodland wild.
Then come with me from the haunts of men
To the glassy lake in the mountain glen,
Where sunshine sleeps on the dancing rills
That chainless leap from the Highland hills.

The Highland hills! It is summer now,
And the song-bird sits on the leafy bough,
And the trees bend down in the golden light
Their foliage green o'er the waters bright,
Where flowers by the brook's fair margin bloom,
And scent the breeze with their wild perfume,
Till the zephyr bland with their odour fills
In the silent vale of the Highland hills.

The Highland hills! When the sparkling rays
Of the silver dews greet the orient blaze,
When noon comes forth with her gorgeous glow
While the fountains leap and the rivers flow,
Thou wilt roam with me where the waterfalls
Bid echo wake in the rocky halls,
Till the grandeur wild to thy heart instills
A deep delight to the Highland hills.

The Highland hills! When the noonday smiles
On the slumbering lakes and the fairy isles,
We'll clamber high where the heather waves
By the warrior's cairn, and the foemen's graves,
And I'll sing to thee in "the bright day's prime"
Of the days of old and of ancient time,
And thy heart unknown to the care that chills
Shall gladly joy in the Highland hills.

The Highland hills!—in the twilight dim
To their heath-clad crests shall thy footsteps climb,
And there shalt thou gaze o'er the ocean far,
Till the beacon blaze of the evening star,
And the lamp of night with its virgin beams
Looks down on the deep and the shining streams,
Till beauty's spell on thy spirit thrills
With joy and love in the Highland hills.

The Highland hills! There are palm-tree bowers,
And spicy groves with their balmy flowers,
Where Araby's children love to roam,
And away in the Indian's sunny home;
But dearer far is the storm-beat strand
And the rugged shores of our own loved land,
When nature reigns as her fancy wills
In the mountain glens and the Highland hills.

The Magic of the Misty Isle of Skye.

Here,'mid these mountains, these mist-brimming gullies,
Slumbers the secret that none may divine;
No breath of the world their still solitude sullies,
No rebel invades Nature's innermost shrine.
The sigh of the wind is the voice of a seer,
The dawn is a portent, the lightning a sign;
The silence enfolds it, the waves bring it near;
The fir-trees, insistent, the riddle repeat;
The hills have their vision, translucent and clear;
The moors tell their dreams, and the burns, as they greet,
All whisper together in rapturous chorus,
Or croon a strange song that is plaintive as sweet—
They sing of the past,—and the years that sweep o'er us
(Unmarked while that hand lays its spell on our souls)
To the dim, mystic realm of our dreams shall restore us.

M. E. GRAHAM.

CELTIC MEMORIAL TO THE LATE Mr. JOHN MACKAY, C.E., J.P., IN HEREFORD CEMETERY.

We are indebted to Mr. John C. Mackay, London, eldest son of the late Mr. John Mackay, C.E., J.P., Hereford, for a photograph of the handsome Memorial Celtic Cross marking his father's grave in Hereford Cemetery, of which the above is photo-process reproduction.

MU IAIN CIAR

MAR leanabh beag a thuiteas 'na chodal am meadhon braise, leis na deòir mhòra fathast gun tiormachadh air a ghruaidh, agus a dhùisgeas o 'shuain air ath-ùrachadh, a' fosgladh nan sùilean gorma le fiamh-ghàire, mar sin bha aghaidh Nàduir air an là màireach. Bha a' ghrian a' dealradh a nuas ás an speur ghorm, thairis air an robh neul geal, thall 's a bhos, a' snàmh gu ciùin. Chunnaic sinn so uile, ach cha d' thug sinn aire dha. Mar a tha dealbh deàrrsach na gréine air thoiseach air duine, an déigh dha beachdachadh gu dil oirre, ciod air bith ni air an amhairc a shùil, air an dòigh cheudna, air thoiseach oirnne, ann ar cleasachd no aig ar n-obair, bha ìomhaigh Iain Chiair a' snàmh. Bha dearbh fhios againn nach robh math dhuinn fiughair a bhi againn ri aon smid tuilleadh a chluinntinn m'a dhéighinn gu feasgar; mar sin chaidh sinn gu cùramach troimh gach dleasdanas, oir bha ar n-obair féin aig gach aon againn. B'urrainn eadhon do Raonull beag ceann na craoidhleig bhuntàta a thogail a dh' ionnsuidh an uillt le Deòrsa; gun ghuth air a bhi 'cumail na tùirneip ris an uair a bhiodh e 'ga sgoltadh air son a' chruidh. Air an dòigh so cha robh cudthrom na h-oibre tuilleadh 's trom air aon seach h-aon 'san tigh, agus bhris e stigh a' chlann gu gabhail ris an obair gu caoimhneil.

Ach mu dheireadh thàinig am feasgar. Bha na h-uile ni deas; bha ar leasain air an ionnsuchadh, b'urrainn duinn an ràdh gun mhearachd; agus thrus sinn uile, a dh' aon bhuidheann, m'an chathair-mhòir anns an robh ar sean-mhàthair 'na suidhe. Ach mo thruaigh, dìreach an uair a dh' fhosgail Maisi a beul gus an ath chuid de'n naigheachd iarruidh, dh' fhosgail dorus an t-seòmair, agus a nìos thàinig Uirig a' ghàirneilair a dheanamh céilidh fhada. A nis, cha robh a h-aon 'nar measg aig nach robh gaol an cridhe air Uirig. B'àbhaist duinn dol a chur a' cheatail air an teine air son *tea* a dheanamh dhith, ach a nochd, 's ann a thàinig dùbhra thairis air gach aodann air dhuinn a 'cheud plathadh dhith fhaicinn. Thug ise an aire dha so; ghabh i gu clis a stigh mar a bha 'n gnothuch.

"A nis," thubhairt ise, "na caraicheadh gin agaibh. Cha d'rinn mise ach tighinn a dh' fheuchainn am b' urrainn do bhur màthair deuran bainne 'thoirt dhomh; tha Dòmhnull Ruadh air taghal 'san dol seachad, agus feumaidh mi falbh air a' mhionaid."

Shocruich sinne sinn féin, am feadh a dh' fhalbh ar màthair le Uirig, agus thoisich ar sean-mhàthair air an ath chuid de naigheachd Iain Chiair innseadh:—

Bha Iain Ciar, aig aon àm, air turus ann an taobh-tuath na Fràinge. Bha 'n dùthaich troimh an robh e 'marcachd, fàsail, fiadhaich; agus bha 'm baile dh' ionnsuidh an robh e 'dol, astar mòr air falbh. Bha e 'marcachd o mhaduinn, agus bha e nis fad air adhart 'san fheasgar, agus, a réir coltais, cha robh an t-ionad anns an robh e air àiteachadh. Ach an ùine ghoirid, chunnaic e tigh mòr, leis féin, dlùth do làimh. Mharcaich e 'suas chun an doruis, agus dh' fheòraich e am faigheadh e aoidheachd air son oidhche. "Gheibh," fhreagair an duine a thàinig a dh' ionnsuidh an doruis, agus, a' gabhail sréin an eich 'na làimh, thubhairt e ri Iain dol a stigh, agus thug e 'n t-each leis do 'n stàbull. Ghabh Iain a stigh do'n fhòr-sheòmar fharsuing a gheibhear an coitcheannas ann an tighean nan tuathanach 'san dùthaich sin, far a bheil an teaghlach agus na seirbheisich a' gabhail am bìdh, agus a' suidhe aig an obair anns a' gheamhradh, mu'n cuairt do 'n teallaich mhòir fhosgailte. Fhuair e 'n so mòran fhear, 'nan suidhe mu'n bhòrd aig an suipeir, agus aon bhean 'gan seirbheiseachadh. Ghlac rudeiginn de ionghnadh e; ach, air dhoìbh àite suidhe a' sheòladh dha dlùth air an teallaich, chuir e fàilt orra, agus chaidh e suas. Cha robh fada gus an d'eirich na fir, agus chaidh iad uile 'mach, a' fàgail Iain gu a shupeir a ghabhail air a shocair féin. Thug e'n aire nach robh a' bheag aca ri ràdh an déigh dhàsan dol a stigh; agus thug e mar an ceudna fainear an greann neo-thaitneach a bha, a réir coltais, a ghnàth an aodann na h-aoin bhoirionnaich a bha ri fhaicinn mu'n tigh.

Mu dheireadh ghabh Iain an dànadas fharraid do'n bhean, c' arson a bha i cho neo-thoilichte. Thàinig a' cheisd gun fhiughair oirre. Sheas i m' a choinneamh a' dearcadh gu muladach 'na aodann. A réir coltais thug an sealladh misneach dhith a fhreagairt.

"Nach d' thug thu 'n aire," fhreagair i, "nach 'eil bean ri fhaicinn an so ach mise a mhàin?"

"Thug," thubhairt Iain.

"Is luchd-reubainn air fad na daoine a chunnaic thu. Ma tha meas agad air do bheatha, fàg an tigh cho luath 's is urrainn duit; mur teich thu bithidh tu 'nad dhuine marbh mu'n tig an là-màireach."

"Ma tha sin uile mar a tha thu 'g ràdh," thubhairt Iain, "ciamar nach 'eil thu fhéin a' teicheadh bho àite—a réir mar a thubhairt thu —a tha cho gràineil?" "Tha an t-àite da-rireadh gràineil leam, agus dh'fheuch mi teicheadh ás, ach tha coin-luirg aca, agus is beag nach d' rinn iad mo shracadh ás a chéile; cha robh 'chridh agam fheuchainn a rithis."

"Na'n toirinn-sa oidheirp air do theasraiginn, an tigeadh tu leam?"

"Thigeadh," thubhairt a' bhean, "ach dé am

maith a bhiodh ann? Cha deanadh tu ach do bheatha féin a chall cho maith ri m' bheatha-sa."

Dh' fhan Iain 'na thoad car ghreis, a' beachd-smuainteachadh thairis air na chual e. Mu dheireadh thubhairt e, "Ciod e'm biadh a tha thu 'bruich 'sa choire mhòir sin air an teine?"

"Tha," thubhairt ise, "feòil a' bruich innte air son nan con."

"Innsidh mise dhuit, ma tà, ciod a ni thu. Gheibh thu an t-each agam-sa a mach leam ás an stàbull cho luath 's a tha na h-uile ni sàmhach. Biodh làn do sguirt agad deas de'n fheòil sin, agus ma théid na coin a chur ás ar déigh, tilgidh tu mìr feòla 'nam measg 'nuair a ni iad a suas ruinn. Theagamh gu 'm bi am Freasdal fàbharach dhuinn, agus gu'n ruig sinn baile éiginn mu'n teirig am mìr mu dheireadh."

Gheall a' bhean a h-uile cùis a dheanamh mar a dh' iarr Iain oirre, agus sanus a thoirt dha cho luath 's a shaoileadh i gu'n robh e tèaruinte dhoibh teannadh a mach; agus, a chionn gu'n robh aon no dha de na fir fathast air an cois, 's a dh' fhaodadh iad tighinn a stigh aig àm air bith, cho-aontaich iad gu'm biodh e cho maith gun tuilleadh cainnt a bhith eatorra, air eagal amharus nan daoine a dhùsgadh. Bha e gu maith seachad air meadhon oidhche an uair a fhuair Iain an sanus gu'n robh na h-uile ni réidh thoiseach air. Chaidh aige air an each a thoirt gu sàmhach a mach as an stàbull, agus thug e leis air sréin e, air a threòrachadh leis a' mhnaoi—a bha mion-eòlach air an rathad—gus an robh iad á éisdeachd gach duine's madadh timchioll an tighe. An sin, air do Iain a' bhean a chur air a chulaobh air an each, dh' fhag iad fad ás an déigh tigh an uilc 's a' mhi-fhortain.

Air a' chuid so de'n sgeul a ruigheachd, thug ar sean-mhathair togail oirre féin 'sa chathair, chuir i'n stocaidh air a 'bhord, agus thug i dhith a gloinneachan.

"Am bheil sibh réidh cheana?" "An d' fhuair iad ás?" "Ciod a' thachair na dhéigh sin?" ghlaodh sinn uile còmhla.

"Socair, socair," ars ar màthair gu slobhalta, a' tighinn a stigh an déigh Uirig fhaicinn gu ruig geata a' ghàraidh, agus crioman beag na b' fhaide a sìos am bruthach; "Nach leig sibh le'r sean-mhàthair a h-anail a tharruing?" Air so a chluinntinn shìolaidh sinn, agus dh' fhàs sinn aon uair eile cho bìdh ri nead a dh' eòinbheaga an déigh d' am màthair baoiteag a thoirt do gach aon diubh. An deigh beagan ùine thoisich an t-sean-mhàthair a rithis:—

Ghreas Iain a dheadh steud each air adhart cho mhaith 's a leigeadh an dorchadas, agus dìth eòlais an rathaid leis a dheanamh. Bha a' bhean thruagh a' cumail a cluais gu furachail fosgailte, air eagal na tòire, a bha i cinnteach a rachadh a chur 'nan deigh. Mu dheireadh, chlisg i, ag ràdh, "Mo thruaigh sinne! Tha mi a' cluintinn sgal nan con?"

"Na biodh eagal ort," thubhairt Iain, gu misneachail; "Ni sinn mar is feàrr a dh' fhaodas sinn. Bi thusa deas leis an fheòil 'n uair a ni iad a suas ruinn." Agus air adhart chaidh iad gun tuisleachadh. Mu dheireadh thall thàinig na coin na bu dlùithe; ach air do mhìr mòr feòla 'bhi air a thilgeadh g' an ionnsuidh dh' fheith iad, a' tabaid thairis air gus an robh an t-iomlan air a reubadh 's air a chagnadh 's air a shlugadh a suas. An sin air adhart thàinig iad leis an tuilleadh cuthaich, gus an do choinnich iad mìr eile air an rathad. Air an dòigh so chaidh an cumail air an ais; ach bha iad a' buidhinn a' chuid 's a' chuid air a' chàraid a bha 'teicheadh air thoiseach orra. Fa dheireadh thubhairt am boirionnach, "Tha mi air a' mhìr mu dheireadh a thilgeadh a sios?"

"Cha'n 'eil atharrach air," fhreagair Iain, a' greasadh an eich ás ùr."

Choinnich na coin thairis air a' mhìr fheòla, agus, a rìs, aon uair eile air adhart thàinig iad 'nan deannaibh Bha an fhàire air briseadh; bha a' ghrian ag éirigh; bha deàrrsadh nam ballachan geala aig baile beag ri fhaicinn troimh na craobhan àrda beagan astair air thoiseach orra. Bha eagal air na robairean leigeil leis na coin dol na b' fhaide; agus, mar sin, dìreach air do Iain agus do'n mhnaoi iad féin a thoirt a suas mar chaillte, chaidh casg a chur air na coin; chaidh an gairm air ais, agus thug an t-each maith aig Iain a stigh do'n bhaile an dithis gu sàbhailte.

An ath latha, thill Iain air ceann buidheann shaighdearan, a dh' ionnsuidh àros an luchd-reubainn. Rinn na robairean an tigh a dhìon gu tapaidh; ach b' fheudar dhaibh géill a thabhairt, agus strìochdadh do na saighdearan. Chaidh an tigh a leagadh, chaidh cur ás do na coin, agus chaidh na thuit an làmhan nan saighdearan, de'n luchd-reubainn a chur gu bàs.

"C'àit an deachaidh Iain an déigh sin?" dh' fharraid Deòrsa.

"Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam ciod a thachair dha eadar an àm sin agus a thilleadh do'n Oban," thubhairt ar sean-mhathair. Fhuair an Teaghlach air ais am fearann an déigh Bliadhna Thearlaich, a chionn nach do ghabh iad gnothuch ri eirigh 1745."

M. L. M'MILLAN, Penn., U.S.A.—Thanks for letter and remittance. There are a number of interesting references to the MacMillans of Glen Urquhart in Mr. William Mackay's *Urquhart and Glen Moriston*, one of the most interesting accounts of a Highland parish ever published. In it are described a number of superstitions relating to your clan. If I come across any further references you may rest assured that I will report the matter to you.—*Ed.*

Young Mamore.

By Torquil MacLeod.

Chapter I.—Castle Mamore.

It was a black night in Nevis Glen. The winds—like wild wet furies bellowing in the mouth of gloom—came tearing across the wastes of the Mamore Forest, leapt the glen with a roar, and dashed helter-skelter up the sides of the Hill of Heaven which is King of the Bens in Albain. There—among the everlasting snows, they shrieked a thousand ways at once and argued for the mastery. Then, gathering themselves together again with a gust of temper, they leapt from the brow of the precipice and hurried, blast after blast, in a mad midnight chase, far out to the West, by Lochiel and Arisaig and the Hebrid Isles, until, wearied with their revels, they spent themselves at the dawning, and somewhere in the bosom of the lone Atlantic fell asleep with a sigh.

But down in Nevis Glen the great pines stood erect in the blast and let the winds roar in their branchy throats. For them, to bend was to break. The little willows and hazels by Nevis' banks might sway and spring and wrestle in the storm, but the pines in their hoary age and majesty could only stand erect and roar defiance to the winds.

Yet, there were lights among the pines of Nevis on this dark night, for in the midst of them stood the Castle of Mamore on its rock, and from its narrow front windows streamed a kindly yellow light that could be seen far down the Glen. The glow of light spoke of warmth and good cheer within. But outby, this was no night for mortal man to be abroad, unless he had need or evil in his soul. Nevertheless, had one been standing beneath the thunder of the pines, where the subtle scent of Spring was rising from the wet ground, a sense of something human in the winds would have laid its fingers on the heart and made it throb with apprehensiveness. In truth, when the winds took breath for a moment that they might the louder roar again, a hound somewhere at the back of the great house smelt blood and bayed.

Within, at a dining table, sat two men. The room in which they sat was the banqueting hall of the house, a modest enough proportioned room lined with the blackened oak of ages, and lit with candles that burned in brass sconces on the panelled walls and in heavy silver candelabra on the white dining cloth. The light of the candles glinted here and there on curious swords and battle-axes which hung between the portraits on the walls. A length of arras stretched across the bottom of the room, and an ancient serving man in Highland dress kept coming and going with dishes and ashets of steaming meats.

At the head of the table sat an old man—tall and straight and thin. His head was set finely on shoulders that scarcely knew a stoop, in spite of his three score years and ten. A shock of white hair, a high wrinkled forehead, a pair of grey eyes, and an eagle-like nose, with a firm tight mouth and chin—such was Alastair Macdonald of Mamore. The eyes were righteous eyes, clear and honest and severe, never missing a movement of the arras hangings at the further end of the room, as if the days were not so very far distant—for Mamore himself at least—when a bulging of these tapestries might mean the dagger of an enemy. On his right sat Alastair, the younger of Mamore—Young Mamore, as he was called—with the same tall spare form, the same high brow, the same finely curved nose and clean-shaven lips. Only, the locks that fell over the brow were brown and not white, and if anything, the chin was not so prominent. But the eyes were bluer and less severe, with a far-away look in them that gave to the whole face a sense of mystic visions seen and loved, rather than of daring deeds with sword and dirk.

"This night minds me of the bivouac and camp fire, and a battle at the dawn," said Mamore with a light of memory in his eyes.

"And me of the tales of goblins and ghosts, which old Cairstine used to tell me about, when I was a child," replied the younger man, as he looked across the table at the logs crackling on the hearth.

"Ah, son of mine, you were ever the dreamer and the visionary," said the old man with impatience. "It would have been like a Mamore Macdonald if you had taken the sword and made off to the wars. Why, lad, nine of us, father and son without a break, have led a company, as you may count from the claymores on the wall up there. The whole history of the Mamores is writ with the point of a sword."

A white light gleamed in the eye of Mamore as he reached forward for his glass.

"Ay, Alastair, you should have been a soldier, like the rest of us. But then, you take more after your mother than me."

Both of them glanced unconsciously at the portrait of a sweet-faced lady above the chimneypiece. Her eyes and young Alastair's were a perfect match.

"And could I take after anyone half so good, father?"

The old man dropped his eyes and sat silent for a moment.

"No, my lad, you are right. I never saw

her marrow for goodness."

The steely eyes were soft now, for the chord had been touched that made these two men one.

Then Mamore raised his hand without taking his eyes from his plate, and immediately the hangings at the end of the room bulged as if someone had seen the sign. The next moment the roar of the winds outside was swallowed up in a blast of pipe music, as the serving man came through the opening in the hangings, which an unseen hand held up to let him pass. And there—pacing back and forwards, before the curious tapestries, the piper played the *Clanranald Salute*.

The two men sat listening at the table without speaking a word. It had been the custom in Castle Mamore ever since they could remember, and the custom of their fathers before them; and the evening meal might as well have lacked its viands as the *Salute of Clanranald* at its close.

For forty-one years Hamish Cameron had played the *Salute* in Mamore's dining hall, and although the fingers were getting stiff now and the back a trifle bent, still there was the old martial step left and the throwing out of the knees with a touch of pride—without which no man ever yet made a skilly piper—and if the day ever came when Hamish Cameron could no longer play the *Salute*, it would be *Bundle and Go* for him then.

Night after night father and son sat there—the heirs of an ancient name—and the music of the pipes brought to each his own dream.

Mamore himself lived in the past, and the playing of Hamish gave him visions and memories of marching in foreign lands with boon companions who were all gone. He lived his battles over again. And he thought, too, of the sweet long-ago, when he brought the Bonny Margaret Cameron over from Lochiel, the gentle soul who had only stayed long enough with him to make him understand how good a thing life might be for a man, and then left him with the boy Alastair, whose dreamy eyes minded him daily of his buried love.

And for Alastair, who was now sitting at his side, as tall and as fair as he himself had been when first he marched at the head of his company, the music of Hamish meant the seeing of things, which only those who have been craddled among the hills and swaddled in their mists can ever hope to see, in this world of lights and glooms. He had the soul of a mystic, and when the music sounded the spirit of young Mamore rose up within him, and he dreamed his dreams.

Then Mamore raised his hand again, and Hamish, still playing, disappeared behind the tapestries, which were held up, and gently dropped by the unseen hand, like a muffling cover over the music. Silent, mysterious, unhasting—the working of life within the walls of Castle Mamore moved in perfect obedience to the uplifted hand of its ancient master.

The sound of Hamish's music had scarcely died away when the gale outside dropped to a lull—like a strong man stopping in his torrent of speech to gather force for another spate of wordiness. The winds were taking breath, and the hoarse challenge by the pines had sunk to a murmur.

Then—there came the sound of a child's cry, long and piercing, like the cry of a little one left solitary. There is no mistaking the cry of a lonesome bairn, and this one came from the outer darkness.

"What is that, Alastair?"

"Why, sir, it sounds like a baby crying outside!"

Mamore had risen, and was standing with his white head bent to a listening attitude. The Mystic rose also, with something new in his dreamy eyes, for the thing struck him in a moment with the pathos of a tragedy. His sense of things unseen flashed the image of the whole before his mind's eye—the darkness, the storm, the desolation of the place, and the cry of a lost one splitting the hush of the winds.

"Shall I go out and see, father?"

He wished above all things to go, but tried to hide his eagerness.

"Yes—it is strange to hear a child crying at the door of Mamore after all these years."

And he looked up with a wistfulness in his old eyes at the portrait of the lady above the chimneypiece.

"Callum, are you there?"

The tapestry rose, and a tall fair lad, dressed in the Macdonald tartan, came quietly into the room with the deference which a vassal shows to the King he loves.

"Go out with Mr. Alastair and see if there is a bairn crying about the place."

He spoke in the Gaelic tongue to the lad, which is a tongue most heartsome to the dwellers among the hills.

"And get my cloak, Callum."

"There will be no need of that, sir."

"Why?"

"Because Cairstine—she was hearing the crying first, and has the bairn in the kitchen."

"Then tell her to bring the child in here at once."

"Very well, sir."

And the lad withdrew.

The two men stood discussing the affair on the hearthrug, when presently, a strange company entered the dining hall of Mamore. First came Hamish with a look of ill-disguised disgust on

his face—then followed old Cairstine his wife, carrying in her arms a chubby-faced baby boy, wrapped in a tartan plaid, and the beam of pride on the motherly face of Cairstine Cameron, who had never been blessed with bairns of her own, was a holy thing to see. Callum the lad came last, looking as though he would like to laugh, but durst not.

"What have you here, Cairstine?" said Mamore.

"A lost bairn, sir."

And she kissed the rosy cheeks.

"Let me see it."

The woman undid the wraps and the little one crowed.

Mamore and his son, with an equally unconscious eagerness, stooped over the child and looked at his chubby face.

"A fine bairn, and no mistake. With gentle blood in him too."

That was the old man's word on the case.

But young Alastair said nothing. He looked a long time at the child. Then he spoke.

"Callum, go and fetch my cloak, and get two stable lamps lit."

"Are you going out to search? That is well thought of. Until we find an owner, the bairn must stay at Mamore. See! the wee mannie has a Macdonald plaid about him."

So young Mamore and his ghillie went out into the storm; and after searching everywhere, returned without having seen any sign of man or maid.

"Well, my son, what think you of this affair?"

"I think, sir, that this child bears a strong resemblance to my mother."

"What!" exclaimed the old man, as he turned round to gaze on the picture above the chimney-piece. "You are always seeing things, Alastair. Yes, there may be a faint resemblance, but it can only be a happening. We shall investigate the child more thoroughly to-morrow."

The mystic, womanlike, had gone out to search in the darkness, almost hoping that he might not find anyone. When he returned, after a fruitless search, he was strangely at rest. For he had caught a look in the bairn's face that he had seen in his mother's long ago.

(*To be continued.*)

"Old Glasgow and its Suburbs, in their Celtic Garb, also Parish of Balernock, Kirkintilloch to Stirling, Robroyston," by Neil Thomson. This interesting little volume treats of the Celtic derivations of the place-names in and round Glasgow, in a chatty fashion, which makes very pleasant reading. The work is one which should be in every Celtic library. Price is only 6d., post free.

PIPERS AND PIPE MUSIC.

The Influence of Pipe Music in Battle.

I must say that those who object to pipe music as being discordant, can never have heard it with the right accompaniments of time and place; and if there be one corner of Scotland more than another, where its wailing pathos is thoroughly in keeping with the wild beauty of nature, it is in the western isles, where, I grieve to say, it is much discouraged by some of the ecclesiastical authorities, who imagine that "the mirth of tabrets and the joy of harp" are in some mysterious manner the parents of evil, and that the bagpipes are the very incarnation of mischief. Evidently the tradition which tells how the shepherds played their pipes at Bethlehem finds small favour with them, and the Christmas piping of the Italian *pfifferari* in memory thereof, would doubtless be held criminal indeed.

I believe that in Barra, and South Uist, where the majority of the people are Roman Catholics, the merry-hearted still have a fair share of "music and dancing." In Skye, Harris, and North Uist, however, these vanities are discouraged to such an extent, that the mirth of the land is gone. No longer do we hear of

A PIPER FOLLOWING THE REAPERS

in the harvest-field, and keeping behind the slowest workers to cheer and animate them. The pipes are being put down most effectually, or, at least, are being subjected to a most unfair persecution. Would that it might work its usual result, and that the persecuted pipes might sound once more on every hill-side in Scotland! Meanwhile, I hear of one instance after another in which the luckless musicians have refused to tune up as of old, in accordance with promises extorted by their wives and other spiritual guides.

Even the public-houses have in divers cases ejected the piper (though perfectly sober) the moment he volunteered a tune. Whiskey, he and his companions might have in abundance, but such ungodly mirth was not to be tolerated in a Christian man's house. The dismal history of the dancing elder of North Knapdale, in Argyleshire, who in 1868 was formally excommunicated from the Free Kirk for the sin of dancing a reel at his son's wedding, is an instance which happens to have become public, because the worthy farmer, whose minister had declared "that dancing was a scandal, a sin and bitter provocation to the Lord," had the courage to appeal to a higher court, and succeeded in getting the first sentence reversed.

I fear that excellent minister must have had

a very low opinion of those old Hebrew prophets who made use of such metaphors as to promise the Virgin of Israel that she should again go forth adorned, with her timbrels in the dances of them that make merry, and that both old men and young should rejoice together with her in the dance. Moreover, he must find a dire stumbling-block in those sounds of music and dancing which followed the killing of a certain fatted calf. Probably, like that elder brother, he would have turned away from the door.

There was formerly a piper's college in Skye, which gave regular diplomas to its best men. [1] It was under supervision of

THE MACCRIMMONS,

who from generation to generation held office as MacLeod's hereditary pipers. There was a certain cave where MacCrimmon's disciples were wont to study, alone and unheard. A rock overhanging the sea was the piper's seat, where he might practice unmolested to his heart's content, with such wild surroundings, waves, cliffs, and echoes, as might best teach him to interpret Nature's own rare melodies. The college endowment was a farm, which Macleod gave rent-free. When the value of land rose, he ventured to reclaim a portion of the ground, an insult which the minstrels could not brook, so they arose and went their ways, leaving their rock music-hall to the seals and cormorants.

MACDONALD'S PIPERS, THE MACCARTERS,

had a similar college at Peingowen. Their practising-ground was a green hillock called Cnocphail. Various other families were noted for their hereditary talent as pipers, but the names of these two are well-nigh as historical as those of their masters. That piper's golden age is now, alas! a thing of the past. Not past, however, is the inspiring power of the shrill notes which stir the inmost heart of every true-born Highlander. So well did the English know their influence, that when, after the dispersion of Prince Charlie's troops, the unhappy pipers tried to plead that they had not carried arms against the King, it was decided that their pipes were truly instruments of war. And so, in truth, they may be called, for no Highland regiments would advance to battle without the war-pipe of the Gaël to inspirit them, and often the piper has fallen in the thickest of the fire while cheering his comrades to victory with his most soul-inspiring music.

There have been instances (as in the case of the 78th Highlanders at Argaum) when it has been necessary to silence the pipes as the only means of restraining the men from breaking the line and rushing upon the foe before the time. In various other cases, the sudden burst of "the gathering" has been the signal for such a charge as has caused the foe to fly utterly discomfited. Among the stories of old days are several

MEMORIES OF THE PIPERS AT WATERLOO;

how the pipe major of the 92nd stood on a hillock where the shot was flying like hail, without thought of danger, only bent on cheering his comrades with the inspiriting notes. One of his brother pipers received a shot in the drone at the beginning of the battle, whereupon, half mad with rage, he drew his broadsword, and rushed into the thickest of the fight to wreak vengeance on the destroyers of his precious pipes, whose fate he soon shared.

When the piper of the 71st was advancing at the battle of Vimiera, he was wounded in the leg by a musket-ball, and utterly disabled. Nevertheless, he swore his pipes should do their work, and sitting on the ground, he managed, in spite of his pain, to keep up such warlike notes as might best inspire his brethren, and well they fought that day.

At the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo it is recorded that M'Lauchlan, piper to the 74th Highlanders, being foremost in the escalade, marched calmly along the ramparts, playing "The Campbells are coming," till a shot, piercing his bagpipe, silenced its music. He quietly sat down on a gun-carriage, and, amid a storm of shot and shell, repaired the damage, and speedily tuned up again, to the entire discomfiture of the foe, for as Scott has it—"When the pibroch bids the battle rave, Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset staid?"

". . . . For with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce daring, which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's,—Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears!"

You remember Napier's high praise of the brave Highland regiments, who rushed to the charge "with colours flying, and pipes playing, as if going to a review." Those who have led them in our own day, can best say how well this character has been kept up.

[1] The Saxons who pretend to shudder at our pipe music, quite forget that the bagpipe was an English musical instrument of very old standing. Chaucer has recorded of his miller, that "A bagpipe well coude he blowe and sowne;" and it is further stated that this was the music which cheered the Canterbury pilgrims on their journey. The instrument itself is represented on divers old English carvings; such as in a church at Cirencester, which dates from the time of Henry the Eighth. It also occupies a prominent place on the organ screen in the chapel at Magdalen College, Oxford, which represents the celestial choir with their divers instruments of music. One comfortable-looking angel is shown working his drone cheerily. This organ screen, though itself somewhat modern, is copied in all its details from ancient carvings. The pipes are also found carved in old Melrose Abbey, and on certain stones in the Orkneys.

However little a Southron may be able to enter into this passionate enthusiasm for what, to his ear, seems shrill discord—he must bear in mind that, just as in him, the scent of a flower, or

A FEW CHORDS OF OLD MELODY,

will sometimes waken up a long train of forgotten memories; so, to one whose earliest love has been for the wild mists and mountains, these strains bring back thoughts of home, and the memory of the dead and of the absent comes floating back as on a breath from the moorland, mingling with a thousand cherished, early associations, such as flood the innermost heart with hidden tears.

How often we have heard of men whose lives have been spent toiling in far-away lands till all home memories seemed dimmed; yet to whom, in hours of weakness, and pain, and death, the dear mountain-tongue came back, and with it, the longing that the wild music they loved in boyhood, might soothe their last hours.

I truly may bear witness how, twice within one year,[1] while watching the last weary sufferings of two of the truest Highlanders that ever trod heather, I noted the same craving for

"THE DEAR OLD PIPES,"

and the satisfied calm that drove away the tossing restlessness, as shrill pibroch, and wild, wailing lament succeeded one another, and at last brought sweet, peaceful sleep, which doctors' opiates had failed to procure.

Nor can I ever again listen to those piercing notes, without a vision of an early morning, when a dark funeral procession sailed up a misty loch, and thrilling pibrochs re-echoed from hill to hill, awakening the sea-birds, which circled round the boat with plaintive cries, as though they too were wailing for the "going away" of one who loved all wild and beautiful things and creatures.

[1] Roualeyn Gordon Cumming died at Fort Augustus, March 24th, 1866, in the grey old fort, at the head of Loch Ness, which has now been demolished, and replaced by a Roman Catholic college. Dear to us is the memory of that strange sick room—its rude walls still bearing the names of the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers, carved in their idle leisure, but adorned with trophies of the chase, each one of which recalled to the dying Hunter some memory of triumph in the days of joyous health. Now his mighty strength was slowly ebbing, as night after night passed by in pain and weariness; yet to that Lion-like beauty each morning seemed to add a new refining touch of radiant Spirit-light—a Light that foreshadowed the Celestial Dawn.

Night and day, through long weeks of suffering, his faithful piper, Tom Moffat, never left his side, tending him with unwearied devotion, the love that "passeth the love of woman"—fanning his fevered brow with the wing of a Golden Eagle,—and ever ready, at his bidding, to tune up the old pipes, and play the wild melodies he most loved.

His elder brother, Sir Alexander Penrose Gordon Cumming, only survived him five months—five weary months of pain,—during which he too lay

"Dying in pride of manhood, ere to grey
One lock had turned, or from his eagle face
And stag-like form, Time's touch of slow decay
Had reft the strength and beauty of his race."*

Far from his beautiful Highland home, and from the woods and river he loved so dearly, he lay, held prisoner by dire illness, in the dull town.

One night, shortly before his death, when, after long fevered hours of pain, he lay exhausted, yet unable to sleep, and the home-voices, usually so dear to him, seemed to have lost their spell, he exclaimed, "Oh! that I could hear a pibroch once more before I die!"

It seemed like a Heaven-sent answer to that cry, that at this moment, faint, but clear, there floated on the night-wind a strain of distant pipe-music. Nearer and nearer sounded the swelling notes, played by the piper of a Scotch regiment, who, when he learnt how precious to the ear of the dying Chief was this breath from the breezy hills, gladly halted, and made the dull street re-echo the notes of pibrochs and wild laments. "That *is* music," he murmured; and, when at length the piper went his way, the long-strung nerves were soothed, and the blessing of sleep, so long denied,—a deep refreshing sleep,—tell how well the dear, dear music of the mountains had worked its spell.

"Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

* "The Chieftain's Coronach." By his friend, Sir Noel Paton.

THE ALIEN.

He climbed the heights with stern-set face,
He walked the ways men leave untrod;
His weary footsteps left no trace—
They knew not that he walked with God.

Whilst men toiled round him for bright gold,
He breasted upward, shine and storm;
And sweet his visions, all untold,
Though cold the wind blew round his form.

Men marked not in his wistful eyes
The pathos of the alien soul;
He saw how lives the herd, and dies,
Who know not of the dear-bought goal.

His dreams made short the dreary years;
His helping hand led tired souls home;
His eyes grew dim with unshed tears,
And sorrow for the hearts that roam.

He faced the mountains stern and grim,
And braved the mighty, raging sea;
But ever, o'er the wide world's rim,
He saw the land he yearned to see.

He feared not life; he feared not death;
Though walking lone in paths untrod;
Men talk of him with hushed breath—
They know that now he lives with God.

MARGARET T. MACGREGOR.

HIGHLAND LITERATURE.—Those of our readers who are interested in Celtic literature should consult our advertising pages this month, where they will find lists of many rare and attractive volumes, pamphlets, old acts, etc., relating to the Highlands. These are only samples of our large stock. Readers wishing books on any branch of Celtic study (historical, genealogical, topographical, Gaelic, etc.), should send a note of their wants to Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following may be accepted as a good example of a drinking song. It is the composition of Duncan Bàn Macintyre, and is entitled "*Oran a' bhotail.*" The air is known in the Highlands as "*Cia mar is urrainn sinn fuireach o'n dram?*" and will be found in Captain Fraser of Knockie's collection. The air is known in Ireland as "The Legacy." The translation is from the pen of the late Sheriff Nicolson, and he prefaces it with the following characteristic note:—"The following lively song may be taken as a specimen of the Celtic in contrast with the Teutonic vein of joviality. It is set to a well-known air, now claimed by the Irish, but known in the Highlands a century ago. Let it be known to those of ascetic temperament that this fine old bard, though no teetotaller, was a perfectly respectable person, and died in Edinburgh in 1812, at the patriarchal age of 88—N."

The Gaelic verses will be found in the various editions of the bard's works.

FIONN.

ORAN A' BHOTAIL (The Song of the Bottle).

Key F. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*

: s_1	d :—.r: d	d : s_1 : m_1	s : l : s	s : m : d	d :—.r: d	m : r : m	l_1 : l_1 : t_1	d :—
'Nuair	shuidheas	sinn socrach,	'Sa	dh'òlas	sinn botal,	Cha'n	aithnich ar	stoc uainn Na chuireas sinn ann.
When	quietly	we settle	To	drain	a bottle,	Our	purse ne'er	misses The coin we spend.

: s_1	d :—.r: d	d : s_1 : m_1	s : l : s	s : m : d	d :—.r: d	m : r : m	l_1 : l_1 : t_1	d :—
Thig	onair is	fortan,	Le	sonas	a' chopain;	C'ar-son	nach bi deoch	oirnn, Mu 'n tog sinn ar ceann!
The	joy of the	goblet	Brings	glory	and honour,	So let	us be	jolly Be - fore we end!

: d	d : m : s	d' : d' : d'	t : l : s	l : s : m	d : m : s	d' : d' : d'	t : l : s	l :—
Gun	toir an stuth	grinn oirnn	seinn	gu fileanta,	Chuir a	thoil- inntinn	binneas 'n	ar cainnt;
The	fine stuff	in - spires with	fire	and melody,	Tuned	by its charms	our talk	goes round;

: d'	d' :—.d' : d'	t : s : m	l : t : l	s : m : d	d : d : r	m : r : m	l_1 : l_1 : t'	d :—
	Chaisg	i ar 'n-lota	'n fhior	'dheoch	mhillis;	Bu mhuladach	sinne	na'm biodh i air chall.
Our	thirst	it has slaked,	the rare	sweet	liquor;	Sad	men were	we if it could not be found.

Deoch-slàinte nan gaisgeach,
Nan Gaidhealaibh gasta,
Da'm b'àbhaist mar fhasan,
Bhi pòit air an dram,
Luchd-gaoil an stuth bhlasta.
'Sar dhaoireid an lacha,
Nach caomhnadh am beartas
A sgapadh 'san am.

Fear gam bheil nì
Gheibh e na shireas e,
Fear a tha crionda,
Fanadh e thall,
Fear e tha mì'or,
Cha'n fhulaing sinn idir e,
'Sam fear 's a bheil grinneas
Theid iomain a nall.

A health to the brave ones,
The sons of the Gael,
Whose custom was ever
The bowl to drain;
True lovers of nectar,
Whate'er was the settling,
To scatter their treasure
Gave them no pain.

He that has gold will
Get what he wishes for,
He that is prudent
Need not come here;
He that is niggardly,
Ne'er can we suffer him;
But the true gentleman,
Let him draw near!

Royal the work is,
The stream of the 'stillery,
Balm that can soften
The heart that's poor;
'Twill make him merry,
Whoe'er is willing,
And drive all the churl
Out of him that's dour.

There's none in the nation,
Gentle or commoner,
That is not craving
Its virtues to share;
Struggle let be,
In rearing the family,
How can we ever
The dram forswear.

It cools us finely,
When brightly shining
The sun o'er the mountains
Doth blaze on high;
When hard the frost is,
It warms the cockles
Of him who in haste
To the inn doth fly.

Cheerful it makes
An elegant company,
Sitting at table, or
Footing the floor;
Then do we raise
Sweet strains of melody,
Fitly repeating
The last lines o'er.

So long we've been sitting,
That now it is fitting,
Our drink being finished,
To bed we fare;
No less was required
To fire our spirits,
A big draught at morning
Our heads will repair.

He that is pithless,
This will inspirit him;
He that is weary,
'Twill cheer his soul;
The sick it will raise,
And make him merry;
The cure for all ills
Is the well-filled bowl!

SOME ANCIENT GAELIC NAMES.

LALIVA. This name, of which the derivation is probably *lamh-liamh*—smooth or polished hand—is one of those beautifully descriptive and euphonious Gaelic female names which a wretched modern taste has abolished, or, which is much worse, "translated," like Highland names of men, into others in more common use, but not always bearing much resemblance to them even in sound.

Of the few still in use, the following are the best known:—

AOIBHE, *elegant*, in the form Eva.

AOIBHIR, probably the same in root and meaning, best known by the compounds Aoibhirìluin, Evirallin, *beautiful Evir*, and Aoibhir caomha, Evircoma, *gentle or beloved Evir*.

AOIFE, supposed from Aoifi, *sweet*. This name, borne by Cuchullin's wife, appears now as Effie; and Effie being also the well-known lowland appreviation of Euphemia or Eufane, these names, of Greek origin, have been sometimes improperly adopted, as well as the familiar form Phemie, by bearers of the Celtic name of Aoife.

BEATHAG, diminutive from beatha, *life*, appears latinized as Bega, in old Scotch as Bethoc, in modern Scotch or English as Bethia, Beatrice, and Becca, from which it passes on to Rebecca!

CAIRASDIONA is always rendered Christiana or Christina, but the identity is doubtful.

DIRBHAIL or DERBHAIL, and DERFORGEALLA, in Latin Dervala and Devorgilla, are modernized into Dorothea, Dorothy, and Dolly!

FIONNMHALA, FIONNLAMH, and FIONNGHALA. The first portion of these names and of some others, is fionn, *white*, compounded with mala, *brow*, lamh, *hand*, and probably guala, *shoulder*. They all appear in Latin and English as Finvola, Finola, and Fenella. The last—Fionnghala—which seems to have been the most common in Scotland, appears as Fingwell, Phinguel, Penuel, and Penelope; but most frequently, during the last and present centuries, as Flora, with which, of course, it has no connection whatever.

GRAINE, probably connected with gràdhan, *beloved, darling*, has given way entirely to Grace.

GORMLA, *blue eye*, or *blue lady*, still maintains its proper form in the few instances in which it is found.

MINA, *smooth*, has of late become Minna.

MALVINA, *smooth brow*, has been restored to use by the publication of Ossian.

REULLURA, *new* or *bright star*. This name, saved from extinction by the poet Campbell, who saw its beauty, is rare. It is probably the name now represented by Laura, when found in the Highlands, and by Lura in Ireland.

SILEAS, *peace*, the Irish Sheelah, is still not uncommon under the disguises of Geillis, Gillia, Julia, Celia, and Cecilia.

SORCHA or SOIRGE, *bright*, occurs still in the Hebrides, as also in Ulster, but is nearly supplanted in English by the totally unconnected Sarah. It is possible, but unlikely, that Soirge should be the Scandinavian Swerga. If it should be so, it would be a very rare instance of a *female* name brought to the Highlands by the North-men.

UNA, thought by some to be Norse, is now rare, but always appears unchanged.

To these must be added Mòr, and its diminutive, Mòrag, a very frequent name, the bearers of which are unaccountably called in English, Sarah.

Some of the "translations," as they are called, of Highland names are not the less ludicrous for being familiar. Thus, to give a few instances:

ANGUS, a Pictish name, anciently Ungus, becomes Æneas.

AODH, possibly the Odo, Eudes, Otto, Otho, of Middle Europe, appears not merely in the reasonable forms of Y and Odo, but in those of Hugh, Eugene, Idoneus, and actually of Diogenes!

EACHAN becomes Hector. Hippias or Philip would have been more proper.

DONALD becomes Daniel.

PETER is given as equivalent to Patrick. The name Peter, which was found, though rarely, of old, in the Highlands, and always in the form Malpeder or Gilpeder, has entirely disappeared there; but the Patricks, who are numerous, are frequently called in English Peter.

Somerled — Scandinavian — has become Samuel. Thormod is changed to Norman.

In Ireland matters are carried to even a greater degree of absurdity—Murdoch or Murtagh becomes Mortimer, Diarmid becomes Jeremiah and Darby, while Malachi, Terence, Darcy, Cornelius, and a host of other Scriptural, Latin, and Norman names and surnames, do duty for old Celtic appellations.

Even in Scotland there are some received *equivalents* which are extremely remarkable, as they cannot have originated in any similarity of sound. What can have been the connection between Gilleaspuig (servant of the Bishop) and Archibald—between Maoldomhnaich (devotee of Dominic) and Lewis?

P. C. C.

A CAMERON TRADITION.—There is a curious superstitious story connected with the Camerons of Lochiel. It relates to an old Highland custom, which was last performed in the Island of Mull in the 17th century. It was called the *Taigheirm* (or yell of cats), and consisted of a sacrifice of living cats roasted on a spit while life still remained. After the completion of these rights the votaries were entitled to demand two boons. A Cameron of Lochiel in the 17th century performed this ceremony and was presented with a small silver shoe, which was to be put on the left foot of every son born in that family; and this custom was observed until it was lost, when Lochiel's house was consumed by fire, in 1747. The shoe fitted all of them but one, and he afterwards turned his back on the foe at Sheriffmuir, having inherited a large foot from his mother, who was of another race.

COLONEL JAMES A. STEWART MACKENZIE OF SEAFORTH

MRS. STEWART MACKENZIE OF SEAFORTH.

The Celtic Monthly:

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Colonel and Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth.

Of the various agencies which have in recent years been instituted for the purpose of improving the condition of the poorer classes in the Highlands and Islands, that which owes its inception to the enterprise and liberality of Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth, is worthy of the warmest praise and encouragement. It is popularly known as "The Crofters' Agency," with headquarters at 47 Park Street, London, W., and we trust that every reader of the *Celtic Monthly* who visits London will consider it his duty to pay a special visit to this head-centre of the Highland home-spun-and-woven tweed industry, and give a practical expression of his sympathy by making a purchase.

Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie is greatly interested in the many social problems peculiar to the Highlands, particularly those associated with the production of Harris tweed, an industry which of late seems to have fallen upon evil days. This lady recognised that a business which derived much of its profits from methods based on the "Truck System" was not likely to secure the sympathy and support of the public, and with her characteristic energy she decided to inaugurate a scheme from which such objectionable features would be entirely eliminated. This resolution finds its consummation in the formation of "The Harris and Lewis Tweed Depôt," which gives profitable employment to over a thousand spinners and weavers in the Long Island alone, and which in three years has purchased from the crofter workers no less than 200,000 yards of cloth. No personal gain is made out of this enterprise, the profits going back to the crofter in the higher prices which he receives for his products. Not only this, but the Depôt supplies the workers with looms free of charge, provides them with wool at cost price, and helps them with cash advances during the process of manufacture.

If this ancient and artistic industry does not immensely expand under such favourable auspices, it is never likely to receive more generous encouragement. But it is pleasing to learn that under this patriotic lady's fostering care there has been quite a revival of Home Industries, and the beneficiaries have not been slow in giving expression to their appreciation of Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie's efforts on their behalf. The following encouraging communication was addressed to her on 3rd August last, being an excerpt minute of a meeting of the Harris District Committee of the County Council of Inverness:—"On the motion of Councillor Martin it was agreed to convey to Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth the thanks of the Committee in appreciation of her work in furthering the Harris Tweed Industry, and for her interest in the welfare of the people of Harris. Thomas Wilson, District Clerk."

Highlanders, at home and abroad, will doubtless consider it their duty to give this enterprise their heartiest support, and to write to the "Agency" at above address, for samples and prices of these beautiful fabrics woven by our kinsfolk in the Western Isles. The energetic manager, Mr. W. Ross Munro, will promptly attend to such enquiries. It may appropriately be mentioned that Colonel Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth is in the heartiest sympathy with his wife's efforts to develop the Highland Home Industries, and uses every endeavour to bring them to a successful issue. It is very pleasing to find the representatives of the ancient and honoured line of Seaforth devoting so freely of their time and means to such a laudable object.

It will probably be within the recollection of many of our readers that recently Colonel and Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie presented to Ross-shire a fully equipped Sanatorium, which cost no less than £100,000. This was a princely gift indeed, worthy of the "High Lords of Kintail."

Editor.

The Atonement of Maisie Maclean.

By ALICE C. MACDONELL of Keppoch.

(*Continued from page 186.*)

BEWILDERED, dreading he knew not what, the soldier followed silently to where she led him, a lonely spot under the trees, when she threw up her veil, turning her face full towards him under the light of the moon. A cry of agony burst from Conn, as he held out his hands before him as if to ward off the vision he beheld.

"Yes, it is I, Maisie, your sinful but repented wife. Have no fear. I do not come to disturb your happiness, rather to guard it. Do not look at me like that, Patrick Adair. If you killed me where I stand, I should bless you, for the remorse of my soul is killing me by inches. If only—if only—Oh! Patrick, if *you* would forgive, I might hope at last for the mercy of heaven."

"Forgive! That you have blasted my whole life; that you have made a mockery of my marriage with my innocent darling; that you have made my little Conn, what—oh! God! woman have you not done harm enough that you should seek to add to it by telling me a lie about your death—a fresh torment to my misery."

"No. Hear me, Pat. Hear me, not for my sake but for the sake of your innocent wife and child." With a groan of agony Captain O'Neill stood with folded arms and bent head as she began her recital.

"When they hurried me out of the Lion d'or, believing me to be indeed dead, I lay unconscious for how long I do no know. When I awoke I found myself lying dressed in my grave clothes, on a marble slab in the common mortuary, surrounded by other unfortunate victims of the cholera. Horror-stricken, I crawled to the doorway, opening on to the river, and with what strength I had I crawled in the darkness of the night to the nearest door, a brass studded portal, I pulled the great bell and fell down exhausted. It was the house of the Sisters of Charity; they took me in, nursed me, cared for me, and more, they awoke the dead soul within me. When I recovered I studied nursing, determined to atone in part for my sin by doing good to others. I came here amongst other nurses, unknowing you were here—I saw you one day, I saw your wife—I knew you were bound to meet me at some period or other, and resolved to help you—for oh! Patrick, I love you too late—had loved you all through, but I was mad—blinded, dazzled—with the false tongue of a traitor."

"Ah! Bah! What can *you* know of love. I *cannot*, I will not leave my wife, I *cannot* take you back."

"Take you back, no! Is it for this I have sought you? To the last hour of my life I shall keep silent. Maisie Adair is dead, her tombstone over some other woman, tells the world so—there only lives in her place Nurse Mary."

"What you counsel me to do is a sin, a living lie. I cannot face my wife with the horrible knowledge that you are still alive and between us two—I cannot tell her—she would leave me—I cannot part from her, I cannot. Oh! my God, what shall I do?"

"Go back to her. She is innocent. For her

sake, for the sake of your child, she must never know. It may not be for long—I trust not," sighed the nurse wearily. "If sin there be let it be borne by you and by me."

"I am a coward to listen to you, but the disgrace, the shame, would kill her. I will go back; I will lie in every action of my life rather than she should suffer. God forgive me for the sin of it."

"The sin is mine for living, not dying. Say once, Patrick Adair, that you forgive me. I shall never speak to you, never trouble you again."

"I cannot speak the word, Maisie, I *cannot*. I will follow your counsel—I will keep silence, but the sin of it will weigh like a millstone round my neck. Go!"—and the soldier pointed silently towards the hospital as he turned with rapid steps towards his home, his face lined as if with years. As he entered, how changed the aspect of his life since last he had sat in that chair so happy, so free from care. It seemed as if the very light of life had fled.

Fiorna, coming out of her bedroom with little Conn in his white nightdress in her arms, held him up towards her husband. "He is just dropping off, Conn darling; kiss him good-night."

With a low groan, which he tried to repress, O'Neill bent down and kissed his little son's velvety cheek with tenderness. As he did so, a great scalding tear fell on to his face.

"Oh! Conn," cried his wife in alarm, as she hurriedly placed the child in his cot. Coming back, she flung her arms round her husband's neck, begging him to tell her what had caused him to be so troubled.

"It is nothing, sweetest. Nothing I can tell you. I have been listening to a tale that would wring tears of blood from a stone."

"Dear, kind boy. It is like you to feel so much for others. Was it that strange nurse who wished to speak with you? Why confide in *you*, dear? Why not have told *me* if she was in such distress? A woman could surely confide best in her own sex."

"I knew her formerly, my child. I knew her whole story—she was married—she left her husband for another man—her husband was in the Greys."

"That, of course, accounts for it, dearie. But, can you, can we, do nothing to help her?"

"Nothing. Nothing. Let her history rest, poor creature. Let us not speak of it."

So, day by day, O'Neill tried hard to look and speak like his old self. In vain. The old careless air was gone, and, when he was off guard, a gloom settled in its place. His wife saw, and pondered over it in silence, grieving in her soul for a trouble she felt powerless to relieve, and which she knew, for all his protestations, he withheld from her.

Maisie kept studiously out of the way; but she watched from afar, the heart hunger eating her life away. "If only he could forgive. If only——."

CHAPTER X.

'I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day.'
—*William Motherwell.*

News came of the rising of the tribes again. The frontier station was not sufficiently garrisoned to resist a prolonged siege. General Elliott, knowing this, had written for reinforcements, but the Government was slow in co-operating, and the delay caused a great amount of anxiety; winter was coming on, and if subjected to a prolonged attack, the nearest reinforcements were a three days' march off. At length notice came that the matter of more troops being sent up was under consideration, and with that they had to be content for the present.

The enemy were said to be concentrated in a valley on the left bank of the river in great numbers. They might be attacked at any hour of the day or night. General Elliott sat up writing far into the night, when he was startled by the sharp report of a rifle. His aide-de-camp rushing in, "My God! General, there has been treachery among the men; some of the 7th Native Battalion have escaped to the enemy under cover of the darkness, through the east gate, which was guarded by one of their number.

"Pursue them at once!"

"Too late, sir. They have been gone for three hours, and are by this time across the river."

"Place sentries of the Ghoorkas and the Guides at each of the gates. Let no man pass out on any excuse whatever."

The remainder of the 7th Battalion were put under the strictest surveillance.

"This is a bad business," remarked Colonel Elliot to Captain O'Neill, later on. If they attack us before headquarters send us more men, it will take us all our skill to hold out. The ammunition too is getting short."

"The men must hear nothing of this, sir."

"No, no, certainly not. The chances are that the numbers reported may have been exaggerated."

Next night a severe attack was made on the Fort, but the enemy were repulsed, returning,

however, with treble their number. If only there was some means of warning the garrison at Fort Gundra. But no man could be spared, and even if he could, it would have been impossible to get through the enemies' lines, who were almost surrounding the Fort.

Nurse Mary sat in the hospital alone thinking. Barely a fortnight had elapsed since she had nursed Drummer Ali back to life, and he, she knew, would die to serve her. He was of the 7th Battalion, but she could trust him. A smile crossed her lips as she sought out the drummer boy. His little dark face, with the intelligent black eyes, lighting up with joy at the sight of her.

"Ali," she commenced, severely, "your brother has deserted to the enemy, do you wish to follow him, or are you still true to us?"

"True, true, Missie Nurse. No me fault broder gone. I die for you."

"I believe you, child. I want you to help me, Ali, to save the Fort."

"How can boy drummer save big men?".

"Yes, you can. Listen: you must get me your best uniform out—you don't want it now, and they are all too busy to inspect kits at this time. Bring it to my room after dark to-morrow night, turban and all. We are about the same height; they will fit me."

"What missie do in drummers' clothes?" the child asked, his eyes round with astonishment.

"Go to Fort Gundra to fetch help. I have a rope which you will hold at one end, whilst I slip over the rocks out of my window, I can just squeeze through; it leads to the river. I will escape in the darkness till I reach the promontory, once I have rounded that I am safe."

"Oh! oh!" whimpered Ali," you will be killed. Fort Gundra three days' march.

"For me, perhaps seven. No matter, I shall do it. Remember, silence absolute. You know nothing when I am missed. But if by the end of the eleventh day you hear nothing, tell them I shall have failed."

Amid the cracking of rifles of besieged and besiegers, Maisie Adair slipped over the sharp rocks leading to the river. On to a narrow ledge barely a foothold of support, crawling round the base of the rocks, half in, half out of the water, she made her way painfully and slowly. The night of darkness favoured her movements, as she was more liable to be shot as a deserter if seen by her own men than by the enemy, whose lines lay across the river. If she could reach the bend of the water before the dawn broke she might consider herself so far safe, as she could hide in thick bushes lining the bank. The path was filled with danger, and the water in which she had occasionally to wade almost breast high, chill as ice. From the opposite bank she could discern the twinkling lights of the enemies' camp. Shivering with cold, she pursued her perilous way undaunted until, just as the dawn began to break in the east, she had rounded the promontory, and sinking down exhausted for a few moments' rest, endeavoured to eat a morsel of food and take a little brandy from her flask. As soon as she could resume her journey she did so, now running swiftly, now creeping through tangles of bush and round sharp jutting rocks, taking mere snatches of sleep to keep up her failing strength. Ah! surely, if she could save him, he would forgive her at the last.

On, on, for six weary days and nights, the girl continued her journey, with the energy of despair. At last, the white walls of Fort Gundra showed dimly in the grey down. A sentry passing up and down saw a small figure flying towards him down the face of a steep hill. "Who goes there?" he shouted, bringing his musket to the level. No answer, only the outstretched arms of protest extended towards him. "Who goes there?" again repeated the sentry, and, on receiving no reply, fired, and Maisie, too exhausted to speak, lay bleeding on the ground. When they stooped down to pick up the little wounded creature, and heard her tale stammered out in faint gasps, great men sat down and wept tears of agony. The wound proved dangerous, and the girl's utter exhaustion made it fatal; already the chill and the cold had attacked her, and for her the drama of her short life was drawing to a close. Earnestly she pleaded to be taken back to die from whence she came, and the soldiers, making her as comfortable as possible in the ambulance waggon, started for the relief.

Meanwhile, the hopes of Colonel Elliot's garrison were sinking lower and lower. The disappearance of Nurse Mary was a matter of wonder and astonishment, but, as no one could give any clue to it, there the mystery was allowed to rest for the present. The men had come to know of the scarcity of ammunition, but determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and every precaution was taken to guard any weak spot from being forced. Would they attack again that night? They felt sure of it; and the gloom settled on the gallant Colonel's brow.

They were not mistaken; again the yelling hordes attacked in greater force than ever. The Eastern gate under the repeated attacks was already giving way, and officers and men prepared to die to a man rather than yield. Far above the hoarse cries, far above the sound and the rattle of the guns came the music of "The Barren Rocks of Aden," as the gallant

pipers struck up to tell the besieged the welcome news of their arrival. The sorely distressed soldiers within sent back a shout of joy, as the big boom of artillery guns in the rear of the enemy made a passage through the ranks.

When the tale of Nurse Mary's heroic deed became known, the men were filled with wonder and admiration, and grief stricken when told there was no hope for their brave rescuer's life. One person she wished to see before she died—Captain O'Neill.

With the nearness of death came the value of truth and honesty to the soldier, and, with bursting heart, he made full confession of his deception to Fiorna, before he sought the dying woman's bedside. As he knelt beside her, with head bent, he did not see the hard struggle in her face. But like the true woman that she was, she saw the temptation that led to his silence in his great love for her. That night both Fiorna and Conn stood by the death-bed of Maisie Adair, and Fiorna it was who closed the eyes of the poor repentant woman. At peace at last with her God! "Forgiven," she had murmured, with a smile, "At the last, forgiven."

In the grey dawn of the morning the priest to whom Conn confided his tale, re-married Conn O'Neill and Fiorna MacLeod.

Under the hot alien skies of India a white marble cross bears the simple inscription:—

'To the memory of
Nurse Mary,
The saviour of Fort Gundra.'

with the date. Something of a true woman's trustfulness went down with Maisie Adair beneath the sod. But no one knew of it, not even Conn O'Neill, so well was the hurt hidden in his wife's breast.

(Concluded.)

FUNERAL OF MACKENZIE OF ALLANGRANGE.

THE Funeral of the Chief from the mansion to the private burying ground on the Estate, was very impressive. There was a large muster of the Clan and others, the procession being led by four pipers playing a lament. The coffin was covered as a pall by the plaid of the Clan tartan, and on it was laid the sword and bonnet of the Chief. The chief mourners were M'Kenzie of Ord, Seaforth, and Gairloch. Services at the house were conducted by the Bishop of Moray and Ross, as well as outside by the local presbyterian minister, and at the grave, while the coffin was being lowered, an old tentant, Pipe Major M'Lennan, played "Glengarry's Lament." The Estates fall to a daughter of the House of Ord, who, under the will, must assume the arms and the name of MacKenzie of Allangrange.

DEATH OF THE CHIEF OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.

THE LATE JAMES F. MACKENZIE,
of Allangrange,
Chief of the Clan MacKenzie.

YET another blank is made in the ever-thinning ranks of Highland Chiefs, by the death of the above much-respected Chieftain of the Ross-shire "Clan Coinneach."

Allangrange died at his family seat of Allanbank of Knockbain, on the 15th August. He attained a good old age, and for over half-a-century was an active and popular member of the different County and Parish Boards, where he often presided with much acceptance. He always lived among his own people, and personally managed his paternal Estate, with every mark of esteem and respect from all classes. He was never married; and was the last of his line to bear the honours of the "Chief of the MacKenzies," which fell to his family on the death of the last Lord Seaforth, in 1815, who also left no male heir to succeed in the honours of the Clan.

As was lately noticed in the *Celtic*, the line of Allangrange sprung from Kenneth, first Lord Kintail, whose seventh son, Simon MacKenzie, of Lochslin, was progenitor of the Allangrange branch. The son of the Hon. Simon was the better-known Sir George MacKenzie, of Rosehaugh, the Lord Advocate of Scottish history, whose male line also became extinct on the death of his son, otherwise in that line would the Chiefship of the Clan have devolved.

About 1825, it was decided, after much research and contention, that the Chiefship was settled on Allangrange, and it may be that the same research, if not contention, will be necessary to find the new Chief, for that clansman may have to be looked for in the new world of the "Far West," or under the Southern Cross of the Antipodes, but it is certain there will be now less enthusiasm than there was when, by the tedious and expensive award of a Jury of legal and Clan experts, the honours fell to the family of Allangrange.

A. B.

SINNSEARACHD.

An t-athair; am mac; an t-odha,
'S an t-iar odha;
An dubh odha; am fionn' odha
'San liath odha.

MU IAIN ÒIAR

"NACH 'eil naigheachd tuilleadh agaibh mu dheighinn Iain Chiair, ma tà?" dh' fheòraich Maisi.

"Cha 'n 'eil; ach fhuair a' cheud naigheachd a dh' innis mi dhuibh uime, co-dhùnadh iongantach; ni a thachair ri m' chuimhne féin. Cha'n 'eil an sgeul cho fada gur fhiach a gleidheadh gu oidhch' eile; mar sin feudar a toirt uile gu léir duibh an nochd:—"

An uair a bha mise a'm chaileig mu d' aoissa, a Mhàisi, bha ar-a-mach air a dheanamh an aghaidh Bhreatuinn, ann an ceàrn sònruichte de Eirinn. Chaidh cuid de'n arm againn a chur a null a chum an éirigh a chur a sìos; agus air ceann buidhne bha Caiptean Donnachadh, Dhùnolla, ogha Iain Chiair. Bha Mac-an-léigh, ogha de'n fhear a bha 'n seirbhis Iain Chiair, 'na ghille aig Caiptean Donnachadh.

Aon latha, an déigh do'n champ a bhi greis air a shocruchadh anns an t-siorramachd 'san robh iad ri fantuinn car ùine, thàinig duin' uasal eireachdail a nios far an robh dithis de na h-oifigich 'nan seasamh a' bruidhinn ri chéile, agus, a' cur failt orra, dh' fharraid e dhiubh an robh duine de chloinn Dùghallaich Dhùnolla anns a' champ.

"Tha," fhreagair aon de na h-oifigich, "sud agad Caiptean Donnachadh, ma 's e 'tha dhìth ort;" agus aig a' cheart àm sheòl e dha am fear a bha e 'g iarraidh fhaicinn.

Thug e buidheachas gu suairce do'n oifigeach, agus air dol a nunn a dh' ionnsuidh Chaiptein Donnachaidh chuir e fàilte shuilbhir air. Dh' innis e dha gu'm bu charaid e; gu'n robh fada o'n a bha déigh shònruichte aige air 'fhaicinn, agus bruidhinn ris, "A chionn," ars esan, "tha fad o'n a chuala mi iomradh air an teaghlach d'am buin thu, agus bha 'mhiann orm rè mo bheatha, h-aon no h-aon-eiginn agaibh a choinneachadh." Air so a ràdh, thug e 'ainm agus a shloinneadh do'n Chaiptean, agus an déigh fuireach greis a' conaltradh ris, thubhairt e gu'm feumadh e falbh an tràths' ach na'n tigeadh Caiptean Donnachadh a dh' ionnsuidh a thighe air là air bith a bhiodh e freagarrach dha féin a shuidheachadh, gu 'm faigheadh iad tuilleadh cothrom air eòlas a chur air a chéile. Bha Caiptean Donnachadh air a thoirt a suas gu mòr le coltas an duine. Shuidhicheadh leò gu 'n rachadh e g'a fhaicinn air an t-seachduin sin féin, agus dh' fhalbh an duin' uasal ann an àrd thoil-inntinn m'an chùis.

Air an fheasgar sin féin dh' innis Caiptean Donnachadh d'a ghille mar a thàinig an duin' uasal g'a fhaicinn, agus mar a chaidh e fo ghealladh dol a dh' ionnsuidh a thighe.

"O!" ars an gille, ann an trioblaid mhòir, "ciod e 'thàinig oirbh gu'n cuireadh sibh a leithid de mhuinghinn ann an Eirionnach?"

"Nach gòrach thu," fhreagair a mhaighstir, "tha na h-Eirionnaich mar mhuinntir eile, droch dhaoine 's daoine maithe 'nam measg."

"B'fheàrr leam nach rachadh sibh idir g'a fhaicinn; tachraidh rud-eiginn ribh ma theid sibh a chòir a thighe."

"Cha'n eagal gu'n tig. 'Dé 'th' air tighinn ort?" arsa Caiptean Donnachadh. "Na 'm biodh tu féin air coltas an duin' fhaicinn cha bhiodh smuain uilc a d' chridhe. Is fìor dhuin' uasal a th' ann, tha mi 'g ràdh riut."

"Tha mi coma 'dé 'n coltas a th' air," ghlaodh Mac-an-léigh; "Tha mi 'guidhe 's a' grìosadh oirbh leigeil leam dol agus ur leisgeul a ghabhail, agus a ràdh gu bheil sibh a' cur dhìbh dol g'a amharc."

"B'e 'chladhaireachd e. Gheall mi dol ann, agus feumaidh mi m' fhacal a ghleidheadh, 's na biodh tuilleadh m'a thimchioll," fhreagair a mhaighstir, agus leis a sin dh' fhan an gille 'na thosd.

Air an latha air an do gheall e tighinn, theann Caiptean Donnachadh a mach a chur seachad an fheasgair le 'charaid ùr. Bha ghille a' feitheamh gu dileas aig 'uileann. Chaidh iad air aghart air an slighe a réir mar a sheòladh leis an duin' uasal. Mu dheireadh thàinig iad a dh' ionnsuidh geata agus chunnaic iad fear an tighe a' tighinn a mach air dorus tigh mhòir, bhriagha, a bha taobh-stigh a' ghàraidh. Bha e, a réir coltais, a' feitheamh an teachd, a chionn, ruith e, cho luath 's a thàinig iad 'san t-sealladh, agus dh' fhosgail e an geata.

"Is maith a rinn thu tighinn," thubhairt an duine, "tha mi anabarrach toilichte t' fhaicinn. 'S e do bheatha tighinn a stigh fo m' chleith." Agus thug e crathadh cridheil air làimh Chaiptein Dhonnachaidh. Threòraich e'n Caiptean a stigh a dh' ionnsuidh seòmair a bha air làimh dheis an doruis mhòir. Bha Mac-an-léigh a' dol a stigh gu teann air culaobh a mhaighstir, ach smèid an t-Eirionnach air ais e, ag ràdh.—"Cha'n eile i iomchuidh dhuitse tighinn a steach do'n aon seòmar ri d' mhaighstir," agus dhùin e'n dorus 'na aodann, 'ga ghlasadh air an taobh-stigh. Thug Mac-an-léigh an aire do ghlasadh an doruis, agus ma bha amharus air roimhe, bha e uile chinnteach gu 'n robh an t-olc 'na bheachd a nis; agus chum e a chluas gu biorach ri toll na h-iuchair. An déigh a' cheud fhàilteachaidh a chur seachad, thug an t-Eirionnach botal mòr dibhe a mach—botal a ghleidheadh cùig pinntean—cha 'n fhaicear a leithid a nis; agus lìon e dà ghloine dh' uisge-beatha às. Shìn e h-aon diubh do Chaiptean Donnachadh, a chum gu 'n òladh iad deoch-slàinte a chéile. Ach chuir glasadh an

doruis an Caiptean cho maith ris a ghille, air earalas.

"'S e m'àite-sa feitheamh gus an òl sibhse," thubhairt Caiptean Donnachadh.

"Cha'n i sin cleachduinn ar dùthcha-ne,". labhair am fear eile, "cha 'n òl fear-an-tighe gus an òl na h-aoidhean an toiseach; mar sin, tog do ghloine agus òl do chuid."

"Bheir mi an t-urram sin dhuibhse," fhreagair an Gàidheal.

Air so, thog an t-Eirionneach am botal mòr, agus mu 'n robh fhios aig a' Chaiptean 'dé 'bha tighinn, thug e'n strailleadh ud dha air a leth-cheann leis, agus thuit Caiptean Donnachadh gun mhothachadh air an ùrlar. Chuala Mac-an-léigh am buille. Dh' fheuch e'n dorus; ach cha b'urrainn da uibhir 's criothnachadh a thoirt air. Ruith e 'mach gu ceann an tighe agus air faotainn gu'n robh uinneag an sin, bhris e ann am prioba i agus leum e stigh do'n t-seòmar. Le dùirn agus casan, bha'n t-Erionnach a' breabadh 's a' beubanachadh Mhic Dhùghaill; ach air do Mhac-an-léigh briseadh a stigh mar a rinn e, thionndaidh e an sin air-san, gu e féin a dhìon. Chaidh an dithis an caraibh a chéile gu dian; ach cha do mhair a' chomh-strith ro fhada; direach mar a bha Caiptean Donnachadh a' tighinn air ais gu 'mhothachadh féin, shàth Mac-an-léigh a bhiodag ann an cliathaich an duin' eile, agus thuit e marbh fo'n bhòrd. Shuidh an Caiptean a suas, agus thàinig e chuige uidh air n-uidh.

"Ciamar a tha sinn dol a dh' fhaighinn a mach as an tigh so?" thubhairt e, mu dheireadh, r'a sheirbheiseach dìleas.

"Tha, dìreach air an rathad air an d' thàinig mise 'stigh; tha mi 'm bharail gur h-e a's dlùithe, 's a's goireasaiche," fhreagair an gille.

"Tha mi creidsinn gu bheil thu ceart," thubhairt Mac Dhùghaill, "agus mar is luaithe a gheibh sinn taobh mach a leithid de àite 's ann a's feàrr."

"Ma tha sibh 'g ur faireachduinn fhéin comasach air carachadh, feuchaidh sinn falbh ma tà," thubhairt Mac-an-léigh; agus gun tuilleadh moille dh' fhalbh an dithis a mach air an uinneig, agus troimh 'n gheata air an d' thàinig iad a stigh. Cha'n fhaca 's cha chual iad creautair beò timchioll an tighe, agus gun ghrabadh a thighinn 'nan rathad, fhuair iad gu tèaruinte air ais do'n champ.

An ath latha, thill Mac Dhùghaill le cuid de na h-oifigich eile leis, agus buidheann shaighdearan, a rannsuchadh an tighe far an d'fhuair e a leithid de ghiollachd. Bha h-uile ni mar a dh' fhàgadh air an fheasgar roimhe sin. Bha corp an Eirionnaich 'na luighe fo 'n bhòrd; agus a réir coltais, cha robh duine beò a chòmhnuidh 's an tigh aig an ám. Loisgeadh an tigh gu làr, agus dh' fhàg iad mar sin e. Ach cha do stad iad gus an d' fhiosraich iad co a b' esan a dh' fheuch, le foill, cur ás do Mhac Dhùghaill. Có a tha sibh a' smuainteachadh a bh' ann?"

"Có?" Có?" ghlaodh sinn.

"Có ach ogha an Robair Ruaidh a chaidh a mharbhadh le Iain Ciar."

Dh' amhairc sinn uile air a chéile le iongantas.

"Agus b'ann a dheanamh dioghaltas air Caiptean Donnachadh, air sgàth a sheanar, a rinn e sud?" ghlaodh Deòrsa.

"Agus thachair sin 'n ur cuimhne féin?" thubhairt Maisi.

"Thachair," fhreagair ar sean-mhathair, "agus b'e mac a' Mhic-an-léigh sin, mu dheireadh, a b' àbhaist bròg an do mhàthar a dheanamh an uair a bha i 'na caileig mu d' aois féin. Ach ghleidh mi tuilleadh 's fada sibh an nochd le m' naigheachd. Tha ùine bho'n a chaidh ur suipeir a chur air a' bhòrd, agus cha d' thug a h-aon agaibh an aire dha gus a nis. Cha 'n fheud e bhi nach leig sibh tàmh dhomh greis mhaith an déigh sgeul cho fada fhaotainn uam."

ORIGIN OF THE NAME AND RACE OF CAMPBELL.

By Rev. Peter John Campbell, D.D.

THE origin of the race and name of Campbell has been much discussed. The present writer, after considering the subject in every light he could think of, arrived long ago at the conclusion that both are of Norman, at least, not of Highland origin. He has found nothing to shake his opinion.

It is agreed on all hands that the first bearer of the name of Campbell in Argyll married Eva, the heiress of Paul MacDhiarmaid, called Paul-an-Sporrain, the Chief of the Siol-Dhiarmaid, and transmitted her inheritance to their common progeny, the Black Knights of Lochow. The question is—Who was this Campbell?

The Argyllshire Seannachies, in deference to the Celtic feeling, which recognised no succession except in the male line, are found giving currency to the belief that this first Argyll Campbell—whom they name, no doubt correctly, Gillespic—was a relative of his wife—that he was in fact the *heir male* of the race of which she was the *heiress of line*. But, with their manifest unity of purpose, there is some difference of detail in their accounts.

1. Some represent Gillespic as a Macdiarmid, who had obtained, by certain services in France, an estate, which gave him the name of de Beauchamp. From the latinized form of this—*de Campo bello*—the name Campbell is said to have been derived.

2. Others, varying the legend, make Gillespic the son of a Macdiarmid, an adventurer in France, by the heiress of an estate named Beauchamp, who, they are good enough to inform us, was a sister or near relative of William the Conqueror. The Beauchamp fable appears also in other slightly varied forms.

3. A third party, taking the bull of Norman descent in the male line by the horns, deny any connection with France at all, and maintain that the first bearer of the name Campbell was a pure, untravelled Highlander of the same race, whose name, Campbell, was originally a personal epithet—a mere nick-name—derived from *Cam*, crooked, and *bèul*, mouth.

To every form of the Beauchamp theory it is a sufficient answer that, while the latinized form, if we judge by analogical cases, would rather have been *de Bello-Campo* than *de Campo-Bello*; the common appellation of the race must evidently have been founded on what was the name as currently borne by them, and not on its form *as translated into Latin*.

Of the derivation from *Cam* and *bèul*, crooked mouth, it may be said that while it is impossible for any one to prevent the popular application to himself of a name founded on a personal deformity, no one in the position of the early Lords of Lochow is likely to have humbly *accepted* such a name for himself and his family. On indicating this objection to the derivation of the name from *Cam* and *bèul*, the author has been referred to the alleged analogous case of Cruickshanks. The instance is an unfortunate one; Cruickshanks, as is well known, being derived from no personal deformity, but from *Crux-Sancta*, or rather *Croix-Saincte*. Some good-natured supporters of the *Cam* and *bèul* derivation of Campbell endeavour to make it more palatable to the bearers of that name by suggesting that it is taken, not from any *deformity* of the mouth, but from the beautifully traced curve of the upper lip by which—as the author has been told is believed in Ireland—the Campbells were distinguished. The suggestion is a kindly one, but it cannot procure acceptance for the etymology it is made to support. To that etymology the decisive answer is that the name is not and never has been pronounced *Cam-bhèulach*, as it must have been, had the derivation been well founded, but *Caimball* and *Caimballach*.

The name Cameron, and its imaginary derivation, *Cam-shròn*, have been quoted in support of the etymology of Campbell under discussion. If Cameron is supposed to have been taken from *Cam-shròn* in the sense of *wry nose*, we may at once pronounce its adoption impossible. But we are told that *Cam* may have been employed in the better sense of *aquiline* or *hook-nosed*. To this we reply that the term employed in that case would have been not *Cam* but *Crom-shrònach*. We are not here discussing the origin of the Camerons. But we believe the theory to be true which derives the first bearer of that name from the south, and represents him as the husband of the heiress of a Highland Chief.

Such marriages—with heiresses—could not possibly have taken place in any part of the Highlands before the feudal law of succession had been established over the patriarchal; for until then there were no heiresses to marry; the Celtic law and custom excluding all female succession to land. Now, this change did not take place in Argyllshire until the conquest of 1221, which has not been sufficiently adverted to as the date of a great revolution in that part of Scotland. The marriage, therefore, of Eva Macdiarmid, *as an heiress*, must have taken place subsequently to that event.

It is impossible to discuss every point minutely in a note, nor does it seem necessary to do so. The true state of the case has long appeared to the author to be as follows. The army with which Alexander II. effected in 1221 the conquest of Argyll, was collected partly in Perthshire—the MacIvers, Macdiarmids, Macnachtans, and MacEwens, of Glenlyon and Strathtay, bearing part in it—and partly in Angus, from which the warriors of non-Celtic race—the Scrymgeours of Dundee, and others, came. Without dwelling much on the fact that there appears about that time, in Angus, a family named "de Camelyn," or arguing strongly for the identity of this family and the Campbells, there is every probability that the first Campbell in Argyllshire—where there is no historical trace of the name until several years later than 1221—was one of those who joined the expedition from Angus, and that his own share of the conquered lands of Argyll was augmented by his marriage with the daughter of his companion in arms, Paul-an-Sporrain, the Chief of the ancient race of the Macdiarmids.

As to the previous history of the Campbells, the author is strongly of opinion that the original of the name is *Camville* (written sometimes Campville and Canville)—a name which appears in the rolls of Battle Abbey, and which was held by at least two families of note in England for several generations after the Norman conquest. These families are derived by the French genealogists from the manor of Camville in the Bailliary of Caux, on the road from Rouen to Fécamp. But there are no

fewer than five manors of the same name in Normandy mentioned in D'Expilly's Dictionnaire de la France, besides two of the name of Campville. These names would run easily into Cambel—the original form in which the name appears in Scotland—and strong analogical support might be found for the derivation in other instances where the terminal *ville* has become *bel* or *ble*. The writer, on mentioning this derivation of the name to the late Lord Chancellor Campbell, had the pleasure of learning that his Lordship had arrived at the same conclusion as to its probability.

A further, and to persons accustomed to such investigations, very strong proof of Norman origin is found in the name Colin, which is confined in the 13th century, when it first appears, very sparingly, in Scotland, to the Campbells, and one or two families of undoubted Norman descent. The name Colin has been identified with Colm or Columba—an etymology of which the only origin seems to be the absurd patronymic Maccallummore—founded on the vulgar low country mispronunciation of Mac-Cailein mòr—unfortunately employed by Sir Walter Scott, and persevered in, after remonstrance, by Macaulay. Colin is simply the old Norman abbreviation of Nicolas—one of the most common Christian names along the continental shores of the Channel and the German Ocean. Of thirty-four persons named Nicolaus in Latin in a Roll of the Ban and Arrière-Ban of a part of Normandy in the 13th century, the author has found no fewer than twenty-six named in French, *Colin*, and three named *Colart*.

It is curious to observe here that not only the frequently recurring and characteristic name *Colin*, but that of *Neil*, which occurs, in one instance, in the line of Lords of Lochawe, are from the same source—*Nicolas*. In that instance, the name is not the Celtic or Norse *Nial*. This is proved by the fact that the bearer of it, Sir Neil Campbell, son of Colin Mòr, is styled Nicolas in Balliol's Ordinance of 1296, and Nicol in the Ragman Roll.

It is impossible to fix the time, between 1066 and 1221, at which the progenitors of the Campbells crossed the Border. The Celtic name Gillespic, borne by the first who settled in Argyll, implies that he was a native of Scotland—and the fact that no fewer than seven persons named Cambel in different parts of the country, appear on the Ragman Roll seventy years after the introduction of the name into Argyll, is scarcely reconcilable with the supposition that they were all descended from the House of Lochawe *after* that event, although their descendants acknowledged that House as the Head of their name and race.

There is indeed a tradition that the Black Knights of Lochawe were not always regarded, even in Argyllshire, as the Chiefs of the name, but that this position belonged to the Campbells of Strachur, known patronymically as Mac-Arthur, from their progenitor of that name. This notion appears to be founded in a mistake. There was a very ancient Highland sept in Argyllshire named M'Arthur, represented by the M'Arthurs of Innistraynich and Tiravadich, totally distinct from the Campbells, and who are traditionally regarded as deriving their name and descent from King Arthur. A pedigree originating at such a depth in the past, gave rise to the well-known distich:—

Cnuic is uilc is Alpainich;
Ach cuin' a 'thainig Artaraich?
Hills and Ills and MacAlpins;
But when came forth the MacArthurs?

This hyperbolical allusion to the antiquity of the sept McArthur seems to have been transferred to the *Mac-Arthur Campbells* of Strachur, and the notion has thus been encouraged of their being at least more ancient than all the other Campbells.

The Macdiarmids in Argyllshire, after the death of Paul-an-Sporrain, seem to have followed the husband of his daughter as their *Leader*—although not their proper *Chief*—and to have eventually recognised him in the latter capacity—applying to his descendants, as to themselves, the title of Siol or Sliochd-Dhiarmaid. But although this designation has long been regarded as equivalent to Clan-Campbell, it must not be forgotten that a remnant of the ancient race of Diarmid, in the male line, still continued under its old patronymic, in or near its former seats, Glenlyon and Glenlochay in Perthshire. Of this there were two branches, known as the Fair and the Dark Macdiarmids. Of the Chiefs of the former—which always held the precedency—the line of succession since the Reformation has been carefully preserved. The Head of the Family at that time was Gilleaspuig, whose succession is indicated by the following pedigree of his representative—Duncan Macdiarmid, Esq., who removed from the old residence of the family, Kenknock in Glenlochay, to Glenure in Argyllshire, and died there about a hundred years ago. That gentleman (whose great grandson, Henry Campbell Macdiarmid, Lieutenant R.E., represented the family in 1830) was styled Donncha-Bàn-Mac-Iain-Ruaidh, Mhic-Dhonncha, Mhic-Fhionnlaidh, Mhic-Aonghais, Mhic-Eoghain-Bhàin, Mhic-Ghilleaspuig.

THE revised and enlarged edition of "The History of the Scottish Highlands and Isles," by W. C. Mackenzie, is now ready, and can be had for 6/6, post free, from the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

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All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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AUGUST, 1907.

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THE BAGPIPE AND ITS MUSIC.

UPPER BURMA, 5th July, 1907.

DEAR EDITOR,

I have to thank you for sending me Dr. Fraser's delightful and most handsome volume on

"THE BAGPIPE."

It is written by one whose heart is in the work. I knew him only slightly, yet I somehow recognise the man in every line. With him there is no halting place in his admiration for the pipes and our national music; his delight is whole-hearted. Mr. Manson's work was exhaustive, but at times half-hearted, and it is just as well that there is such a work as this to put alongside of it. My love to Clan Fraser!

It was very kind of you to send me a sprig of the

"REAL MACKAY" CLAN BADGE,

which arrived just in time for me to sport on my bonnet on the occasion of a concert held here during the race week. I appeared in full Highland costume of Mackay tartan, and stirred the blood of a mixed audience of Gaels and Sassunachs, with such tunes on the pipes as "Colonel Forbes of Inverernan," "Seann Triubhas" and "The Eight men of Moidart."

And the strange contrast of the picture is provided by the

PIPERS OF THE NATIVE REGIMENT,

who have just returned from furlough to India, and are busy practicing such tunes as "The Scottish Horse" and "Dumbarton's Drums." Their performance is really wonderful, and there are two of the pipers whose merit is quite equal to that of our own regimental pipers!! And White and Black, we both love the skirl of the Highland war pipe. Some day soon you ought to publish a Collection of the pipe tunes of the Clan Mackay and the Reay Country. There are several Mackay pipers of outstanding position, and others connected with the dear old land in the far north, who would gladly lend a helping hand in such an undertaking. Hope the *Celtic* may long flourish!—Yours Sincerely,

IAIN H. MACKAY-SCOBIE.

A SUTHERLAND AUTHORESS.

I WAS lately enjoying a quiet holiday in Southend, one of the most charming and romantic spots in the West Highlands, away down near the Mull of Kintyre, where from my room windows I could see the coast of Antrim, and a few hundred yards away the great rock of Dunaverty, upon the crest of which the great Lords of the Isles had for centuries perched their eyrie, and, like the eagle which is impaled on the Macdonald shield, kept a watchful and jealous eye on sea and land. The means of amusement there were plentiful enough—golfing, sea and river fishing, pic-nic sails to the historic island of Sanda, and walks and drives through the most beautiful scenery—but one day it rained, and I opened a volume which had followed me to my quiet retreat "for the favour of a review." It was a novel entitled "The Return of the Emigrant," by Miss Lydia Millar Mackay, a young Assynt lady, and a grand-daughter of that gifted Scot, Hugh Miller, I am told. I settled down to read a chapter or two, to find out if literary genius is hereditary, and I read on, chapter after chapter, until I actually finished the volume—an achievement I have not managed in one sitting for many a long day. Miss Mackay is no amateur story-teller; the weird tale of the eviction of a Highland township and the compulsory emigration of its inhabitants to Canada, and the depressing atmosphere of landlord oppression which hangs like a nightmare around the lives of these unfortunate people, is depicted with a reality and grimness that almost makes one shiver. To Highlanders this book is no novel: it is the history of many scenes of oppression in the land of our people in the bad old days when a strong man could hardly realise that he had even a soul which did not belong to the laird. It is a painful enough story, but it is real—it is no romance. When I closed the book I felt that the Highlands had produced another novelist of outstanding merit, who would soon rank among the best.

As if to corroborate this conviction, I came across in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August a complete story called "A Lady of the Old Rebellion," by our young Sutherland novelist, a romance of the feud between the Campbells and Macleans, when, as Neil Munro so pithily puts it, "a stream of blood ran between the tartans." This charmingly told story absorbed my attention till I read the last word. It is the sort of love tale, of a Highland soldier and his affection for a fair and haughty lass of Clan Gillean, that we rarely find in magazines in these days of literary twaddle. I recommend these tales to our readers in all sincerity, and am glad to think that the Highlands can now boast of at least two great novelists, Neil Munro and Lydia Millar Mackay.

Memories of Kintyre

EARLY HISTORY OF KILCOLMKILL AND DUNAVERTY.

(*Continued from page 189.*)

ABOUT two miles from Campbeltown lies the OLD KIRKYARD OF KILCOUSLAND, one of the many which, to me, give an especial charm to these green shores; lying, as they do, almost within reach of the wild spray, which, dashing heavenwards, falls in lightest showers over the rank grass and golden iris, and mossy stones, beneath which sleep so many forgotten generations. Kilcousland has no gravestones of especial interest, but (half hidden by large-leaved coltsfoot and dockans, and stately tall white hemlocks) are many which are quaint and old, and though the majority show crowns and shields and grotesque death's-heads-and-cross-bones, and fat-faced cherubs with lumps of moss for their eyes, or else such growth of golden lichen as Old Mortality would have loved to scrape away, there are some devices which tell the daily work of the sleeper forcibly enough. Thus, a ploughman has quite a graceful grouping of reins and harness; a carpenter keeps his hammer and saw and sundry other tools; while the tailor carries his shears and his goose to the end of time.

On the broken shaft of an old cross, a carved galley tells of some forgotten Island chief, while a neighbouring stone bears a knight's two-handed sword, surrounded with runic knotting. The next tomb bears only a heavy dagger on a shield, no name to mark who sleeps beneath.

I sat for many hours in this calm "God's acre," IN THE SHADE OF THE RUINED CHURCH, watching the ever-changing colours of the quiet sea, lipping up to the foot of the green hill on which I rested; constant changes from blue to green, and purple and silvery greys, all blended by the reflection of every tint of sky and cloud, according as the angle of the broken wavelet either mirrors these or lets us see beneath its surface into its own depths; giving us hints of the wonderful world below the waters. There were broken reflections, too, from the hills of Arran, and from Ailsa Craig, which is a very fine rock-islet, some distance from the entrance to Campbelton harbour. In form it resembles the familiar Bass Rock, rising precipitously from the sea to a height of 1100 feet. It is a mass of grey columner basalt, which to the north-west presents a very grand face of great basaltic columns. On the other side are the ruins of an ancient square tower, on a high rock terrace overlooking the sea. It is a very green isle, and affords pasture to many goats. A multitude of rabbits and innumerable sea birds also hold the Craig in possession.

Now and then I watched a white sail round the Davaar lighthouse and enter the quiet haven. I thought of the words of one whose dying prayer was—

> "Lay me beneath the grass,
> Where it slopes to the south and the sea;
> Where the living I love may pass.
> And, passing, may think of me"—

and I thought that just such a churchyard as this was the resting place for which she craved. It was a scene of great peace, and I lingered till the blue sky of noon had changed to that pale primrose against which each form of earth cuts with such intensity of colour; and the evening breeze, rustling among the tall flags, sounded like a mysterious whisper from the sleepers around me. The saint to whom this spot was dedicated, was a CERTAIN KINDLY OLD ST. COUSLAN, whose sympathies were all on the side of young couples whose true love was thwarted by stern parents and guardians. To make matters easy for them, he set up near his cell a large stone with a hole in the centre, and announced that run-away couples who succeeded in reaching this stone, and here joining hands, should be considered indissolubly united. Here we have a trace of the earlier paganism—a survival of

that old Norse custom of betrothal, which bade lovers join hands through a circular hole in a sacrificial stone. This was called the promise of Odin, and was practised in the Northern Isles long after they had embraced Christianity.

A simple and more poetic form of betrothal was for the lad and lass to stand on either side of a narrow brook, and to clasp hands across the stream, calling on the moon to witness their pledge.

Sometimes the young people each took a handful of meal, and kneeling down, with a bowl between them, emptied their hands therein and mixed the meal; at the same time taking an oath on the Bible never to sever till death should part them. A case was tried in Dalkeith in 1872, where this simple marriage ceremony was proved by Scotch law to be legally binding.

Another saintly father, who was reputed to take considerable interest in the matrimonial affairs of his people, was St. Coivin, who gets the credit of having established a most extraordinary law of divorce, which assuredly savours of earlier pagan days. He is said to have invited all unhappy couples to meet at his cell on a given night, when, having blindfolded each person, he started them on a pell-mell race thrice sunwise round the church. Suddenly the saint would cry "Cabhag!" *i.e.* sieze quickly! and each swain must catch what lass he could, and be true to her for one whole year, at the end of which, if still dissatisfied, he might return to the saintly cell, and try a new assortment in the next matrimonial game of blind-man's-buff.

The spot where these strange games at blindfold love were played, is the

OLD KIRKYARD OF KILKEVAN,

on the high ground overlooking Machrihanish Bay, one of the most attractive and picturesque reaches of our sea-coast. Here the finest golden sands stretch for miles along the shore, where the great green waves break ceaselessly. To

Ancient Armorial of the Macdonalds of Kintyre.

me St. Coivin's cell was a specially attractive sketching-ground, with its distant view of the five blue peaks of Jura, its pleasant surroundings of grassy downs, fragrant with lilac orchids and the quiet ivy-covered ruins. Many of its sculptured gravestones are of unusual beauty. Some of these bear the figures of knights, with sword as long as that of Robert the Bruce, and devices of the chase or armorial bearings carved all round them. Others have no figure, only one long sword; some have only daggers. There is no mark to tell who sleeps beneath, or whence came the stones, though the people have a tradition that they came from Iona,—which, indeed, is likely enough; not as the spoils of ruthless pillage, but as the handiwork of some of the holy brethren, well skilled in cunning stone-work, who doubtless supplied these monuments to such of their neighbours as were willing to pay for them. Be that as it may, the carvers and the knights have been alike forgotten for many long ages, and here they still lie, all facing the east—waiting. The restless agitation of the mighty waters has not troubled their sleep; though, to the idle dreamer who lies among the golden iris watching the broad lights and shadows passing quickly over the old ocean's face, it seems such a constant emblem of the tossing and unrest of life, that he cannot well put away the thousand thoughts thus awakened, and as the murmurous echoes rise and fall with the breeze, they seem to whisper the words of an old song—

"Like the wild ceaseless motion,
Of the deep heaving wave,
Is our heart's restless beating,
From our birth to our grave.
Toss'd by strong stormy passions
On the swift wind we flee,
Till life's barque reach the haven
Where is no more sea."

No spot on earth could be more enticing than the shores of

BEAUTIFUL MACHRIHANISH BAY,

and the green braes and woods of the Losset, where we have spent so many pleasant days. The fields close to the house are white with narcissus, the uncultured growth of many generations; while genuine wild flowers—blue and green and gold—riot in the shelter of the glen, and all day long the mavis and merle pour forth their jubilant songs in the quiet wood.

It is curious to note how the absence of frost favours the growth of plants too delicate for our eastern coast. Camellias bloom in the open air, and great hedges of crimson fuschia live securely all the winter, on the lee side of sturdy fir trees, whose upper branches, however, are all scorched by the blighting sea-winds.

I wonder what peculiarity of atmosphere causes the wonderful splendour of the sunsets

on this coast. You know how much we have always heard of the amazing glory of sunrise and sunset in the East, more especially during the rains. I may safely say that during a residence of several years in various parts of the tropics, I have scarcely once neglected to do homage to those outgoings of morning and evening, but, with perhaps two exceptions, I have seen nothing that could bear away the palm of beauty from our own skies; and I am more and more tempted to believe that these "odious comparisons" are due only to the different hours of rising and dining, which compel travellers to use their eyes in a way they quite forget to do when at home.

Have you not sometimes wondered at the

DULL HEARTS AND BLIND EYES

that could scarcely glance westward for one moment, though the golden gates seem to have opened behind the heavy purple clouds, just flushed with rosy crimson; and all so quickly changing, softening and mellowing in the hazy sunset light, till earth, and sea, and sky alike lay steeped in loveliness? Blind eyes they must be, that have not yet been opened to read the Divine Book of Nature, written day by day by the finger of GOD Himself; the GOD of Infinite variety, Whose worship men are so apt to reduce to a mere system of forms, of infinite sameness. Surely the mind that most dearly loves to drink in the beauty of the visible world, must be the most in sympathy with that of the Great Artist Who delights creating such refinements of beauty, "rejoicing in His work."

One advantage over the sunsets of the East we certainly possess, in the long, beautiful, hours of twilight, when the curlew and the plover alone are on the wing; and that still later hour "'twixt the gloaming and the mirk" when all voices of nature are hushed, except the grand music of the sea, murmuring its endless harmonies to the wild bent hills.

I doubt if there is any spot in all the British Isles, where you may study Old Ocean in all its varied tempers more perfectly than you can here, in beautiful Machrihanish Bay, which lies outspread before our windows, so that morning, noon, and night we watch its changing moods. From earliest times this spot has been noted for the tremendous size and roaring of the waves, which on the slightest provocation seem to lash themselves to raging fury, and many a brave ship has perished here, deceived by the lowness of the land, and so lured on to destruction.

The whole force of the broad Atlantic seems to sweep into the Bay, as the great wild waves rush onward, chafing in their tumultuous wrath, albeit with such "method in their madness;" rising and swelling so deliberately, as each mighty green billow curls and breaks, in a crest of gleaming foam; and the seething water dashes noisily over the shingle, bubbling and surging among the masses of rock which lie heaped in such grand confusion along the coast —or else tossing its spray in wild sport, right over the cliffs and caves, where the delicate ferns are nestling, to the green bank above, where the young lambs are learning to crop the sweet short grass from those dangerous ledges, and spring back, startled, by such chilling practical jokes.

C. F. G. C.

Dunaverty Castle Rock, Southend, Kintyre.

ROUALEYN GORDON CUMMING.

A Soldier and Lion Hunter.

THE pleasures of the chase, dear to all vigorous races, were particularly dear to the Scottish Highlanders. Alas, that the heritage no longer is theirs. A Highlander, in whom the love of the chase amounted to a passion, was Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, better known to the outside world as "The Lion Hunter," but to every fireside in the northern Highlands as just—"Roualeyn." He was the second son of Sir William G. Gordon Cumming, of Altyre and Gordonstown, the lineal representative of the old Comyns, Lords of Badenoch and Lochaber, a family powerful enough at one time to have aspirations after the Scottish Crown. His mother, Lady Gordon Cumming, was a famous beauty and one of the most accomplished anglers that ever cast a fly. And it took something of an athlete to fish successfully the turbulent waters of the Findhorn. From the entrance of this river to the Slui gorge, where the Altyre and Darnaway forests are cleft in twain, until it debouches on the plains near Forres, its course, running partly over jagged rocks, is a series of rapids and pools, its banks precipitous and densely wooded. Born of such a mother, and raised amidst such surroundings, no wonder that Roualeyn developed into an athlete of marvellous power. Many are the exploits told of him, which would be needless to recount here, only it might be mentioned that, with a roebuck slung across his shoulder and rifle in hand, he could bound over fences with the ease of a stag. He entered the army, saw some service in India and at the Cape, but soon quit it. The army during peace times was to one of his dare-devil spirit no better than a gaol. In 1843, when 23 years of age, he started on his five-years hunting trip after big game in the African interior, the account of which is given in his well-known published book. Considering that the breechloading or magazine rifle was then unknown, that he went alone, with only black attendants, hunting over an unexplored country, his feat stands on record as a marvel of human courage and endurance. He well earned the title of "The Lion Hunter." The collection of hunting trophies brought home with him was enormous, and attracted special attention in the Great London Exhibition of 1851, in which it was known as the "South African Museum."

A brief glimpse of the Boer character of that time as seen by the famous hunter may interest the reader. The Boers' first reception of Cumming was not cordial; they mistook him for an Englishman. Later, however, when appearing in the kilt, which he generally wore, their sullenness gave way to expressions of welcome; they recognised what they called a "Mountain Scot." Cumming's consummate tact served him as well with the Boers as it did with the savages, but, while admitting the former to be crack shots, he never entertained a high opinion of their courage as sportsmen. Their method of hunting the lion alone raised his scorn. Such was their fear of the lion that, after killing one, they dared not approach, continuing to pump lead into the carcass until it became—a veritable lead mine. The Boers were never known to gamble—with their precious lives at least.

Roualeyn Gordon Cumming's last years were passed at Fort-Augustus, where he received visitors from all parts of the world, some to view his museum, others from idle curiosity. No one, however, who once looked on that leonine figure, clad as he always was in the picturesque garb of the Gael, ever questioned his achievements. He died in 1866.

New York. MACDHAI.

PUZZLE FOR THE MULL PEOPLE.

Tha achadh 'am Muile 's ro shuaicheanta 'chumadh,
Cha'n'eil glac ann, no tulaich, no stubag no réidhleach;
Seachd croinn ann le'n gearrain treobhaidh còmhla 'san Earrach,
Gun aon diubh bhi 'n sealladh a cheile.

[TRANSLATION.]

There is a field in Mull of very strange shape, without valley, or hillock, water-hole or plain. Seven ploughs can work there together, all out of sight of each other.

Is there a field in Mull answering this discription, or any part of it? What is its name, and where is it?

MACLEOD ARMORIALS AND MOTTOES.—I have in my possession copies of old Macleod armorials which bear the mottoes "I birn Q I se" and "I Ruke Quilk I se." Can any reader favour me with the origin of these mottoes?—WALTER MACLEOD, Ohio, U.S.A.

Young Mamore.

By Torquil MacLeod.

Chapter II.—A Riddle of Tartans.

The next day broke clear and shining and still. The sun streamed out of a blue that was everywhere flecked with snowy clouds, and fell on a bonny world which was dripping wet with its April tears. The winds were clean-scented, the river sang merrily, and from the coppice on the hillside came the luscious notes of a choir of blackbirds. The pines too, had the good wholesome smell of resin about them, and the grasses and wildbriars and brackens were drenched with dew diamonds, from which the morning light "sklented" in a thousand flashings of amber and amethyst and gold. The whole earth was throbbing with the promise of life, for Spring was coming over the hills, and the Boon Mother was getting ready her green kirtle, and a chaplet of flowers, to busk her Bonny Bairn whenever she should stir.

Castle Mamore stood on its rock in the midst of the pine trees, sending up a column of blue peat reek into the air. It was a great grim Scots house, with little windows and a square keep, at each corner of which hung an outlook tower. The door, of solid studded oak, was, like the windows, straight and narrow, and told of times when a man was safer inside the battlements than glowering down the glen bareheaded on a fine morning. On three sides the rock fell away from the base of the walls, and only at the back of the house was there a level space of sward between the door and the hillside. Here lay a little garden enclosed, with a grey moss-covered parapet running round it. The pine trees bielded the garden on every side and bearded the steep rock on which the castle stood high and secure. The Nevis river flowed below the tower, so near, that from an upper window a man might watch the salmon leaping in the stream.

In the middle of the little pleasaunce at the back of the castle, and midway in the path of paved stones, between the entrance gate and the oaken door, stood an ancient yew tree. Many an archer had cut his bow there and afterwards twanged his bowstring to deadly purpose from the battlements of the tower. For in those days Castle Mamore was a power. But now—a rustic seat encircled the yew tree, and its branches were left unpruned. On either side of the central walk stretched a square of springy velvet turf, with here and there a bed of roses let into the sward. A sundial, a quaint stone seat in one corner, and a deep limpid well in the other, completed the miniature pleasaunce which, on the hot days of summer, was full of hot sun and the sweet scents of roses and pines.

On the seat beneath the yew tree sat Mamore and Alastair. The old man sat bolt upright with a good clear two inches of fresh air betwixt his backbone and the trunk of the tree. The younger man leaned forward with his elbows resting on his knees and his bonnet dangling between his hands. Both men were, as usual, dressed in the Macdonald tartan.

"Well, Alastair, as they say in the Gaelic old-word, 'He is wisest that sleeps over his mind,' and what do you make of the child in by?"

"Not very much, father. And yet, I know several things for certain about him."

"Are you telling me that? I doubt not that one of them is, that the bairn had some Macdonald lass for a mother, since he came wrapt in a Clanranald tartan. Am I not right?"

The old gentleman drew up his shoulders and looked at his son, to see what effect the niceness of his reasoning had upon him.

But young Mamore was lost in a dream and was too earnest in honest thoughts to notice his father's lust for compliments.

"No, I think not. I fancy the child is really a Fraser, because the little under-dress of warm stuff he had on was made of the Lovat tartan."

"Papist dogs, every one of them!" growled Mamore.

"But the mother," continued Alastair, "in all likelihood brought him here herself, and she was a Cameron."

"Faith, but you are the skilly lad! How came you to dream all this?"

"It is no dream, sir. I traced a woman's dainty foot-prints on the soft mud of the drive through the pine wood this morning, and just outside the gate there, at the parapet, I picked up this fine shoe, which has a bow of the Locheil tartan on it. The lady probably lost the shoe in her hurry to be off, when old Cairstine threw open the door at the first cry of the bairn; and in the darkness she was unable to find it; for I noted a tramping of footmarks round the spot—some shoeless, and some shod—and in two places the mark of fingers."

Alastair took a fine shoe out of his sporran and handed it to Mamore.

"From the which, I trow, that Hamish must put down some fresh gravel on that spot. Go on, my son, I am listening."

"I think you will agree that so far the facts bear out the probability of what I am saying."

"Yes, yes, very well, but where does the tartan plaid come in? A queer mother to be wearing the Lochiel tartan herself and to dress

her bairn in Lovat, and swaddle him in Clanranald. Eh?"

But Alastair had not lost his sleep for nothing.

"That may be, sir, but my notion is that the child would naturally be wearing a little dress made of his father's clan colours—that's Fraser: the mother, if she wished to get rid of her child, had probably first got rid of her man, and if she did deck herself—and what woman does not?—she would naturally go back to the tartan of her own folks, and hence this bow on the shoe—that's Cameron: and as for the plaid of Clanranald——."

"Ay, lad, that's the bit; let us have the principle of the plaid."

"As for the plaid of Clanranald, she was a wise woman to wrap her wee one in that plaid, when she left him on your door-step, sir; for fine would she know that no one wearing the Clanranald check was ever turned from the door of Castle Mamore. From that I draw inference that the poor lady knew you."

"Fine lad! You are a pretty hand at piecing a tale."

And the old Highland gentleman drew himself up again at the subtle compliment of the last words.

"Then, is this all your notion? Are we to call the brat a Fraser and feed him like a Macdonald?"

"No. Here is the strangest thing of all."

And young Mamore unfolded a piece of paper which he had taken out of his sporran.

"What is that?"

"This paper was carefully pinned to the underlinen of the child, which is all marked with the letters L. F. But on this paper you will find these Gaelic words,—*Leslie Forbes, born 16th April 18....*"

"My sorrow! but that is Culloden Day. God help us! But go on."

"*Leslie Forbes—born 16th April 18.... Left at the door of Castle Mamore by her who knows the leal hearts that bide there—and who trusts them with her bairn till better days come—if they ever will. The Yew may graft with the Cranberry—but let the fruit thereof be Yellow Broom.*"

"And what, in the name of the serpent, may that riddle mean?" cried Mamore.

"Why, it is plain enough. The woman must have married a Fraser, whose Clan-badge you know is the *Yew:* her own is the *Cranberry*, which is the badge of the Camerons—my mother's clan: but evidently this wedding has been a bad business, and rather than have her baby boy grow up like his father, the unfortunate lady has called him Forbes—and the badge of the Forbes clan is the *Broom.* Hence the words, *The Yew may graft with the Cranberry—but let the fruit thereof be Yellow Broom.* Do you understand?"

"Ay, ay, it is plain enough. She did well, though, to wrap him in a Macdonald plaid—right well for Mamore. Had I seen the Lovat rags on the bairn first—but no matter. Were old Simon himself to rise in his dead sark and demand the bairn at my door, I would run the ghost of the papist traitor through with my father's claymore. Cairstine will keep the child, and Mamore will not grudge his sup."

"Then we shall call him Leslie Forbes, father?"

"I am thinking so—though I would have liked the laddie better in the Mamore kilt. But enough. I will not forget that he came swaddled in the true check of green and red and white—the Forbes colour is a fine, clean green, with a thread of white in it too—ay, get up some of the Forbes stuff from Linnhe-town for the bairn—but tell Cairstine to burn that cursed red Lovat rag. We have had plenty about bairns now."

Mamore rose to the full height of his six feet two inches, and walked across the pleasaunce, swinging his kilt like one in whose veins flowed the blood of kings.

Young Mamore went into the house—himself as tall and proud-looking as his father, and five minutes later he was locking away a paper and the red Lovat rag in his own bureau.

This is how it came that the sound of a child's voice was heard again in Castle Mamore.

(To be continued.)

A JACOBITE INCIDENT IN EDINBURGH.

By W. C. Mackenzie, F.S.A. (Scot.)

While the issue of the Jacobite rising of 1745-6 was still in doubt, Edinburgh was strongly Hanoverian in its sympathies, but after the dispersal of the clans on Culloden Moor, a revulsion of sentiment, induced by the romance of the rising and the sufferings of its participants, took place. Wisely enough, once the danger was over, the Government relaxed the severity of its attitude towards those whose loyalty to the reigning House was considered dubious; the spurs having been removed from the game-cocks, a little crowing was harmless enough in its effects. The change of sentiment took a diversity of forms. A Leith tradesman found the pattern of "Betty Burke's" dress a paying inspiration. Tartan plaids and gowns became fashionable in Edinburgh; and even bed and window curtains and pincushions were made of the same material. Tartan (which the Government had linked with treason, as cause and effect) continued to be the prevailing fashion

until the stern unheeding Whigs retaliated, by dressing up the common hangman in tartan, and thus gave a finishing blow to the craze.

The anti-Jacobites of Edinburgh at all times included those who were more Hanoverian than the Hanoverians themselves. These ultra-loyalists were constantly on the alert, for manifestations of Jacobitism on the part of those of their fellow citizens who occupied positions of authority. The following incident will show how sensitive were the latter to such charges, and how anxious they were to repel them.

An anonymous letter to the Earl of Hardwicke dated 21st December 1749, set forth how, on the previous day, being the "Young Pretender's" birthday, "some badges of honour for him and his family" were displayed in the City. "It was indeed very daring and presumptuous to fix streamers of White Ribbons or of Linen (for these were the badges) upon the uppermost spire of the highest steeple in Edinburgh." The writer goes on to suggest that some sort of enquiry must surely "out of decency" be made. "The keys of the door of the steeple," he adds, "were only in two hands; the ordinary bellman and he who chimes the Musick Bells." Proceeding to discuss the attitude of the citizens generally, he states that "from daily observation, every one must in this place see that those who for some years past have appeared most zealous in the Government's service, have been made the Butt of the Jacobite malice, and are run down with the utmost force, without having any aid offer'd them by those in power here." And he goes on to suggest that this "must proceed from a policy of soothing the Jacobites, for strengthening their own party."

This letter having been forwarded to the Lord Justice-Clerk, the latter communicated with Lord Provost Archibald MacAulay, whose reply is not lacking in vigour. Deeply resenting the implied accusation of lukewarm loyalty, or worse, he defended himself and his Council by giving a circumstantial account of the affair, which the Justice-Clerk considered to be wholly satisfactory. But let us hear the worthy Provost for ourselves.

"I return your Lordship thanks, he says, for acquainting me of a report in London that the Magistrates took no notice of a White Banner being fastened at the Top of our Steeple upon the 20th ulto., and of the Jacobites rejoising and solemnizing that day. I think it my duty to acquaint your Lordship with that affair, and you will judge how far we are to be blamed for our conduct and vigilence.

"A little after daylight, I was informed of the thing and gave immediate order to take it down, and then went to meet with the rest of the Magistrates to endeavour to discover how it happened. All of us agreed that it was the most insolent Insult that could be put upon us, and were determined, if possible, to find out and punish the Criminal. We were of opinion that nobody could find access to put up that Badge of disaffection, without breaking up the doors, or having the use of the keys that give access to the people who play upon our Musick Bells. We immediately sent for and examined them in the strictest manner. They all positively refused any knowledge or accession to the thing, and offered to give their oaths upon it, but said there was a Hole which a boy might have access to do the thing, without touching their door. Upon which, two of the Magistrates, with some others, went up to the Steeple to see if there was a possibility of executing what they asserted. The Magistrats found their door safely locked, and viewed the Hole which they mentioned, and, after all, concluded that tho' what they alledged might be possible, yet it was most improbable. As they had observed the Dust that had been agathering Round the Hole's mouth for years together untouched, they were fully convinced that no boy could get thro' that Hole without taking off most part of that dust. And as the presumption of Guilt lay still at the Bellman's door, the Magistrats ordered the person who they judged guilty, instantly to deliver up his keys, and, by an Act of Council, suspended him from his office. But he insisted that he would fetch the boy, who would acknowledge he had done it to the Magistrats. We told him that when he brought that Boy, who could shew the Magistrats his going through that Hole without his sweeping away that dust, or the greatest part of it, they might alter their present opinion as to his accession. He promised from time to time that he would bring that Boy, but failing to do it, we concluded that it was purely a shift, and therefor yesterday we reported the case to the Council, who unanimously dismissed him from his office. It is a lucky incident in this affair that the Council did this yesterday, for had it been to do after your Lordship did me the honour to inform me that the story was spread in London, it might have been said that it was the effect of that information, and not our own proper motive.

"The Banner which was displayed did not discover much oppulence in the persons who contrived the Insult, for it was an old Linnen Rag, tyed in a very clumsy manner to a crooked Stick. It could not cost twopence, and was not worth one farthing.

"As to the Rejoisings of the Jacobites in Solemnizing that night, I affirm there was not a quieter night in Edinburgh these twelve months past, tho' what happened in the morning put us on the Watch.

"The whole of the Calumny must be raised by the enemies of the Government, maliciously to bespatter our magistracy, purely upon account of our affection to our most Gracious Sovereign's person and Government; for Hell could invent nothing more false."

The Provost adds as a Post-Script:

"I am a good dale surprized that notwithstanding our Magistrats have a great many friends in London, yet have not received one scrape from anybody mentioning this Report, the rather that the next post after it happened, I gave an account of it to our Member of Parliamt."

The spectacle of the Provost and the rest of the "Magistrats" examining with becoming gravity the "Hole," and coming to a decision, by the methods which Sherlock Holmes has since made familiar to us, that the "Boy" was a myth, increases our respect for their judicial qualifications.. It does not appear in the sequel who the actual culprit was, but the "Magistrats of Edinburgh were, at anyrate, cleared from the charge of taking no official cognisance of the

"old Linnen Rag" which was "not worth one farthing." And one cannot but admire the bold, if unconvincing, way in which the worthy Provost utilizes the occasion, by asserting that the loyalty of himself and his brother magistrates to the Crown, lay at the root of the accusation, which, he suggests, was really framed by the Jacobites themselves! Perhaps he had in view the charges of Jacobitism which had been made against the Provost who was in office when Prince Charles Edward entered Edinburgh four years previously, and was fearful lest history should repeat itself in his case. At any rate, his virtuous indignation, whether real or assumed, served its purpose, and nothing more was heard of the affair. The Government were probably only too willing to let it drop.

AILEAN'S QUEST.

THE shadows of evening were falling as Ailean sat before the hut of an aged cailleach and watched the dusk deepening over loch and mountain. The cailleach eyed him quietly for a little, then: "What seek ye, Ailean, what seek ye? I am one of the seven sisters, and *I* know what ye seek."

He was a tall youth, with locks fair and curling, unlike the people of the glens, with their dark, straight hair, and eyes of Celtic blue.

"I seek the best, O Seonaid, that which is rarest and best," he answered.

"Aye," she said, "*I* know what will fill your heart; ye are not of the kind of which saints and monks are made."

"How know ye, Seonaid? Is not the heart of me set upon the Quest as was that of the knight of old?" For the Celtic legend of Sir Galahad and the Holy Grail was known and loved by the people of these glens and mountains.

"Nay, balachan, be not angered," she went on, "thou art a fair youth and a good, but I am old, and am of those who see."

The lad sat still and replied not, and, when the darkness had quite fallen, she took him inside the hut and showed him a bed of fresh rushes and sweet-smelling heather in the corner. And all through that night he slept the dreamless sleep of the young and healthy-blooded.

But the cailleach Seonaid sat long before the dying ashes of the peat-fire, seeing in them old memories of the past, and foreseeing also that which would come upon her people in the dim and distant future, when the iron hand of the stranger would drive her kindred from the straths and the glens. And she felt within her the cry which the woman of Eirinn* put into words when she sang of her people being driven by hunger from the land of their fathers—

"They are going, going, going, from the valleys and the hills,
They are leaving far behind them heathery moor and mountain rills,
All the wealth of hawthorn hedges where the brown thrush sways and trills.

* * *

So some must wander to the East, and some must wander West,
Some seek the white wastes of the North, and some a Southern nest,
Yet never shall they sleep as sweet as on your mother breast.

* * *

They are going, going, going, and we cannot bid them stay,
The fields are now the strangers', where the strangers' cattle stray."

And the dawn was silvering the waters of the loch before she sought her rest.

In the morning—"One fragrant morn in May"—like that of which Alasdair MacDonald sang, for it was the Virgin's month—they shared together their scanty meal, and then Ailean prepared to go. "And whither go ye now, Ailean?" said the cailleach.

He smiled, a smile of great sweetness, for he was a gentle youth: "It is the Quest," he replied; "Seonaid, I go upon the Quest."

The cailleach crossed herself; "Saint Columcille himself be with you," she said, "and guard you from the poison and the sting of life. The honey-dew alone be yours."

And so he again set out.

What need to tell of his wanderings? That part I will let be, and tell ye how at last his Quest was ended. But he wandered long enough for the look of the slim young sapling of a lad to have gone from him, and in its place to have come the broad-shouldered and sturdy figure, and the purposeful eyes of the man. For in his Quest, like the knight of old, he met with many and strange adventures.

He fought enemies upon the way, and conquered them; for he was bold, strong of arm, and fearless. But, alas! One evening, as he wended his way through a wood, two men set upon him, and, although he fought bravely, he was worsted in the encounter, and they left him, as they thought, for dead. He lay where the would-be murderers had left him, until the morning, when, with the first stirrings of life in the wood, the spirit of his own lusty life awakened faintly within him, beating against his breast like a wounded bird, as consciousness somewhat returned to him. But as the day

* Ethna Carbery.

wore on, he again became insensible, owing to the weakness caused by loss of blood. Although, the blood having congealed on his wounds, as he lay so long inert, the red stream had ceased to flow from them.

So he lay, until a king of that country, passing with his train through the wood, came upon his helpless form. The king bade his retainers lift the youth, and bring him on a litter to his castle. But first they carried him to a stream which ran hard by, and bathed his face and hands, and wetted his lips, with the cool, clear, mountain water; and, when he a little revived, made him swallow some of it. So, towards evening of that day, they came to the king's castle. There they laid him on a fair bed in a turret chamber, the floor of which was strewn with fresh rushes. He was put under the care of an old woman, by name Mairearad, and under her careful tendance he gradually recovered health. Old Mairearad would fain have known what had brought him to his present condition; so, as he gained strength, she drew from him the story of his Quest for what was rarest and best.

She had been nurse to the king, in whose castle Ailean now was, when he was a child, and was highly favoured by him, and her words always listened to with great heed. So, when she desired audience with the king, and, when it was granted, told him the tale of Ailean's Quest, as told to her by the youth himself, the king gravely hearkened to her, and himself came to see the sick lad. At his request, Ailean again went over the story in his own words, and at the end the king asked him if he were still set upon his Quest, or if he would stay there and be one of the royal bodyguard. And with great deference, Ailean said, "Thy pardon, O, king! Stay me not; I go upon the Quest." So the king, although a proud and haughty prince, seeing in Ailean's face the look of a high and lofty purpose, no longer sought to stay him.

But it was long before he was able to once more set out upon the Quest. In the interval, when health was returning, he often sat or lay upon the grassy banks of the river which wound through the strath in which the castle of the king stood, and listened to the murmur of it as it flowed over its rocky bed.

There was a grianan on the hill which rose behind the castle, and as he rested beside the river one day, he turned his eyes upwards to the hillside, and beheld there a group of beautiful maidens, those who attended upon the queen. Among them there was one so exceeding fair that Ailean's gaze was riveted upon her, so that he could no longer see aught but the beautiful, queenly face and figure; the rippling dark hair which fell in waves far below her waist, over her kirtle of green and gold; and the dark blue eyes which gazed downwards to where he sat. As their eyes met, each was conscious of a throb of exquisite agony, which thrilled from their hearts through every fibre of their beings.

The maiden—Eilidh was her name—knew and felt at once that here was her heart's king—the man for whom she would gladly leave all once near and dear to her, to follow him to the world's end—but the man guessed not what had come upon him, only felt vaguely that something strange and sweet had been seen and known by him. His soul's eyes were so blinded by thoughts of the end of the Quest, such as he imagined that end would be, that it never once entered his mind that here, and now, was come the end of it all—and that that end, or rather beginning, was but sweet human love, after all his dreaming.

He spoke of her to Mairearad, and learned that she was one of the queen's maidens, and famous for her beauty; that, although but the daughter of the king's blind harper, so great were her loveliness and sweetness, so high and noble her mind, that she was treated in the Court like one of royal blood, and was the queen's dearest friend and companion. Several times they met, Eilidh and Ailean, and talked pleasantly together. And although Ailean knew not why, his heart bade him seek her companionship, the woman, true to her instincts, understood it all.

But Ailean's peace of mind was gone; in its place was a fever of unrest, which he thought he could only still by going forth once more upon the Quest. When the buds were breaking upon the trees, and the birds were tuning their voices for their summer song, he set out upon his journey. And the end of his Quest was almost within reach, he thought, when he entered upon his novitiate as a monk in the monastery on an island in a far-off northern loch. For a time he felt once more somewhat of peace and quietness, but after a few weeks he could not rest—the longing to be up and away, searching for he knew not what, was upon him again. Urged on by these feelings, one fair summer eve he went to the Prior and told the good old man that he had mistaken his vocation—that the end of his Quest was not to be reached by his sojourn there. The Prior spoke gently and kindly to him, and prayed with him, but did not seek to stay him; for he knew that Ailean was driven by some impulse, good, and coming from some higher power, which would at length lead him to the haven where he would be, and where the old man would fain have seen him rest. For he

had wound around the Prior's heart, who knew that all men do not serve God alike. And with the old man's blessing and prayers, and those of all the brethren in the monastery, Ailean again went upon his journeyings.

Driven by a power within which he understood not, he retraced his steps until he once more reached the castle of the king under whose roof-tree he had been nursed back to life and health. So now, Ailean, asking audience of the king, craved him that he would renew his kindness, and take him as one who would be his true and faithful servant until death. And the king, who had not forgotten the fair youth, was gracious, and listened, and acceded to his plea. So, once more, Ailean and the fair Eilidh were thrown together. And oftentimes, when freed from their duties, they walked and talked with one another. A great content rose up in Ailean's heart; the Quest was forgotten. And Eilidh was happy, and those who loved them both watched them and smiled.

One evening, when spring was waking the land, as Eilidh sat in the dusk with her harp—for she inherited her father's genius—and as Ailean, in the embrasure of the dusk-darkened window, listened, like a flood of light flowing in upon his hitherto darkened soul, the meaning of it all rushed upon him. Here was the end of his Quest; the divine love was to be found in the human; in her who now sat and played and sang in the gathering darkness, whilst the stars began to tremble in the heavens, was centred all his hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows, and heaven itself would not be heaven without her.

With trembling frame and quivering lips he went to her and told her all the love that was in his heart; and from that hour, with her loving eyes looking into his, when she whispered to him that she had loved him from the moment when she first looked upon him from the grianan, he knew that his Quest was forever ended. Then, too, he understood that he also had loved Eilidh from that moment, but that his blinded eyes would not let him see the truth.

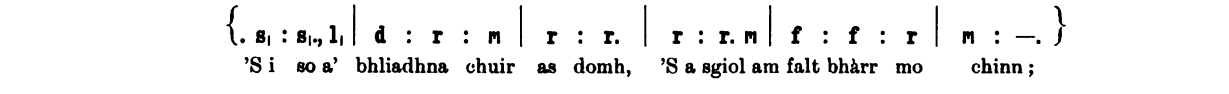
In their wedded life they found such joy and content, such peace and rest, that they were looked upon by those around them as a man and woman specially blessed of heaven. And their sons were brave knights and true, whom their king called his friends; who fought great battles and won great victories—the sons of Ailean of the Quest, and Eilidh, daughter of the king's harper.

MARGARET T. MACGREGOR.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

'S i so a' bhliadhna chuir as domh.

Gleus F.


. s, : s, ., l, | d : r : m | r : r. | r : r. m | f : f : r | m : —.
'S i so a' bhliadhna chuir as domh, 'S a sgiol am falt bhàrr mo chinn;
. m : r. m | s : l : d' | l : m. | d : r. r | d : l, : l, | l, : —.
'S a' chuid a dh'fhan deth air glasadh, 'S a' falbh 'na mholl leis a' ghaoith.

Cha dean lighich bonn feum dhomh;
Ni fo 'n ghréin ach aon nì;
Bho nach fhaicinn mo cheud-ghràdh,
'S mi call mo chéille 'ga caoidh.

Tha mo shùilean air sileadh
Ceart cho mìn ris an allt;
Tha mo bheul air fàs tioram,
'S tha mo chridh' air fàs fann.

Chaidh mo choiseachd am maillead;
Chaidh mo chadal air chall,
Bho 'n là dhealaich mo leannan
Rium 'sa chlachan ud thall.

Thug mi gaol dhuit da-rìreadh
Seach aon té tha fo 'n ghréin;
Ni mi chòmhdach le fìrinn
Agus ìnnseadh gun bhréig.

Cha léir dhomh cron cuim ort
Bho d' mhullach gu d' shàil
Ach nach d' aontaich thu lùbadh,
A chiall 's a rùin, rium le blàths.

Ged bu leam na trì rìogh'chdan,
'S còir sgrìobhte dhomh fhéin;
Bheirinn iad le toil-ìnntinn
'S t' fhaotainn singilt o 'n chléir.

Tha mulad, tha mulad,
Tha leann-dubh orm fhéin
Chionn gu 'n d' leig mi mo chruinneag
Le aon duin' tha fo 'n ghréin.

JOHN CHARLES MACKAY.

MRS. JOHN CHARLES MACKAY.

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JOHN CHARLES MACKAY,

A.M.I.C.E., LONDON.

Mr. John Charles Mackay is the eldest son of the late Mr. John Mackay of Hereford, whose memory is revered in every part of the globe where Highlanders are to be found. The family which the subject of our sketch now worthily represents, has been settled in the parish of Rogart, Sutherland, for several generations, having migrated from "Bonnie Strathnaver," the ancient territory of the "Abrach" branch of the Clan Mackay, an honourable descent still indicated by their local designation of the "MacNeills." The name John has been borne by four generations of the family in succession. His grandfather, like so many of his clansmen at that period, followed the profession of arms, and in the ranks of the famous 42nd Royal Highlanders (Black Watch), which he joined in 1810, when only seventeen years of age, served his country well on the battlefields of the Peninsula, and retired on the return of the gallant regiment from France in 1818, after performing such deeds of valour at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. At the "Disruption" he elected to share the fortunes of the Free Church, and was ordained an elder. It is said that he built the first "white house" in the upper part of the parish of Rogart.

This soldier clansman reared a family of seven sons and two daughters, all of whom have had successful careers. The most distinguished of these, he whom Highlanders to-day honour under the familiar *pseudonym* of "Hereford," was the third son, and father of the subject of our present sketch. It is difficult for one who was privileged to enjoy the intimate friendship of this "grand old man" of the Gael for many years, to avoid becoming reminiscent; there is so much concerning him that is worthy of being put on record if only space permitted. However, we understand that a volume is in contemplation which we feel sure will do justice to the career and memory of our late clansman —one of the most eminent Highlanders of his generation—one whose high courage, lofty ideals and intelligent enterprise, ought to prove an inspiration to the boys of the Glens for generations to come. That his example did inspire many youths of the present generation is a fact within our personal knowledge. I know of several. There is one recollection of my old friend which will never be effaced from my memory: I was a youth at the time, and in discussing the arrangements for a Celtic meeting here, for which I acted as secretary, he suggested that I should discharge a public duty, for which I considered myself ill-qualified, and hinted that I was rather "afraid" to tackle it. "Hereford" promptly stood up—six feet of as perfect manhood as the Highlands ever produced—and fixing his keen, penetrating eyes on me said in those deliberate, earnest tones so familiar to his countrymen—"John Mackay, your race never feared the face of man, and no Mackay need fear him yet. My advice to you is when you encounter a difficulty, let it be in the form of a person, an occasion or a duty, fill your lungs so full of fresh air that there is not even a remote corner for fear to lurk, then 'go' for the trouble with all your strength. You will find it a poor thing after all, a mere molehill masquerading as a mountain, and you will wonder why you were afraid of such a trifle. That was my father's advice to me, and it is good enough for you also. Manu Forti!" I never forgot his excellent advice, and since that

memorable interview, I may honestly confess fear has not troubled me much, and the old mountains have mostly turned out molehills. The inspiration of John Mackay has doubtless influenced and encouraged hundreds of other Highland youths in a similar way—where he succeeded so well surely there was ample room for others to follow?

But as an interesting sketch of "Hereford's" career appeared in the *Celtic Monthly* for December, 1892, from the pen of a gifted Sutherland litterateur, Mr. D. W. Kemp, J.P., and as this short notice was intended to introduce our readers to his illustrious son, Mr. John C. Mackay, "a real chip of the old block," we will close this brief reference to his lamented father by expressing the hope that if Mr. John Mackay's biography appears, every reader of the *Celtic* will secure a copy.

It is pleasing to find that the traditions of this honoured family are worthily upheld by its present representative, who in features bears an almost startling resemblance to his late father. He was born at Longnor, Salop, in 1854, and was sent to the Golspie School, where he studied under his father's old master, the famous Thomas Fraser, who passed through his scholastic hands more lads who have distinguished themselves in all walks of life, than probably any other Highland teacher of his generation. Thereafter Mr. Mackay spent three years at Shrewsbury School.

He was immediately afterwards employed by his father in assisting to measure up various railway contracts then nearing completion; to survey for new railways, and to carry out, on his own responsibility, a railway some three miles long up the Mardy Valley in South Wales.

After a year at this work, Mr. Mackay entered the Engineering Department of King's College, London, and then that of Edinburgh University, under Fleming Jenkin, finally completing his studies in 1876. During this time he was elected a student of the Institute of Civil Engineers, London, and was three times awarded a Millar Prize for papers read before his fellow students.

Mr. Mackay retired from the active work of his profession some thirteen years ago, and his energies are now devoted to the development of the Titterstone Quarries, in Shropshire, founded by his late father, and of which he is joint proprietor. During the past year Mr. Mackay re-visited South Africa, Rhodesia, the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, and the battlefields of the late war, and returned home up the East Coast of Africa, visiting Delagoa Bay, Mombassa, and the Assouan Dam on the Nile. In all his travels through India, Ceylon, and Africa he has been accompanied by his wife.

In 1876, he had charge of the construction of the Dowlais Tunnel and Railways of the London and North Western Railway Company, a very difficult and costly undertaking requiring great care in the setting out, and great determination and energy in overcoming the many difficulties caused by several inrushes of water into the workings.

In 1879, Mr. Mackay went to South Africa to carry out the Waterworks of Port Elizabeth, which consisted in building a dam across the Van Stadens stream at the head of the works, and then laying twenty-eight miles of 12-inch pipes to the town, with the necessary break pressure works. All the pipes were obtained in England, and, after being landed on the beach, were transported in bullock waggons to the works. On a Monday morning, when the larger proportion of the waggons were loaded, the cavalcade of waggons would extend over a mile and a quarter. The first three miles of the work, down the Van Stadens Gorge, was perhaps the most difficult piece of pipe-laying that has ever been done; and on its completion, Mr. Mackay received the congratulations of the Chief Engineer and of the Governor and ministers of the Crown in Cape Colony. On this work, twenty-five miles of pipes were consecutively laid out and jointed in as many weeks, and as much as a mile and three-quarters were laid consecutively in one week. This was the first water supply to a town, carried for any considerable distance, constructed in South Africa, and as many as a 1000 bullocks were employed in the transport of the pipes.

Mr. Mackay also constructed the Service Reservoir at Port Elizabeth; a large double-span bridge over the River Koonap; and the Waterworks of King Williams town; and was largely instrumental in introducing the creosoting of sleepers cut from the Government forests for use on the Colonial railways.

On returning to England in 1882, he took charge of the construction of the Pontypridd, Caerphilly, and Newport Railway; the Newport Dock Extension; the Salisbury Sewerage Tanks; the several reservoirs and filter beds of the Cardiff new water supply; the first section of the Barry Railway, including the Pontypridd Tunnel, nearly a mile long through solid rock; and the widening of the Great Western Railway between Maidenhead and Twyford. On this section, eleven of Brunels flat-arch over-bridges had to be removed and long span girder bridges erected in their places. The removal was done by taking down all the brickwork over the arch on the week-days, and then falling the arch by blasting in the haunches and crown on Sunday. So expeditiously was this carried out that the

time taken in charging the holes, firing the shots, and clearing the rails after the destruction of the arch, was frequently not more than one and a quarter hours.

On the completion of this important work, Mr. Mackay went for a tour through India and Ceylon, and also renewed his acquaintance with South Africa, where, at the request of some friends, he headed the agitation in favour of "Light Railways," and addressed several meetings of Dutch and English in the country districts. He had previously advocated the construction of these railways for developing rich districts far removed from a market, and fifteen years previously had corresponded with the then President of the Orange Free State on the subject. However, the time was not then ripe for them, but he has since had the satisfaction of presenting a scheme to the Cape Government for the construction and working of a railway on a two-feet-six gauge, one hundred and fifty miles long. The Government at the time did not accept this offer, but it has since voted a sum of money to construct a railway through the same district on a two-feet gauge, and has already completed one hundred and twenty miles.

Mr. Mackay is an Associate Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, London, and the author of a book on "Light Railways," which, published at the price of 15s., has had a phenomenal success for such a work, and has been referred to in many of the Colonial Legislatures as a standard authority on the subject.

Though unable to speak Gaelic, he was patriotic enough to counteract that deficiency by learning to play the bagpipe.

Mr. Mackay has recently returned from a lengthened visit to Sutherland, where he spent some time at Rogart, and made satisfactory arrangements regarding the remodelling of the local Educational Association, instituted by his father, who endowed it to the extent of £52 per annum.

The Members of the Clan Mackay Society were delighted to meet him at the recent great Gathering of the Clan held in London, and were pleased to learn that, now that he is settled down in the Old Country, Mr. Mackay will endeavour, as far as lies in his power, to emulate the deep personal interest which his father always took in the affairs of the society.

In 1883 Mr. Mackay married a daughter (whose portrait we are pleased to give with this issue) of the late Mr. T. W. Gubb, Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Though born in South Africa, she was educated and lived most of her life in this country.

EDITOR.

CADETS OF THE HOUSE OF ARGYLL.

BY REV. P. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

IT is interesting to observe the assiduity and sagacity with which the House of Lochawe prosecuted for centuries the policy which placed its wise and patriotic Chiefs eventually in the position of local sovereigns of Argyllshire. While with great foresight laying the foundations of their influence in the eye of the Court and of the Law, by securing, through charters—then little valued by Highlanders generally—the feudal superiority of the lands of the ancient proprietors of the soil, they, at the same time, lose no opportunity of basing it, in the meantime, on the Celtic feeling of the country, by allowing currency to theories of remote descent of these proprietors from their own family, and inducing them to adopt the name of Campbell. It was indeed a somewhat difficult task for the Seannachies to affiliate to the House of Lochawe races well-known to have been as long as or longer than itself, independent inhabitants of the country. The method most commonly resorted to was a discovery that a family which it was desirable to affiliate, had sprung from some clandestine and concealed marriage, or some illegitimate connection of a Chief of Lochawe at a remote period—a scheme to which the old Highland custom of hand-fast marriages gave much plausibility and success, especially as the interests of the families in question, and the advantage of securing the protection and favour of the potentates of Lochawe, induced them the more readily to acquiese in such theories of their descent. At the same time, the tradition of the country always preserved the distinction between the families really of Campbell origin and these other ancient races, and continued long to designate the members of the latter by their old patronymics. Thus, while no doubt has ever been entertained of the Campbell descent of Barbreck, Inverliver, or Ardkinglas, any more than of Glenorchy, Auchinbrek, Ellangreig, Ormidale, Calder (Cawdor), and Lochnell, of some of whom the progeny was very numerous, the tradition is different in the case of the following Argyllshire families:

1. M'DHONNACHIE, OR CAMPBELL, OF INVERAWE, with its offshoots, Ducholly, Kilmartin, Shirvain, Southall, &c. Of this family, which possessed the greater part of the magnificent mountain Ben-Cruachan, and which produced many eminent clergymen of the Church of Scotland, and brave officers of the army, the Chief and many members, down to the middle of the seventeenth century, signed themselves M'Dhonnachie, M'Connachie, and Duncanson. In the pedigree of the Maconochies of Meadow-

bank given in Burke's Landed Gentry (1847), the Inverawe family is derived from Duncan, a son of Sir Neil Campbell of Lochow, by his second wife, a daughter of Sir John Cameron of Lochiel. This genealogy is not more doubtful than that which represents the progenitor of the Meadowbank family, not merely as a member, but actually as the Head of the old House of Inverawe! The undoubted representative of that ancient race at that time was James A. Campbell, Esq. of New-Inverawe. There may be uncertainty as to the precise origin of the Inverawe family. There is none as to its extreme antiquity and position.

2. M'INNES (M'ANGUS), OR CAMPBELL, OF DUNSTAFFNAGE, theoretically traced to a natural son of Colin of Lochawe, d. 1390, or, as some say, of Colin, first Earl, d. 1492, but perhaps descended from the old Clan M'Innes of Ardgour or Morven. The constabulary of the Castle of Dunstaffnage was, no doubt, bestowed by Robert I. in 1321-22 on an Arthur, and afterwards on an Archibald Campbell; but neither the seannachies nor the family itself derive the M'Angus Campbells—now and for some centuries of Dunstaffnage—from these persons. The former allege Colin, first Earl, to be the progenitor.

3. M'NEIL, OR CAMPBELL, OF KENMORE OR MELFORT, deduced from a natural son of Sir Colin of Lochawe, d. 1340. This family, which, in the last generation, furnished several highly distinguished officers to the army and navy, although of very doubtful Campbell origin, seems to have no connection whatever with the Clan-Macneill.

4. M'IVER, OR CAMPBELL, OF LERGACHONZIE, STRONSHIRAY, AND ASKNISH, one of the Barons of 1292, and the M'Ivers of Glassary and Cowal.

5. M'DUGALL, OR CAMPBELL, OF CRAIGNISH, of which the Chief latterly, after the recovery of the estate by Ronald Mac-Dhonuil-Mhic-Iain of Barchbeyan, was called M'Dhonuil-Vic-Iain. This—one of the most ancient families in Argyllshire, the head of it being one of the eleven Barons of 1292—is well known not to be of Campbell descent.

6. M'DHONNACHIE-MHOIR, OR CAMPBELL, OF DUNTROON. This family is by some supposed to be really descended from a natural son of Colin of Lochawe, d. 1390, but the tradition of a special brotherly alliance between it and the families of Dunstaffnage and Melfort, in accordance with which, on the death of any one of the three, the two others laid the one the head and the other the feet of the deceased in the grave, seems to argue a very ancient community of interest, if not of descent. Of Duntroon the Campbells of Raschoilly, Oib, Tayness, Knap, and Rudale, were cadets.

7. THE CLAN-CHEARLAICH, OR PERHAPS PROPERLY THEARLAICH—always reputed to be a branch of the Clan-Dugall of Craignish—whose original seat is uncertain. The Chiefs and a considerable number of this race seem to have accompanied the founders of the Breadalbane family into Perthshire, from Glenorchy, where they had been for some generations. They appear in Perthshire as the Campbells of West-Ardeonaig and Corrycharnaig, and are often mentioned also under the names M'Cairlich and Charliesoun in the Black-book of Taymouth. In Argyllshire, too, they appear of old under the name of M'Kerliche. The probable Chiefs of this old race are the Inverneil family, re-established in Argyllshire by Sir Archibald and Sir James Campbell.

If to all these we add the number of MACDIARMIDS who in ancient times, and of MACGREGORS, MACLARENS, and others, who more lately assumed the name of Campbell, it will be seen that many bearing that name in Argyllshire and Perthshire are descended of other races. In fact, prolific as some branches of the Campbells were, it would have been scarcely possible that all the bearers of the name in those counties should have sprung from them.*

A similar aggregation of large numbers from different races took place in many other cases, as in those of the Frasers, Gordons, &c.; but, while in these instances, the persons incorporated seem to have been mainly *nativi* without property, or members of broken septs, the Argyll family succeeded in attaching to itself and engrafting many old, independent, and well organised small Clans. If there is evidence of good policy here, there is also indubitable proof of the hereditary possession by the Black Knights of Lochawe, of the qualities that attract admiration and confidence.

It will be observed that almost all the families enumerated above are found in occupation of prominent and commanding points of Argyllshire—chiefly on the coast—a proof of early possession and power. It must also be borne in mind that, although not of the Campbell race, they almost all had latterly, through marriage with branches of the Argyll family—zealously promoted by the House of Lochawe—a large infusion, in many cases ultimately a preponderance, of Campbell blood.

* There is a third Argyllshire family of which the Head was styled M'Dhonnachie—Campbell of Glenfeochan. This family may probably have sprung from the House of Lochawe, but the writer has not traced its decent with certainty.

THE Annual Business Meeting of *An Comunn Gaidhealach* took place recently in Glasgow, and occupied seven hours. Many matters of importance were remitted to a special committee for consideration and report.

Young Mamore.

By Torquil MacLeod.

Chapter III.

What happened at the Glenhead.

Those who have trodden the snows that never leave the Hill of Heaven on the hottest summer day, and looked down on the desolations of the Mamore Forest, will know that it is one of the wastes of the world where silence and thunder and solitudes get leave to reign in undisputed possession. And yet, it is not so dooms desolate either. For on its fringes are some of the bonniest bits of moorland and seaboard to be seen anywhere.

All along the north lies the silent Glen of Heaven, and, where it leaves off, you may climb the banks of the stream called the Amhuinn Reidh, which makes the march line right on to Loch Treig. Beyond Loch Treig lie the lone moors of Rannoch and Corrour, which need no describing to any man who has once felt the breath of their pathless wastes on his face. The waves of Linnhe on the west from Corpach to Corran, and of Leven on the south, with a line running up from Kinlochleven to the Amhuinn Reidh again—that is the circle of Mamore. And Mamore in the good Gaelic means The Great Waste.

This is the sanctuary of silence and mists and gloom, where a man might live for ever and a day with never a sight of another man's face, or the sound of another man's voice to bear him company. The Forest is a pleasant enough place so long as the Glen of Heaven or the cornlands of Linnhe or Leven are kept in sight. But he who would feel the silence of this great lone land pressing its fingers on his soul, must spiel the screes, and pass the wilderness of Stob Ban and Scuir Amhuinn and Binnein Mhor, where the eagles nest their young on the crags, and the big stags stand in the light of dawn and wake the echoes with a roar.

Meall an t-Suidhe, from Nevis Bridge, Lochaber.

The road up Nevis Glen—which is the Glen of Heaven, as the Gaelic has it—stops scarce ten miles above the Roaring Mill. After that, there is but a rough bridlepath along the river, leading to the glenhead where the mountains come down on every side to bar the way. But on the right hand side of the glenhead the river comes tumbling down in waterfalls and cascades through a fearsome crack in the hills, and only by creeping along the sides of this gully can any man win out of the glenhead, and find a murderously narrow path to the watercourse of Amhuinn Reidh. On the bank of this stream stands the cottage of Hector the Keeper, and this is the back of Mamore. The Frenchmen might invade the seaboard lands and a man at the back of Mamore would be none the wiser.

Here is a place of primeval silences and glooms, where, in the gloaming of a winter forenight, a man durst scarcely laugh for fear of his own voice.

On a fine spring morning, a man and a boy were creeping along the ledge of rock, high up above the watercourse. They were evidently making for the crack in the hills that led to the back of the Mamore, and they were taking a risky jaunt.

The man, who was tall and slim and fair, was dressed in a Clan Ranald kilt. He led the way round the devil-trap of a path, with the familiar step of one who had been that way times without number. The boy behind him was full of doubts, for the awful gully yawned below him with nothing but a wheen stunted mountain bushes and trees on its rocky sides. The sound of the water at the bottom of the gloom struck terror into his face. He was a little lad of about fourteen years, with fair curly hair, and the winds of the glenhead kept blowing the curls about his brow, as he carefully crept behind the tall man and clutched on to the rock at his side with a firm nervous grip.

At last they came to a place which was to the little lad's thinking impassable—a corner of the rock where the ledge of foothold was perilously narrow. The tall man was going silently round it with an easy step, and it seemed as if his companion would soon be left alone, clinging there to the face of a precipice with a mountain of cliff above him and a good five hundred feet of sheer drop below.

"Alastair, I . . . I think I am afraid to go round that corner."

He said it with the air of one who knows he is giving in to a weakness.

The tall man stopped and looked round with a fine heartsome assurance on his face.

"What! And we've only got a few hundred

A Glimpse of Rannoch.

yards to go now. Come now, Leslie, put your hand on that bit of rock, and your foot on this jutting-out piece, and keep your eyes on my back. I can almost smell Hector's porridge. Come now, lad, this way."

And the little fellow, in spite of a torn knee, and a great rent in his kilt, shut his mouth firmly and did as he was told. He tried to forget the sound of the water below him and the queer tickle of fear in the very centre of his vitals, and in another moment he was round the awful corner, standing on a broad ledge of rock beside Young Mamore who waited for him with a smile.

"Well done! lad. Did you feel something tickling at your heart?"

"Yes, but I just ground my teeth and went on."

"Ha! that's real courage. But come, we have still a bit to go. Mind you, don't look down."

So they set out on the last stage of the perilous journey, and were getting along at a fine rate, when Young Mamore stopped and said:

"Wait, lad. Who is this in front?"

The boy held on like grim death, and looking past his companion, saw a man sitting on the ledge not twenty yards before him, with his legs dangling over the precipice. He was whittling a bit of wood, as if the place was the most convenient spot on earth for recreation.

"Must we go back, Alastair?"

And the boy thought of the corner.

"No. The man—whoever he is—must get out of that. But I can't see his face. I'll whistle."

At the sound of the whistle the man threw the bit of wood he had been whittling over the precipice, and the boy Leslie felt an unearthly desire to follow the course of the bit of wood with his eyes. But he remembered Young Mamore's injunction to look up; and feeling that it was as much as his life was worth to look down, he screwed his eyes round in their sockets and fastened them on a solitary tree which he saw far up the opposite hillside.

Then the man looked slowly round.

"Why, it's Leathersole!" cried Alastair Macdonald.

When the man saw who was waiting to get past, he rose immediately to his feet with the agility of a cat, and standing in that queer place betwixt heaven and earth, drew himself up to his full height and saluted Young Mamore after the manner of a soldier.

"Pardon, sir, but I didna' ken it was you. Can ye win by?"

And the fellow smiled wickedly.

"No, Leathersole, we can't. But if you do not care to turn back you can try to win by yourself. Eh?"

"Very well, sir. I'm no sae soople as I ance was, but I'll try.

Poor Leslie quaked at the thought of any man passing him in that dreadful place. But he knew the gipsy well, and felt that if Alastair and Leathersole tried anything together they were bound to succeed.

The gipsy, whom they called by the strange name of Leathersole, was a man of medium height. He had a head and a beard of unkempt grey hair, a dark sallow face, and piercing grey

Summit of Ben Nevis.

eyes set wide apart. He was dressed most variously, having on his head an old blue bonnet, and on his body, a faded green velvet coat with silver buttons, a large checked tweed waistcoat, and a pair of very tight tartan trews. He had no boots on his feet, but wore instead, a pair of home-made mocassins cut out of bull-skin hide and tied tightly round the ankles with leather thongs. He was King of the gipsies in Lochaber and had the spirit of the wandering man in his soul.

"What news?" said Alastair.

"News? How should I ken, Maister Alastair?" and the gipsy smiled.

"How should anyone else know if you don't?"

"Ay, maybe. I was up at Hector's wi' a wheen things."

"Leslie and I are just going there."

"So?"

"Yes—is Hector about?"

"Aye, he's makin' a bridle for his powny. But he had a veesit frae a stranger afore I saw him."

"A stranger! At the back of Mamore!"

"Ay."

"How did he get there?"

"He cam' ower the hill yestreen, sleepit the nicht at Hector's, and gaed back this road this mornin'. Did ye no' see him in the Glen?"

"No, we met no one."

"Then, guid kens, whaur he is noo."

"Did you find out who he was?"

"Na—yon kind doesna' gie himsel' awa'. I made up wi' him, but he was as dour i' the tongue as Cruachan granite—which telt me plainer than words that he wasna stravaigin' in this godforsaken spot for ony guid."

"Would you know him again, Leathersole?"

The gipsy looked at Young Mamore and then burst into a quiet laugh.

"Ken him? I dinna come frae Fife for naething, sir. It wadna be ill to ken yon man again, for he is a thin black-avised dark-haired chiel, wi' a blue lip and chin, and he has a muckle gash on his left cheek. Ye ken what a blue chin means, Mamore, and I sair misdooot yon gash wasna come by honestly.

All this exchange of news between Young Mamore and the gipsy took place while they were standing on the murderous ledge of rock. They were quite oblivious to the boy who was listening a little way off, and quaking with fear at the thought of how he was to allow the gipsy to pass him and still maintain his foot-hold.

Young Mamore stood there, tall and straight as a withie, with a keen shrewd look on his face, listening to the news of the man whom Leathersole had seen on the hill; and as the boy looked at him, he has minded of tales he had heard of brave men and fighting chiefs and highland gentlemen, who knew no fear or danger so long as they had a good claymore at their sides or a dirk in their stockings. All trace of the mystic had gone from young Alastair Macdonald, as he stood on the face of the precipice, as careless as he was wont to stand on the hearthrug of the dining hall at home. Now he was the man of affairs, sniffing the winds at the slightest scent of danger, like one of the stags in his own forest.

For this was Young Mamore—a strange blending of the old and the new—now a fighting gentleman as his fathers had ever been; and now a dreamer, a thinker, a mystic, the son of a new age of books and cultures, wherein men knew nothing of dirks and matchlocks or the blood of the foray. It was as though the choice for a man must lie betwixt the blood of the foray and a book of romance by the fireside. Mamore himself chose the foray, because he was of the old order and could brook no mention of a new; but Alastair, having the blood of both old and new in his veins, chose whiles the foray and whiles the fireside. In Young Mamore, to use a figure, there were two men. The first was the man of an ancient chivalry; the second was the man of a new order, wherein dreams and legends and mystic thoughts wove themselves round the memories of the old-time manners and the old fighting days. The one man did the deeds—the other man dreamed about the doing of them. The one was the actor—the other made his comment on the acts. But it is to be feared, that in seeing the glamour of both ways, Young Mamore tried to live in two sentiments, and the one man in him spoiled the other. The fighter quarrelled with the mystic. And yet—as a true Highlander, Young Mamore had the soul that gave him the right both to fight and to dream.

"Well, Leathersole, if that is all your news we must be going. We'll look out for any

The Inn, Gairlochy (Mucomer).

gentry with blue chins and gashes on the left cheek. But truth to tell, I never care to meddle with blue chins."

"Curse them a'!" replied the gipsy as he began to pass Young Mamore who had flattened himself against the rock. Leathersole caught the cliff with his right hand, threw his left foot in front of Alastair until it found a hold, then giving a slight spring with his right, he leapt past him and caught the cliff with his hands on the other side.

"Noo, laddie! it's your turn. Dinna be fear'd. Did Leathersole ever hurt a hair o' yer heid, Maister Leslie?"

"I'm not afraid, Leathersole."

But the boy grew a trifle paler, and closed his eyes as the man repeated his performance. Leathersole saw him closing his eyes and loved him, but for all that, when the gipsy took the spring he loosened a stone with his foot, as if by accident, and made it go clattering down the precipice.

"Mercy! but that was a narrow shave, laddie!"

The boy opened his eyes and saw the gipsy, standing safely on his other side. But till his dying day he will never forget the warm breath of the man on his face, the pressure of his body, and the rattle of the stone when he leapt across.

The stone itself went jumping down the cliff, bounding from one rock to another, until it dived into the gloom of the gully below, where it hit a man who was standing on the edge of the stream, examining a plant on the bank above him. The stone laid open his right cheek which began to bleed profusely. He uttered an oath, and winced with the sting of the pain. Then he turned sharply round, holding a handkerchief to the wound, and the sunlight, falling on him, showed a blue clean-shaven upper lip and chin and an old scar on the left cheek.

(To be continued.)

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

MR. PETER ROSS, Press Club, New York, the editor of *The Songs of Scotland*, chronologically arranged, of which there has been three editions, states on page 302 that the above song was composed by Mrs. Grant of Carron (a statement made by most editors and commentators of Scottish minstrelsy), who was born at Aberlour, Banffshire, in 1745; died at Bath about 1814. I have not thought it necessary to reproduce the song in its entirety in these pages, but would like to preserve for reference what is believed to be the authentic history of the characters depicted in that favourite song, which I have not seen chronicled elsewhere.

In the first place, whilst inspecting the old files of the *Aberdeen Journal*, Wednesday, Jan. 4, 1860, page 5, the following notice appeared, which had been culled from the *Banffshire Journal* of that date. It announces: "There died at Aldivalloch, in the Catrach, in this county, on the 8th ult., Margaret Roy, aged 74 years. Deceased was the last descendant of the Roys of Aldivalloch resident in the native glen, where they had been a name and family for many generations."

The poll-list for the year 1694-1695 contains the names of William Roy and his wife, residing in the farm of Gaugh; John Roy and his wife, residing at Bracklach; Thomas Roy and his wife, also small tenants in Bracklach; Alexander Roy and Christian Roy, son and daughter to William Roy, residing there; John Roy and his wife, tenants in Elrick.

At that time the Roys did not occupy Aldivalloch. Soon afterwards, however, there occurred a succession of bad seasons, known as "the seven ill years," when the district became almost depopulated.

Among the changes that took place, the farm of Bracklach became tenanted by one David Gordon in Kirkhill, who held Bracklach as a summer pasturage, at the same time retaining Kirkhill in tack. This David Gordon appears upon the baptismal register of Catrach as a sponsor at a period not far distant from Roy's marriage, and figures as one of the characters in the original song of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch."

Besides other changes of occupancy, the Roys of Bracklach went to Aldivalloch, which led to the following entry in the parish of Catrach, viz.:—"On the 21st Feb. 1727, John Roy, lawful son to Thomas Roy, in Aldivalloch, was married to Isabella, daughter of Alister Stewart, sometime residenter in Catrach." They had previously contracted upon the 28th Jan. This is the couple that gave rise to the well-known song:—

> Roy's wife o' Aldivalloch,
> Roy's wife o' Aldivalloch,
> Wat ye fu she cheated me,
> As I came o'er the Braes of Balloch."

(The spelling of Aldivalloch is Auldivalloch in the columns of the newspaper already referred to).

"The authorship of the song is usually ascribed to Mrs. Grant of Carron, a native of Aberlour, a parish on the banks of the Spey, in this country. Mrs. Grant was born in 1748. If we credit, however, the local tradition in the Catrach, Mrs. Grant has only the merit of introducing the song to public notice.

The tradition in the district is that the song was composed shortly after the marriage, which

will be seen was celebrated in 1727, eighteen years before Mrs. Grant was born.

An old lady, who died in the Catrach a short time ago, and who was born about the year 1730, was well acquainted with Roy and his wife, and she used to relate that the person who wrote the original song was a shoemaker, who, at the time of his marriage, resided in the neighbourhood of Aldivalloch.

Though the deceased, Margaret Roy, is the last of the race in the parish of Catrach, we understand she has a sister living, who is married to a farmer in the parish of Towie, Aberdeenshire, and also a brother who is married, and has a family resident in Strathdon."

From the above we gather that the author has yet to be discovered. In a letter to the editor of *The Aberdeen Journal*, 6th October 1906, the writer endeavoured to get genealogical information to supplement the remarks already marshalled—but the result proved fruitless—although the surname was very common at one time in Glenbuckat and Strathdon.

But the exact date of Mrs. Grant's death has been firmly established (see article by Rev. Wickham M. Birch, Ashburton Vicarage, Devon, in *Scottish Notes and Queries*, 1st S., xi., 26, July 1897.

Says Mr. Birch, "As I have been recently visiting Bath, and made some enquiries, I find in the 1st vol. of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1828 as follows:—

"Feb. 26th, at Bath, Mrs. Grant Murray, widow of J. T. Murray, M.D., aged 82." And in the Burial Registers of St. James' Church, I found the entry of her burial in March 1828, described as "Elizabeth Grant Murray, of Fountain's Buildings, Bath, aged 82."

After the death of Mr. Grant of Carron in 1790, she married James Thompson Murray of Dungannon, Co. Tyrone, and about the year 1800 they settled at Bath at 12 Bladud Buildings, the house occupied for many years by William Melmoth, the historian.

Mrs. Grant Murray's two daughters, Mary and Louisa Grant, both married medical men, Mr. Lucas and Mr. Hay, living in the same locality. Elizabeth Grant was a daughter of Lieut. Joseph Grant, of Col. Montgomery's Regiment of Highlanders.

In addition to the foregoing facts, I would mention that Mr. Alan Reid, F.S.A. Scot., Edinburgh, wrote me (2nd November, 1906) to the effect that he had just learned that a Roy of Aldivalloch was in command of the garrison of Inchgarvie, Firth of Forth, when Cromwell tried his hand at its reduction. Also, in "Local Bibliography," by J. F. Kellas Johnstone (2nd series *Scottish Notes and Queries*, vol. v., p. 153), a John Wathen is credited with Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch, music with accompaniment, folio, London [1800]. An early piece of music I handled recently bore the title: "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch" / and / "We're a' Noddin." "Favourite Scotch Airs / arranged for the Piano Forte/and Respectfully Dedicated to/Lady Tronbridge/by/Thomas Powell,/author of Kinloch of Kinloch. London, Mayhew & Co., Musicsellers to the Royal Family, / 17, Old Bond Street [London]." It bore no date. The spirited music of Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch as now usually sung was the composition of the great Neil Gow.

Aberdeen. ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.

CLACH A' BHOISGEAN.

CLACH a' bhoisgean—a Gaelic word signifying "putting stone"—is the name of a boulder in Glen Masson, about a mile from Garrachra House, Cowal. Tradition has it that the young men and maidens had to raise this stone previous to being married—the youths having to shoulder it and carry it round a circle, and the maids to raise the stone to the knee. The following lines, composed by a descendant of the house of Lag Uaine, may interest some of our readers:—

History has handed down
  Clach a' bhoisgean,
How our patron, old St. Munn,
  Raised this stone;
And to all his charge made known
That by raising thee alone
Youth might manhood's title own,
  Or maid be won.

Centuries have flown since then,
  Clach a' bhoisgean,
Countless maids and stalwart men
  Raised this stone.
View thy boulder's mossy green,
Towering monarch, mighty Ben,
And the race that claims thee kin
  Thou'lt disown.

Every youth must shoulder thee,
  Clach a' bhoisgean;
Every maiden to the knee
  Raise this stone.
Still like those of yore to be,
Bless'd by a posterity,
Worthy of their pedigree
  And renown.

Shall the sons of Cowal cower,
  Clach a' bhoisgean?
Daunted in their manly power
  By the stone?
Shall the shade of huge Ben More
Garrachra alone explore,
And our hoary sires deplore
  The old race gone?

D. F. C.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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SEPTEMBER, 1907.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

As this issue completes the present volume, readers who intend subscribing for Volume XVI. are requested to forward the annual contribution (4s. post free—American and Canadian readers may send a dollar note and save cost of Money Order) as soon as convenient to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

JAMES M. MACKAY, OHIO, U.S.A.—I was honoured recently with a visit from your friend, Dr. Justice, who was in excellent spirits after his travels in Europe. I daresay you will be pleased with the correct pattern of the "Mackay Tartan" (a rare thing to get nowadays, when Germany supplies and mangles our tartans), which the doctor took away with him to give you as a pleasant surprise from the Old Country. Kind remembrances to him.

CLAN TARTANS FOR LADIES' DRESSES.—The following is an extract from the file of *The Inverness Courier*, 8th July 1835:—"A new taste seems to have sprung up for the more valuable and curiously fine patterns of clan tartans for ladies' dresses, &c. Mr. Macdougall, draper, here, has an immense variety of different patterns, some of them exceedingly rich and beautiful. Lord Brougham and others have rendered them fashionable in London, and orders for a great amount of them have been executed in Inverness."

Aberdeen. ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.

D. A. CAMERON, SOUTHLAND, NEW ZEALAND.—A copy of W. C. Mackenzie's "History of the Highlands and Isles" (revised edition) has been posted. I am pleased to hear from you and to learn that you have reached home "safe and sound and in prime health and condition" after your visit to the Old Country, and your exciting experiences among the wild winter snows of your native Lochaber. You would have some interesting stories to tell at the first meeting of the Highland Society of Southland, after your return to the land of the Southern Cross! Curiously enough, I had an interesting *Ceilidh* this afternoon with three members of the Clan Sutherland, natives of Dornoch, Sutherland, who have not met for over thirty years. One has prospered in Chicago, and is a partner and business manager of the influential and patriotic "British-American Weekly," a gentleman whom I have known by reputation and correspondence for fifteen years, and whom I was glad to be able to meet in the body at last; another was a successful farmer in Victoria, Australia, who could discuss the points of the wheat markets of the world, and the means by which Colonial trade with the mother country might be fostered and increased, with all the fluency and intimate knowledge of a Colonial minister! The other hailed from Canada, I think, and he also had done well in his own sphere. Better representatives of the enterprising and intellectual type of men Sutherland produces and sends abroad to follow the call of the "Lost Pibroch," would be hard to find. Well done, *Cataoibh!*

J. MURRAY, YUKON TERRITORY, CANADA.—Your book order has been attended to, and change of address noted for *Celtic*. Thanks for remittance. You will be glad to get back to Dawson and civilization!

ON CRAIGENDARACH.

On Craigendarach a pine-tree stands,
And looks abroad o'er the pleasant lands,
And a sunny hollow beneath it too,
Where you may linger the long day through.

If I were choosing, 'tis there I'd stay,
To lie and dream through the summer day,
Gazing abroad o'er the pleasant lands,
On Craigendarach where the pine-tree stands.

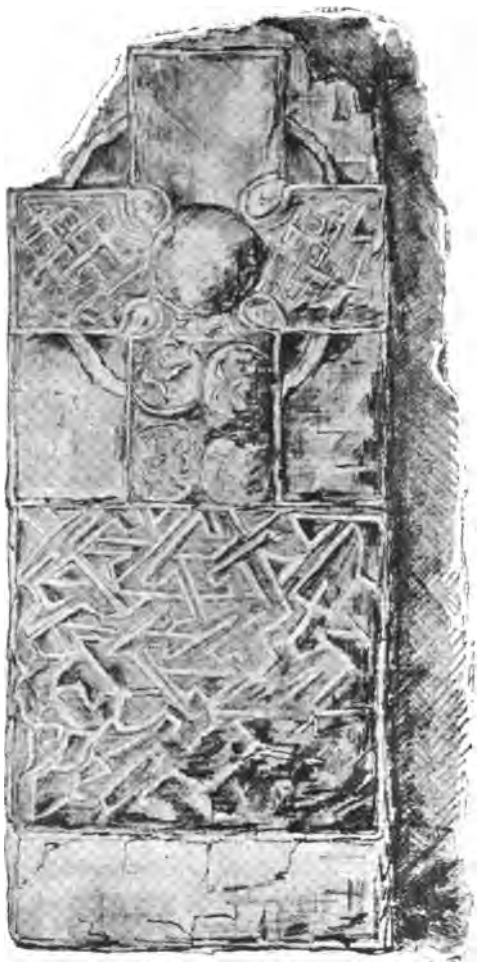
A. R.

AN IMPORTANT GAELIC WORK.

Naigheachdan Firinneach (True Stories), Vol. II., translated into Gaelic by "Fionn." This is one of the most charming additions which have been made to our Gaelic literature of recent years. Volume I., which was published in 1905, was welcomed so heartily by Gaelic readers that a supplementary volume became at once necessary, and Mr. Henry Whyte has now met this demand with a book that is quite unique in Scottish Gaelic literature. There is nothing exactly of the same nature in the language. This beautifully printed book contains 18 popular Highland tales, and two others translated from Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" and Robert Browning's works. The selection, as one might expect from the gifted author, is an excellent one, and includes tales to suit all tastes—"grave and gay, lively and severe." The volume extends to 263 8vo. pages, is printed in large clear type, and illustrated with special plates drawn by the well known Celtic artist, Mr. Stewart Orr. It is a volume that ought to find a place in every Highlander's book case. Price is 4s. post free. Copies can be had from the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, Glasgow.

The Parish of Reay in 1737.

(A STORY AND A LAW-SUIT.)



From original Sketch by Mrs. Macdonald of Sandside.

Fragment of an Ancient Celtic Cross in Reay Churchyard.

[THE following is a copy of an interesting law-suit, dated 1737, relating to the historic parish of Reay, bordering on the Mackay Country, and from which the Chief of the Clan Mackay takes his title. It reveals a remarkable state of affairs in that district, and bears out the truth of the many curious tales, still told round the winter fire on Ceilidh nights, regarding the Rev. Alex. Pope and his efforts to put down lawlessness, and enforce church attendance and discipline upon the turbulent members of his flock. The following anecdote, which is still popularly told in the Reay Country, is peculiarly interesting when read in relation to the corroborative evidence of this old law print.—EDITOR.]

The Rev. Alexander Pope, of Reay, was a notable clergyman in many ways. He was remarkable for his great strength, and it is only fair to say that he was not slow in making use of it when he wanted to bring any incorrigible parishioner into subjection to the rules of the church. Indeed, he was so well hated by the more lawless of the natives that in self-defence he had always to carry about with him a stout cudgel, even when he ascended the pulpit. Prominent among those who defied his authority was a determined, brawny fellow who resided in a distant part of the parish. Never having seen this man, Mr. Pope decided to pay him a visit, and called upon him disguised as a countryman. However regardless Highlanders might have been of spiritual matters, they certainly cultivated many of the finer virtues, notably that of generous hospitality. The minister was kindly received, and entertained to the best in the house. Thus the evening passed. When bedtime came Donald pointed out to the stranger the rude couch of heather and deer skins where he was to sleep. The minister then said:

"You will require to pray, Donald."

Donald was greatly surprised, and excused himself on the ground that he had never prayed, and had no gifts in that way.

"Donald, you *will* pray. I will make you pray, and on your knees, too," said the minister, with a determined gesture.

"Then you will be a strong fellow," said Donald. "You won't make me pray, nor even Mr. Pope himself, and he is a better man than you are."

"Well, Donald, I am Mr. Pope, and you will pray. You are an obstinate sinner, and I will make you go on your knees this minute, or I'll make every bone in your body sore for it."

Donald and the minister both started to their feet, and a most vigorous battle commenced, each using his fists with energy. However, Donald was no match for Mr. Pope, and at last owned himself defeated, and willing to do what he was told. He fell upon his knees and exclaimed:

"O Lord, Thou knowest herself cannot pray."

After this Donald became a changed man, and in due course was ordained an elder in the church.

July 18, 1737.

MEMORIAL

FOR

The Earl of *CAITHNESS*, *Mackay* of *Bighouse*, *Innes* of *Sandside*, and other Heritors of the Parish of Reay.

THE Parish of *Reay* lies along the Sea Coast, and the Kirk thereof in the Burgh of Barony of *Reay* in the Middle of the Parish, within a Ridge length of the Sea, quite off all Highways.

The Ministers of that Parish, have, since the Year 1622 had a modified Stipend of three Chalders of Victual, Two hundred Merks of Money, and the Vicarage Teinds of the Parish; and the Shire of *Caithness*, particularly this Parish, having Fish, Flesh of all sorts, and other Necessaries for living exceeding cheap and easy, Mr. *Monro* and his Father, Ministers thereof before Mr. *Brodie*, upon the said Stipend, maintained their Families very well, and purchased and left some Land-Estate, yet remaining with their Heirs.

After Mr. *Monro*'s Death, Mr. *Brodie* being settled in that Parish, raised a Process of Augmentation of Stipend, wherein your Lordships, in the Year 1728, modified to him 900 Merks in Money, and Victual for Stipend, and *L.* 60 for Communion Elements.

There was a Petition thereafter presented in his Name, craving a further Augmentation, which, with Answers made thereto, being advised by your Lordships, was justly refused, wherein Mr. *Brodie* acquiesced.

But some Debates having arisen among the Heritors concerning the Localling of the foresaid Stipend, some holding their lands *cum decimis inclusis*, others having Tacks of their Teinds current for a great many Years to come. After about three Years Dependence from the Date of the Refusal of the above Petition, Mr. *Brody* deceased.

Mr. *Pope* having succeeded him as Minister of the said Parish, has wakened the former Process of Modification and Locality, and notwithstanding of the Refusal of the Petition formerly given in to your Lordships by the last Incumbent, craving an Augmentation, Mr. *Pope* hath given in a new Petition in his own Name to the very same Purpose, containing several Arguments for inforcing thereof, in order to move your Lordships to grant his Desire, which are very wrong in Fact.

The Memorialists believe the Gentleman who signs this Petition has been informed his Arguments were true; and the Memorialists are sorry they are put to disprove them.

The Petitioner in the first place avers for Fact, That the Parish of *Reay* is no less than eighteen Miles in length, and seven Miles in breadth, besides Branches running into Hills and Glens.

This Fact is grossly wrong; the Parish is not in any Place above six Miles in length from the one End thereof to the other, and two in Breadth, and in most Places but a Mile and a half.

Secondly, The Petitioner affirms, That there are three stated Places for publick Worship, and that generally he preaches in the Fields, both in Winter and Summer.

The Memorialists are surprised with this Alledgeance; the Parish, except a Glen called *Strathallowdale*, is not above six Miles in length; in the midst of it there is a Parish Kirk roofed, thatched, and plenished with a Pulpit, Seats and Lofts, as other Country Kirks are; in which Kirk the Petitioner (as all his Predecessors, Ministers of the said Parish, always did) regularly keeps publick Worship every Lords Day, except twice or thrice in the Summer Season that he goes to *Strathallowdale*, because it is about four Miles from the Kirk, where he preaches either in a Tenant's House, or Barn; and if at any Time he preaches in the Fields, it is in the Summer Time allenarly, of his own Choice; for all the Inhabitants in that Strath dwell in some Shealings, and two or three little Villages, which cannot make a numerous Auditory.

Thirdly, The Petitioner proceeds to affirm, That the lower part of his Parish is very populous, there being in all above 2300 catechisable Persons in the Parish.

The Country of *Caithness*, it is notour, is but scantly peopled; and your Petitioners believe, and it will be obvious from the Situation of the Parish, that the catechisable Persons will not amount to half that Number; the Petitioner acknowledges the greatest Part of it lies in the Highland Country of *Strathnaver*, which is mostly Pasture-Ground, not inhabited except by Shealings in the Summer Time, and the Glen of *Strathallowdale* already noticed: One thing is certain, That the Number of Mr. *Pope*'s Auditory in the Kirk of *Reay* on the Lord's Day, will not ordinarily exceed 80 or 100 Persons. What the Memorialists have advanced for disproving

the Arguments in the Petition, if needful, they are ready to prove by Witnesses in Town, namely, *Sinclair* of *Freswick*, *William Innes*, and *James Budge* Writers to the Signet and others, who know the Parish, and Facts above-mentioned, and have no manner of Concern with the Heritors, or in this present Process.

The next Argument is a very strained one, and highly reflecting upon the Parishioners, such as that they are an exceeding rough People, used to Drunkenness and quarrelling; so that Strangers passing that Way are obliged to lodge with the Minister; the Import of which is, that on that Account he is put to an additional Expense in his Living. It has been already observed, That this Parish lies quite off all high-ways; 'tis believed the Petitioner cannot qualify, that by his Hospitality to Travellers, he has been in a whole Year put to Ten Shillings *Sterling* Charges; and the Inhabitants of this Parish are just such People as those of the other neighbouring Parishes in the Shires of *Caithness* and *Sutherland*, which is all the Answer can be given to these general Reflections, seeing the Petitioner does not pretend that ever be met with any rough or undue Treatment from them. It is remarkable, that the Petitioner, among other Grievances, complains of his Manse and Glebe, and that he has no Grass; but this does not come under Consideration in modifying a Stipend, which is a perpetual Burden; because if there be Ground for this Complaint, the Law has provided a speedy and early Remedy for the Petitioner's Relief, and made his Brethren of the Presbytery Judges in the first instance of it: But this is brought in only to inflame the Reckoning; for the Petitioner has the same Manse, Glebe and Grass that his Predecessors ever had, and were always contented with; and notwithstanding his Want of Grass, it is a Conveniency; that he, upon the common Muirs and Pastures, without being quarrelled, can keep what Number of Cattle and Sheep he has a mind. The meanest Possessor is not restrained from this Benefit, there being more Pasture and Grass growing there, than is sufficient for the Inhabitants; and feeling that this is one of the cheapest Places for living in Scotland, and that the Stipend already modified by your Lordships, counting the Money and Victual at 100 Merks *per* Chalder, amounts to 900 Merks, and *L.* 60 *Scots* more for Communion Elements: It is hoped, as your Lordships did formerly refuse the Desire of Mr. *Brody's* Petition, wherein he acquiesced, you will likewise refuse this Petition, there being nothing new to occasion any Alteration in your former Judgment.

JA. GRAHAM.

Mac Iain Ghiorr.

CHA'N 'eil iomradh ann an eachdraidh na Gaidhealtachd air fear togail chreach a bu teoma agus a bu ghleusda no Gilleasbuig Dòmhnullach, no mar a theirte ris gu coitcheann Mac Iain Ghìorr. A thaobh gintinn bu duin'-uasal e. Bha seilbh aig air oighreachd bhig fhearainn ann an Earraghàidheal, ach chaill e i 'nuair a bha e glé òg. Cha b'fhada gus an do choisinn e ainm dha fhéin air son goid cruidh; agus, ged nach robh an lagh ach lag aig an àm, b'éiginn dha tir a dhùthchais—an Apuinn—fhàgail, agus dol a thàmh do rudha iomallach Aird-nammurchann Fhuair e aonta de thuathanachas farsuing, maith; agus, ged nach robh aige do stoc ach aon loth, chuir e 'suas bà-thigh mór, àluinn. Bha ioghnadh nach bu bheag air na coimhearsnaich 'dé a bha e dol a dheanamh de leithid sud de aitribh; ach, thuirt e riu faighidin a bhi aca agus gu'm faiceadh iad gu'm biodh an tigh glé làn roimh Nollaig. Bha e cho math ri 'fhacal. Bha'n loth air a h-ionnsachadh gu math; agus cha robh aige ach eich eile 'cheangal ri h-earball agus threoraicheadh i dhachaidh iad gu sàbhailte—air gach frith-rathad a b'fhaid' air chúl agus a b'fhalachaidh no chéile.

Bha Gilleasbuig còir anabarrach draghail do na h-eileanan araon tuath agus deas—eadhonna h-eileanan a's fhaide 'mach. Bha e ag atharrachadh gu tric dath a chuid bhàtaichean agus a chuid sheol, a réir mar a tha'n sean fhacal ag ràdh—

> Taobh dhi dubh is taobh dhi bán,
> Mar a bha báta Mhic Iain Ghìorr.

Air an aobhar sin, bha a' choire gu minic a' dol air daoine neochiontach air son an uile a bha esan a' deanamh. B'e Caimbeulach Loch-nan-eala a b'uachdaran Aird-nam-murchann, agus bha e n' còmhnuidh ann an Caisteal Mhiongairidh. Bu ghlé thaitneach leis cuideachda Mhic Iain Ghìorr, agus bu tric a bheireadh e air cadal anns an aon seomar ris fhèin. Bha'n Dòmhnullach mion-eolach air bàrdachd Oisein agus air seann sgeulachdan na Gáidhealtachd, agus bu chaomh le Loch-nan-eala e bhi 'g an aithris so dha 'an déigh dol a laidhe. Ghabh fear nan creach fàth air a' chleachdadh so air son air na braid a chur air a h-aghaidh. Dh' òrduich e d'a chuid ghillean a bhi deas; agus, an oidhche sin, thagh e 'n dàn a b'fhaide air an robh cuimhne aige. Mar a bha fiughair aige, thuit an Caimbeulach 'n a chadal mu'n robh crìoch air an ranntachd; agus gu grad, shèap am meirleach am mach. Leum e 'stigh do'n bhàta, agus stiuir e a chùrsa gu eilean Mhuile, far an robh feadhainn d'a dhaoine air thoiseach air—trang a' cruinneachadh cruidh. Chuir e 'n spréidh a stigh do'n bháta, fhuair e gu sábhailt iad gu tír mòr, agus, an sin, ghreas e air ais gu

seomar Loch-nan-eala. Ann an tiota, bha srann cho mór aige agus gu'n do dhùisg am fear a bha da-rìreadh 'n a shuain.

"Nach fhaod thu cadal na's sàmhaiche, a dhuine gun oilean," ars' esan.

Mhosgail am fear aig an robh an t-srann, thóisich e air aithris an dàin ceart far 'n do sguir e beagan uairean roimhe sin agus chum e oirre gus 'n do chuir e crìoch oirre. Chaidh an treud gun dáil ionndrainn, agus chaidh amharus a leagadh air Mac Iain Ghìorr. Thug esan Loch-nan-eala air aghaidh mar fhianuis air a thaobh. Bhóidich an duin'-uasal sin gu dìon nach robh Gilleasbuig am mach a sheomarsan rè na h-oidhch' ud, agus mar so bha'n spùinneadair air a mheas neo-chiontach.

Anns a' choimhearsnachd, bha duine saibhir aig an robh ainm a bhi anabarrach spìocach, mìodhar. Bha gaoir na dunach m'a dhéighinn a thaobh a's gu'n do dhiult e lán méise de mhin do bhantraich bhochd a bh'ann am mòr uireasbhuidh. Bha aig an fhear so mhòran sìl anns a' mhuileann, agus a réir 'ábhuist, chaidh e fhèin le 'chuid each a thoirt dhachaidh na mine 'nuair a bha i air a bleith. Cha robh cairtean ann 's an ám, agus a's ann air dromannan nam beathaichean a bha na pocanna air an cur. Bha na h eich air sreud a chéile, taod an dara aoin ceangailte ri earball an aoin eile. Bha'n duine fhéin a' treorachadh an fhir a bh'air thoiseach le teadhair fhada. Bha'n oidhche air tuiteam mu'n d' fhág e am muileann agus bha'n rathad a' dol troimh bhad mòr coille. Anns an doire so bha Mac Iain Ghìorr 'g a fheitheamh. Air aghaidh thàinig an tuathanach air a shocair fhèin, agus fonn òrain 'n a bheul. Bha'n grunnd gu math bog, agus leis gu'n robh na h-eich gun chrùidhean, cha robh iad ri stàirn 'sam bith. Thug Gilleasbuig órdugh do aon d'a chuid dhaoine an toad a thoirt á ceann a' bheathaich a bh'air thoiseach, e fhèin a chumail greim air an teadhair 'an àite 'n eich, agus e 'chumail ceum air cheum ris a' bhodach. Ghabh Mac Iain Ghìorr seilbh air na brùidean agus air a' mhin. 'Nuair a ràinig an spìocaire dhachaidh, ghairm e air a sheirbhisich am mach a chum stòr a' gheamhraidh a thoirt a stigh do àite sàbhailte. Air scalltainn dha mu'n cuairt, 'dè b'iongantaiche leis fhaicinn no nach robh ní 'n a dhèigh ach taod falamh!

Anns na h-àmaibh ud, bha na Gáidheil a' toirt géill de iomadh gnè saobh chreidimh. Cha robh toman uaine nach robh a réir barail dhaoine dearr lán de shíthichean, agus bha 'ghlaistig gu sónruichte 'n a culaidh eagail. Bha na beachdan so gu mór chum buannachd Mhic Iain Ghìorr. Bha e fhèin agus a chàirdean gun támh ag ínnseadh mu sheallaidhnean neonach a bha iad a faighinn air feadh nam monaidhean, gus m'a dheireadh nach robh fear no bean ri fhaighinn air an robh de mhisneach fuireach air áiridh chum faire dheanamh 's an oidhche air an sprèidh. Bha so 'a' deanamh rathaid réidh do luchd na braid gu obair na h-eucoir a chur air a h-aghaidh. Bha'n sluagh faoin, socharach agus bha'n Dómhnullach carach, seolta.

Chaochail 'athair tráth, agus phós a mháthair a rithisd fear a mhuinntir aon de na h-eileanan nach robh fad air falbh. 'Nuair a thainig am bas oirre-se, bha a mac agus 'oide 'an rù nan tuadh d'a chèile. Cha robh a chridhe aig Gilleasbuig gnothach 's am bith a ghabhail ri corp a mhathar, agus cha do mheas e glic eadhoin tighinn gu follaiseach dh'ionnsuidh an adhlacaidh. Fhuair e, co dhiubh, brath air an dearbh aite anns an robh an eisling. Aig marbh na h-oidhche, bhris e 'stigh troimh 'n uinneig 'n trath bha luchd an fhaireachaidh am mach cùl an tighe 'tilgeadh cloichneart, agus thog e leis an corp dh'ionnsuidh na birlinn,—amhuil mar a dheanadh Æneas na Troidh. Cha d'rinn e dearmad air a' bhuideal uisge-bheatha a bh'anns an tigh air son an adhlacaidh a thoirt air falbh leis mar an ceudna. Mar so chaidh aige air a dhleasdanas a dheanamh d'a mhathair air ghlè bheag cosdais d'a fhèin.

Ach, ge b'e air bith cho innleachdach agus cuilbheartach 's a bhios an droch-bheirt air a giulan air a h-aghaidh, tuitidh i chum an lair uair air chor-èiginn. Dh'èirich sgiorradh brónach am mach air do Mhac Iain Ghiorra à bhi aon latha trang aig an t-seann cheird. Bha e ann an aon de na h-eileanan beaga a tha dlúth do thir-mór; agus, bha e 'n deigh an crodh a thrusadh dh'ionnsuidh a' chladaich 'n trath thainig an t-uachdaran air ceann feachd chum a chuid a thesairginn. B'fheudar do Ghilleasbuig a' chobhartach a liubhairt thairis—cha robh an null no 'nall air. Dh'fhalbh aon de no slaoightirean a bh'anns a' bhata agus thog e a mhusg, chuir e ri 'shùil i agus thilg e an duin'-uasal marbh 'an larach nam bonn.

Thuig Mac Iain Ghiorr gu'n robh a chunnart mor, agus chuir e 'n seol ris a' bhata gu grad. Cha do chuir e moran ùine seachad 'n a thamh; agus, mu'n d'èirich grian na h-ath mhaduinne, bha e 'an Ionaraoradh. Chual' e iomradh gu'n robh Stiubhartach na h-Apunn anns a' bhaile, agus theann e ri luirg a chumail air. Mu dheireadh chunnaic e e 'n a sheasamh air an t-sraid a' comhradh ri siorram Earraghaidheal. Anns an dol seachad, chuir Gilleasbuig failt air an Stiubhartach agus fhreagair an Stiubhartach e. 'Nuair a dh'fhalbh an siorram thill Mac Iain Ghìorr ri Fear na h-Apunn agus thuirt e—

"Cha dó ghabh sibh oirbh gu'm faca sibh mi 'n trath chaidh mi seachad oirbh 'an so an dé."

"Tha beachd agam d'fhaicinn," fhreagair am

fear eile; "ach bha 'leithid de chabhaig orm aig an ám agus gu'm bheil mi'n dòchas gu'n gabh thu mo leithsgeul."

An còrr cha robh a dhìth air fear nan car. Cha robh teagamh 'sam bith aig an Stiubhartach nach robh an fhìrinn anns an ni 'thuirt e; agus, air beul-thaobh nan morairean thog e fianuis gu'n robh Dòmhnullach 'an Ionaraoradh a' cheart latha chaidh am murt a dheanamh anns an eilean ud. Chaidh feadhainn de sgioba na bìrlinn a ghlacadh ann an siorramachd Rois agus a chur gu bàs le ordugh Iarla Shìophort, ach cha d'rugadh riamh air a' cheart fhear a loisg an urchair.

'An dèigh a' mhuirt so, cha d'rinn Gilleasbuig mòran de chreachadaireachd tuillidh. Shiubhail e mu'n cuairt de'n bliadhna 1650; agus, mar a thuirt mi cheana, cha d' thugadh riamh bàrr air 'n a cheird air son cleasan, pratan agus seoltachd.

COMUNN CHLANN DUGHAILL.

Seivd—Bliadhna mhath ùr do'n Chomunn,
Bhliadhna mhath ùr do'n Chomunn rùnach,
Bliadhna mhath ùr do'n Chomunn,
Gur e Comunn mòr Chlann Dùghaill.

Bliadhna mhath ùr do'n Cheann-chinne,
'S gach laoch innealt' th'air a chùl-san,
Gach ceann-tighe smearail, sgairteil
Dh' eiridh bras le'm phrasgan siùbhlach.

Chaill sinn bulbhag às a' Chomunn
Am fear somalta bha 'n Dùrar,
Sgoileir Laidinn agus Gréigis
B'e siud Seumas a thug cùl ruinn.

A Baile-Bheolain, dh' aom mo charaid,
Fear mòr, flathail, smior an Dùghallaich,
Fear làn fiaghlachd dhith cheann-tighe
Iar-ogh' Ailein 's ogha Dhùghaill.

Ach cha'n 'eil stàth dhuinn bhi ri mulad,
Mu na dh' fhuirich bith'-mid mùirneach;
Saogh'l is sonas do Fhear-Lunga,
'S do gach aon de'n Chomunn chliùiteach.

D. MACDHUGHAILL.

AN OLD QUICKSTEP.

ONCE upon a time there came to an old ale house situated somewhere in Glen Dochart, Perthshire, a company of Highlanders all under arms, and headed by a piper. They entered the house, and ordered some drink from the landlady—the landlord himself being from home. When the drink was ordered the piper struck up a fresh tune, which the landlady interpreted as follows:—

'Bhean-an-tighe lìon an copan,
Lìon an copan, lìon an copan,
'Bhean-an-tighe lìon an copan,
'S gheibh thu do dheadh phàigheadh.

Dh'fhàg mi 'n coileach dubh 'na laidhe,
Dubh 'na laidhe, dubh 'na laidhe;
Dh'fhàg mi 'n coileach dubh 'na laidhe,
Aig Lochan Lic na Làirig.

And such was the tune which the piper composed on the occasion. It happened that they had met the master of the house that morning and killed him. His wife, fearing how matters were, proceeded with all haste to *Lochan Lic na Làirig*, and there, according to the pipers warning, she found the mangled corpse of her husband. *Lic* Toll-house and Inn are situated where the road branches off to Killin, and a little further on, on the Glenogle Road, is a small lake which might have been called "*Lochan Lic na Làirig*." Can any of our readers say if that lake goes by this name?

A NEW PIPE MUSIC NOTATION.

LIEUT. J. S. F. ANDERSON, Cape of Good Hope, writes us regarding certain pipe tunes which he practices, and as very many of our readers are deeply interested in the bagpipe, and all that pertains to it, we shall be very pleased to give a specimen of our correspondent's notation, with such explanatory notes as he thinks necessary, as soon as we receive same. We are pleased to hear from him good news of the East London (South Africa) Gaelic Society. We have several subscribers among its members, whom we know to be very keen supporters of the old language and all that pertains to the Gael. Our correspondent says—"I don't know if you have any use for notes on pipe music, if so, I would be glad to send you a notation which I have been using for some time past, and which has interested some well known pipers with whom I have come in contact. It is based on a scheme which was told me by a very old Highlander, who, though not a piper, was acquainted with the pipes in *all* its details, and he added that the idea was not modern. I have adapted this base to a system which I find most useful for noting down airs when I hear them played, and with a few additions I have used it so that it is as complete (if not more so) for its purpose than the piano or ordinary notation. The great advantage is that it requires nothing but a pencil and a piece of *plain* paper to take down, instead of ruled musical paper. The time is reduced to absolute simplicity also. However, I will not bore you further with what is probably of small interest except to a certain community of Pipers, and it would no doubt be considered spoilt by my alterations. All I can say is, that if you think any of your circle would like to see it, I will gladly send it to you, with an example of any Piobaireachd in my possession. I note that "The History of the Bagpipe" is running in the *Celtic Monthly* now.

It might interest you, if you do not know it already, that there is a

GAELIC SOCIETY IN EAST LONDON,

where I believe they were surprised, on starting it, to find the great number of young men in the Colony hereabout who were Gaelic speakers, and in many cases, Gaelic scholars. It does one good to have evidence of this sort, showing that the old language of the Highlands has still years of life before it."

GOLSPIE.

By LUCY H. SOUTAR, Author of "A Highland Web," etc.

"A little strip of golden sand
Divides the water from the land."

THERE is a charm about Golspie hard to describe. Situated on the shores of the German Ocean, nigh to the Ultima Thule of the ancients, one expects to find a place rugged in appearance and barren of vegetation; but the visitor finds to his surprise a land of flowers and of trees, luxuriant in growth, within touch of the wild waves of the northern seas.

"A little strip of golden sand" is all that divides the ocean from the gardens and houses of the long main street of this northern village, on the outskirts of which are many pretty villas and substantial houses, surrounded by gardens and embowered in trees; the west end of the village is the fishertown, and is inhabited by a sturdy race of seafaring people. Small though the population of this place is, numbering rather under one thousand, the village possesses three churches, an endowed cottage-hospital, a well-staffed board-school, a technical school, open to boys belonging to the northern counties, a library, and a museum containing objects of interest to the antiquarian and found within, or in the vicinity of, the numerous Brochs in the county.

The name Goldespy or Golspie is of disputed origin. "Golde" or Gull," the Norse for Gold, and "by," a Norse termination signifying "a town," are given as likely derivations by some authorities; others again surmise that Golde was the name of an early settler in the district, who gave his name to the place. Mention is made of the village in the year 1330 as the site of a chapel to St. Andrews, and the place was then called Goldespy.

The old village has disappeared, and the last house with its lichen-grown thatched roof was the picturesque lodge at the entrance to the Dairy Park, an undulating meadow along the eastern shore, and one of the approaches to Dunrobin Castle, the northern seat of the ducal family of Sutherland, and what to-day is a grass drive was at an earlier date the old roadway to Caithness.

The castle is built upon an eminence overlooking the sea, and is a building of most striking appearance. A description written of this residence three hundred years ago quaintly reads thus:—

"In 1630 it was a house well seated upon a mote hard by the sea, with fair orchards whether be pleasant gardens plant with all kinds of froots, hearbs and floors used in the kingdome and abundance of good saphron, tobacco and rosemarie. The froot heir is excellent and cheeflie the pears and the cherries."

The building is a massive pile one hundred feet in length, and eighty feet in breadth, and is five storeys in height. It is surmounted by turrets and pinnacles, one of which is over eighty feet high. There is something unsatisfactory in the fact that the origin of the name of this ancient building is uncertain. *Dun* is the Gaelic for castle or fort; but *robyn* or *rabyn* remains of doubtful meaning. The castle is commonly said to be named from Robert, 6th Earl of Sutherland, but there are documents in which mention is made of the fortalice of Drumrabyn before the days of Earl Robert, and as the word "druim" means a ridge, and the castle is built upon a ridge, the most satisfactory conclusion authorities on place-names arrive at regarding the origin of the name of this oldest inhabited castle in Scotland is, that Dunrabyn, the Forte on the Ridge, was changed into Dunrobin, the Castle of Robert in compliment of Robert, Earl of Sutherland, about the year 1370. The Earldom of Sutherland is a very ancient one, the Earls being styled "Mor-fhear-Chat," and earlier ancestral nobility than Hugh de Freskyn is generally claimed by the family, though descent through him is acknowledged. Hugh held the lands of Sutherland between 1186 and 1214, having obtained them in these days of feuds from William the Lion, but the title Earl was conferred by Malcolm Caenmor in 1057. William, the son and heir of Hugh de Freskyn, died Earl of Suthyrland about 1248, and his son and successor signed the letter to the Pope from the nobles of Scotland in 1320, and was present at the Battle of Bannockburn. The Sutherland family is also lineally descended

Dunrobin Castle.

maternally from the Royal Family of Scotland, before the accession of the Stuarts to the throne.

Royalty has paid many visits to this northern castle, and trees planted by them and cairns erected on the hills around bear witness to these events.

The links lie between the far-famed Dornoch golf courses and those of likewise renowned Brora; they have recently been laid out for the ancient and royal game into an eighteen hole course. Situated on the western side of the village, the course stretches along the coast towards the Little Ferry, a brackish water, which separates the Golspie Links from those of Dornoch. The clear, blue seas of the Golspie Bay lap the golden sands which bound the course on the south, and Ben Bhraggie rises abruptly to the north, pine clad to the summit and almost overshadowing the links; a more ideal spot could scarcely be imagined.

The surrounding country is full of beauty. Ben Bhraggie—Gaelic, *Bein a' Bhraghaidh*, hill of neck and shoulder—has on its summit a monument by Chantrey, one hundred feet in height, erected to the memory of the first Duke of Sutherland. It forms a striking feature in the landscape, clearly defined against the sky. Ben Bhraggie is 1314 feet above the level of the sea, and when the rolling clouds of mist dip low on the brow of the Ben, the figure presents a weird appearance, as with outstretched hand it is seen above the flying clouds like some wraith of the mountains. There lingers still around this hill many a fabulous story. Wild horses, natives of these mountains in the long ago, have been credited within recent times to have ridden away with luckless boys and girls, who have tampered with their beautiful yellow coats and long flowing tails and bristling manes. The deep peat-tarns, the dark caves of the mountains' sides, the densely wooded dells are all the haunts of witches and warlocks and strange beings, for those who like to think so. In the Highlands, superstitions and weird beliefs die hard!

The rugged glen, with its fern and moss-fringed waterfall, has few equals throughout Scotland for picturesque beauty. The path winds over rustic-bridges, crossing and re-crossing the Big Burn, the steep sides of the pathway are clothed with wild flowers and ferns of many varieties. Half-way up the glen is a pretty fall of water known as the Dripping Moss; in summer it is a sparkling shower of crystal, and in winter it hangs in rainbow-hued icicles. At the head of the glen is a waterfall of considerable size and beauty, its brown waters tumble and toss with deafening roar from the upper glen, and form a stream where anglers find fair sport.

Antiquarians have long known the county as a happy hunting ground. Some years ago part of a submerged forest was found at extraordinary low tide about a mile out from the shore. Two Pictish towers, in a fair state of preservation, are within easy walking distance, and well repay a visit; on the west shore, beyond the golf course, arrowheads, flints, and many ancient interesting Pictish remains have been found.

Near to Golspie are large deer forests and wide stretches of moorland, dark lochs and rapid rivers; it is decidedly a sportman's county, the red deer abound in the wild corries, the whirl of the grouse's wing is heard on the heather-clad moor, and the salmon leap in the moss-brown rivers and lochs. Sutherland is a county rich in contrasts of nature's rugged beauty and richly cultivated gardens. The Gulf Stream is credited with warming its shores, and nowhere in Britain, unless it be in Cornwall, do fuchsias grow to such perfection within touch of the salt sea spray, as they do in Sutherland.

GLEN GAIRN.

Glen Gairn, O Glen Gairn, 'tis there the waters run
As bright and clear as crystal beneath the summer sun,
And the wee burns are laughing as they wander down the braes—
O and O, Glen Gairn, on the long summer days!

Glen Gairn, O Glen Gairn, 'tis there the linnet sings,
And the blackbird flutes at evening till all the valley rings,
And the chaffinch and the robin, they pipe their tiny lays—
O and O, Glen Gairn, on the long summer days!

Glen Gairn, O Glen Gairn, 'tis there the wild flowers grow,
Stars about your footsteps everywhere you go,
And wild roses blooming along the grassy ways—
O and O, Glen Gairn, on the long summer days!

Glen Gairn, O Glen Gairn, 'tis the kindly folk are there,
The store that's maybe little, but with something aye to spare,
The friendly door set open, and the peat-fire's ruddy blaze—
O and O, Glen Gairn, on the long summer days!

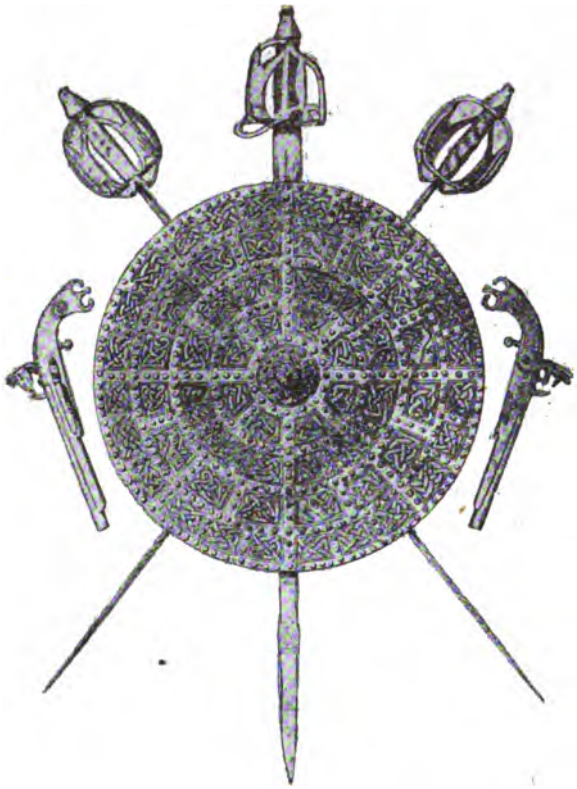
A. R.

ARE THE ANDERSONS A CLAN SEPT?—Sir,—I am anxious to ascertain if my family are of Highland origin, but so far have failed to discover anything very definite on the point. Mr. Frank Adam in his most useful work "What is my Tartan" says "I wish also to point out that . . . I have altogether discarded the modern tartans of the Lowland families, and have confined myself entirely to names and tartans of Highland Clan origin." I am interested to know if he means that all Anderson families are of Highland origin, or only a certain number? Perhaps some reader may be able to throw light on this obscure subject.—Yours sincerely,

Birkenhead Park. R. N. ANDERSON.

The Traditional Poems of the Greeks, the Siege of Troy, and the Scholars.

By KEITH NORMAN MACDONALD, M.D.



THE traditional poems of the Greeks as we find them in Homer's "Iliad" and Odyssey"—"the tale of Troy Divine"—have always held a forward place among the highest treasures of the human race. The siege and fall of Troy, in Asia Minor, which occasioned them, are supposed to have occurred about 1200 B.C., and Homer, the author, or collector of the poems, lived in the 9th century, B.C. Herodotus, the great Greek historian, who was born in 484 B.C., held that Homer lived 400 years before his time. If so, he could only have known of the circumstances from tradition. The "causus belli" was something similar to what occasioned many a bloody battle between some of the Highland clans in olden times. Paris (Alexander), son of Priam, King of Troy, carried off Helen, wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, and the Archæan princes under the command of Menelaus' brother, Agamemnon, King of Mycenae, undertook to recover Helen. They besieged Troy for nine years, and eventually sacked the city, and burnt it, and recovered Helen.

"These events were regarded as historical by the Greeks and moderns, and accepted in all civilized countries, and the date, 1186 B.C., was assigned with as much precision and confidence as the fall of man," until 1829, when the views of modern scholars began to undermine the old beliefs, by substituting mythological theories. These iconoclasts were headed by Lobeck and the brothers Grimm, and others, who talked learnedly about Helen being a "dawn myth," and that the siege of Troy "had no historical basis." Many of the incidents of the Trojan war were shown by them to be myths common to most Indo-European nations, &c. The Troy and Troy cause of Homer were regarded by them as the fabric of a poet's dream, until in 1870, Dr. Henry Schliemann arrested the devastations of the scholars, by bringing to light the stone walls and battlements of Troy, the burnt city, and a great deal of treasure on the hill of Hissarlik, in Asia Minor, which tradition pointed out as the "Ilium" of the ancient Greeks. Fortunately for Dr. Schliemann, he had two very essential requisites for an undertaking such as he carried out. He had ample means, and faith in what Homer said was true. He was married to an Athenian lady, who was as enthusiastic in the cause of Troy as himself, and they worked together "*con amore*," until they found the ruins of Priam's Palace, and discovered Priam's treasure, and evidence that the city was destroyed by a conflagration. The treasure consisted of a big diadem of gold, gold chains and pendants, ear-rings, bars of silver, 8,700 small gold rings, discs, buttons, and small bars of gold, silves vases, gold cups, silver daggers, &c. The whole had been packed and stored in a secret chamber constructed in the Acropolis wall. Dr. Schliemann's account of the ruins of Troy, its position and age, and how he carried out his excavations, are all given in minute detail. He found four successive strata of remains beneath the ruins on the hill of Hissarlik. The earliest settlers were an Aryan race, judged from the symbols on their terra cottas. The second settlers were the Trojans of Homer,

where was found the tower of Ilium, the Scæan gate, and the city walls, covered with ashes, showing there had been a conflagration. Skeletons were also found denoting a bloody war, and the existence of the Royal treasure. Some scholars say that Homer lived in the iron age, Troy in the stone age, and Mycenae in the bronze age. Dr. Schliemann, however, holds that the stone weapons and implements found were contemporaneous with the use of copper, silver, and gold, for tools, vessels, vases and ornaments. There were also inscriptions proving the use of a written language, as well as splendid remains of pottery, and symbols indicating that the Trojans were an Aryan race. The third settlers were also an Aryan race, possessing pottery, musical instruments, fewer implements of copper, but those of stone were abundant. The fourth settlers, still an Aryan race, who built the wooden Ilium. The Greek Ilium, built about 700 B.C., ceased to exist in the fourth century after Christ.

So Homer never saw Ilium's Great Tower, nor the Scæan Gate, and could not imagine these buildings, which lay buried beneath his feet; it is probable he heard of them from tradition only.

The Scæan Gate, and Ilium's Great Tower in which it stands, are directly in front of the Royal house. That this house is really the King's Palace, seems evident from its size, the thickness of its stone walls, in contrast to those of the other houses of the town, which are almost exclusively of unburnt bricks, and from its imposing situation upon an artificial hill, directly in front of, or beside the Scæan Gate, the Great Tower, and the great surrounding wall, is confirmed by the many splendid objects found in its ruins, especially the enormous royally ornamented vase, with the picture of the owl-headed goddess *Athena*—the tutelar divinity of Ilium—and lastly, above all things, the rich treasure found close by it. It can't, of course, be proven that the name of the King (the owner of the treasure) was Priam, but he is so called by Homer, and in all the traditions; so the evidence is very clear that the palace of the owner of the treasure—the last Trojan King—perished in the great catastrophe which destroyed the Scæan Gate, the great surrounding wall, and the great tower, and which desolated the whole city. Dr. Schliemann further asserts that he can prove by the enormous quantities of red and yellow calcined Trojan ruins, from 5 to 10 feet high, which covered and enveloped these edifices, and by the many Trojan buildings which were again erected upon the calcined heaps of ruins, that neither the palace of the owner of the treasure, nor the Scæan Gate, nor the great surrounding wall, nor Ilium's Great Tower, were ever again brought to light. A city whose King possessed such treasure was immensely wealthy, considering the circumstances of those times, and because Troy was rich it was powerful, had many subjects, and obtained auxiliaries from all quarters. Homer must have actually seen gold and silver articles, such as he continually describes. In his excavations Dr. Schliemann found copper arrowheads, copper knives, double-edged knife blades of obsidium, 2¾ inches in length, and copper nails. He also came upon an immense number of poisonous snakes, and small lean vipers, scarcely thicker than rain worms. He also found the image of a goddess upon drinking cups and vases, most likely the tutelary goddess of Troy, the *Ilium Athena;* and this agrees with Homer, who continually calls her the goddess of Athens, with the owl's face. The goddess was found at a depth of 26 to 33 feet, and some snakes as far down as 36 feet.

The Ilians brought offerings to the dead, not only to the tomb of Achilles, but also to the tombs of Patrocles and Antilochus. Schliemann maintained that the place he was excavating was not the "new Ilium," but the site of the Homeric Ilium, and identical with it. The only person who ever doubted its identity with Ilium, the City of Priam, was Demetrius of Scepsis, who held that the famous old city had stood on the site of the village of the Ilium which lies 30 stadiæ (3 geographical miles) to the south-east. This opinion was afterwards shared by Strabo, who, however, as he himself admits, had never visited the plain of Troy. Both were wrong according to Schliemann; no great town ever existed there. The town of Ilium was only named "Ilium Novum" about 1000 years after its complete destruction. In fact, the name was only given to it in 1788 by Lechevalier, the author of the theory that the Homeric Ilium stood on the heights of the Bunarbashie. The importance and extent of Dr. Schliemann's excavations can be gleaned from the following lists of implements and men at work daily for a considerable period:—10 man carts, 88 wheelbarrows, 6 carts with horses, battering rams, chains and windlasses, 24 large iron levers, 108 spades, 103 pickaxes, all of the best English manufacture, costing £16 a day or £5,840 per annum. The block of bathers, triglyphs with sun-god and 4 horses found, proves that the temple which it adorned was built in the Doric style of architecture, and as Doric is the oldest style of architecture, the ancient temple of the *Ilium Athena* was in that style. We know from the "Iliad" that there was also a temple of Apollo in the Pergamus (see "Iliad," books iv. and vii.). At a depth of 7 metres (13 to 23

feet), fragments of terra-cotta serpents were found, and birds, represented with horns, must have been a very ancient and significant symbol of importance. Long Greek inscriptions on slabs (73 lines) belonging to the 3rd century B.C. were found, and a lion-headed handle of a sceptre, and a house of 8 rooms standing on the great tower, 23 to 26 feet below the Greek temple of Athena. The debris below the rooms consisted of red or yellow wood ashes, and jars in some rooms 7 to 8 feet high. To the east of the house is a sacrificial altar. Two skeletons, with copper helmets on their heads, were also found. A primitive, or a rude and prehistoric people, could not have made the beautiful terra-cottas which were found immediately below the Greek colony, and still less could they have manufactured the splendid pottery, which shows such a high degree of artistic taste, met with at a great depth. One of the compartments of the uppermost houses, below the temple of Athena, and belonging to a pre-Helenic period, appears to have been used as a wine merchant's cellar, or as a magazine, for in it were enormous earthern jars of various forms, from about $5\frac{3}{4}$ feet high, and $4\frac{3}{4}$ feet across, with four handles; their mouths being from $29\frac{1}{2}$ to $35\frac{1}{4}$ inches broad, and the clay of which they were made had the enormous thickness of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

When Homer makes Hector descend from the Pergamus, and rush through the city in order to arrive at the Scæan Gate, this could only have arisen from the fact that after the destruction of Troy, the gate, as well as the street which led down to the plain, were covered with debris 10 feet thick, so that the names were only known from tradition. The gate, as well as the large ancient building standing on the wall or buttress, is 79 feet thick. The site of this building upon an artificial elevation directly above the gate, together with its solid structure, leaves no doubt that it was the greatest building in Troy. It must, in fact, have been the Palace of Priam. It was blackened with fire; and 5 copper pans molten together by the conflagration were found in the palace, also large copper shields, two golden diadems and fillet, and 4 beautiful ear-rings of exquisite workmanship were found. Gladstone suggested that the diadem which Andromache cast from her head in her mourning for Hector, was one of those found by Dr. Schliemann. Homer, being an epic poet, exaggerated the size of Troy, as it could only have had a population of 5000 inhabitants, and 500 soldiers.

Now, three very important questions arise out of the above description of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries—1st, Is the hill of Hissarlik the real site of Troy? If not, what place of importance is it? Taking a comprehensive view of all the circumstances detailed by Dr. Schliemann, the numerous specimens of art, and the immense amount of treasure found, and the numerous instances corroborative of Homer's descriptions and traditional lore, the conviction must be forced on every intelligent person capable of weighing evidence, that the hill of Hissarlik, in Asia Minor, is the veritable "Ilium" or Troy of the Greeks, that it had a historic foundation, and that Helen was not a "myth," but a real personage, the "*fons et origo mali*" of the Trojan war, and that in consequence her name will never die.

2nd, What confidence can be placed upon the opinions of scholars when these "savants" exhibit a destructive tendency? None whatever! Had Dr. Schliemann not been a millionaire, he never could have made the discoveries he did make, and the story of Helen and Troy would have gone down to posterity as a "dawn myth," without hope of any one ever believing again in either the one or the other.

3rd, What qualifications are necessary to the investigation of things ancient, learned from folk lore and tradition? Faith, capital, and enthusiasm. Unless Dr. Schliemann had possessed these three essentials, the true story of Troy would probably never have been discovered. The tendency of all historians is to pooh! pooh! all traditional history, and to discredit the existence of persons and things which they fancy in their imaginations did not exist, when they can find no corroborative evidence of the same in books. In this respect, many of them are like a flock of sheep who came to a ditch. They stand and gaze; then the boldest jumps over, and all the others follow! We have got some psalm-singers in this country who cry, "poor Ossian," because he did not fall down and worship Saint Patrick, without ever questioning the possibility of there being another *Pàdruig* earlier than the time of the saint. And in other matters, many historians follow one another like the sheep abovementioned, to the confusion of all honest investigation. An apposite illustration is that the Gaelic language was not spoken in Scotland in the early centuries of our era. Thanks to the researches of Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, of the Bodelein library, at Oxford, we now know that the dialect of Gaelic spoken by the Picts, was identical with Irish, differing less from it than the dialects of some English counties differ from each other.

If we had an enthusiast and millionaire in this country who would explore places like Iona, Upper Lorne, and Dunsgaich in Skye, there is no saying what treasures, from an archæological point of view, might be found to turn many of the theories of some of our present-day scholars upside down.

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